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THE  
LIFE AND WORKS  
OF  
JOHN ARBUTHNOT

*AITKEN*

London

HENRY FROWDE

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS WAREHOUSE  
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JOHN ARBUTHNOT, M.D.



THE  
LIFE AND WORKS  
OF  
JOHN ARBUTHNOT

M.D., FELLOW OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS

BY  
GEORGE A. AITKEN  
" *therton*

I think Dr. Arbuthnot the first man among them. He was the most universal genius, being an excellent physician, a man of deep learning, and a man of much humour.

DR. JOHNSON

Oxford  
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TO  
MY MOTHER



## PREFACE



ALL who are interested in the literary and social history of the eighteenth century are to some extent familiar with the name and character of Doctor Arbuthnot; but, generally speaking, knowledge of him is confined to what may be gathered from the correspondence of his friends, Pope and Swift. The letters Arbuthnot sent to and received from those friends must always remain the chief source of information, but there are many other quarters from which further details can be gathered. Writers have, however, followed each other in producing Life after Life of Pope and Swift, and edition after edition of their Works, while no one has made any serious attempt to do a similar service for Arbuthnot, though he was equal to any of his contemporaries in wit and learning, and was possessed of a character which was more loveable than that of any of his better-known acquaintances.

In the present volume an effort has been made to do tardy justice to the reputation of a good and clever man. The story of Arbuthnot's life is here told with such fulness as the materials at our disposal permit of, and considerable additions have been made to what was previously known. The question of his literary work is surrounded with difficulties, for he generally published anonymously, and took no trouble to secure fame through his writings.

With the unselfishness which was a marked characteristic, he was always ready to help any of his friends, and much of his work is therefore merged in the humorous writings of Swift, Pope, Gay and others, and cannot now be distinguished. The matter is, moreover, complicated by the publication in 1750, fifteen years after Arbuthnot's death, of a collection of *Miscellaneous Works*, which was at once repudiated by his son. Most of the pieces in that collection are obviously not Arbuthnot's, but some are undoubtedly his. We must, therefore, have very distinct corroborative evidence before we accept as genuine any pamphlet thus attributed to him.

With the exception of a few medical and scientific writings, everything that we know with certainty to be Arbuthnot's is here reprinted; and a few tracts of doubtful authenticity, but which are not improbably his, have been added. A detailed Bibliography has also been given.

It remains to thank those to whom I am most indebted for aid in the preparation of this book. Mr. W. H. Baillie gave me access to a number of letters in his possession addressed to Arbuthnot by various friends. Most of these letters are now printed for the first time, and their value will be seen when it is stated that they include new and very interesting letters from Swift, which supplement the letters from Arbuthnot that we already possessed. The letters from Pope, which were published in Elwin and Courthope's edition of that poet's Works, are now printed, after collation with the originals, and with the old spelling restored. The Marquis of Bath kindly examined the Scriblerus papers at Longleat, and sent me copies of the verses in which Arbuthnot had a part; and Mr. S. G. Perceval was good enough to

render me a like service in the case of some letters in his possession.

For help in tracing the story of Arbuthnot's family history I have to thank, in the first place, Mr. George Arbuthnot-Leslie, who lent me valuable papers, and Mrs. James Arbuthnot, of Peterhead, who furnished some interesting particulars. Mr. Robert G. Arbuthnot, Mr. F. F. Arbuthnot, and Colonel and the Misses Allardyce, aided me in various ways; and Sir William Fraser, K.C.B., Deputy Keeper of the Records, Edinburgh, and Mr. David Winter, of the General Registry Office, very courteously answered my enquiries. For most of the information now first given respecting Arbuthnot's father and his own early years I am indebted to the Rev. R. M. Spence, the present minister at Arbuthnott. When I visited Arbuthnot's birthplace, Mr. Spence and his family received me most kindly, and did everything in their power to help me.

The Rev. J. F. Bright, D.D., Master of University College, Oxford, took considerable trouble in answering the questions that arose when I discovered that Arbuthnot entered that College. Mr. Robert Walker, at Aberdeen, and Mr. J. Maitland Anderson, at St. Andrews, were equally kind in the assistance they gave me; and I need hardly say that every facility has been afforded me at the British Museum, the Bodleian Library, the Advocates' Library, and South Kensington, and by Mr. Challenor Smith, of the Probate Registry, Somerset House, and Mr. J. Balfour Paul, Lyon King at Arms. I am much indebted to the Royal College of Physicians, and to the Treasurer, Sir Dyce Duckworth, M.D., for permission to reproduce the portrait of Dr. Arbuthnot which forms the frontispiece to this volume.

Of the published writings which I have consulted, it will suffice here to mention two : Mr. Leslie Stephen's article on Arbuthnot in the Dictionary of National Biography, in which, in a very short space, the main facts of Arbuthnot's life were for the first time set forth in an accurate manner; and the edition of Pope's Works, recently completed by Mr. Courthope, which is invaluable to all students of the period.

G. A. A.

*November, 1891.*



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# LIFE OF DR. ARBUTHNOT.

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## I.

ABOUT three miles east of Bervie, a small town on the coast of Kincardineshire, between Stonehaven and Montrose, stands Arbuthnott Castle. Of the castle itself, and of its various owners, it is not necessary to our purpose to speak at length; but, fortunately for the family and for those interested in its story, one of its members, Alexander Arbuthnott, who was Principal of King's College, Aberdeen, until his death in 1583, and who was also the first Protestant minister at Arbuthnott, left a manuscript history called *Originis et Incrementi Arbuthnoticæ Familiae Descriptio Historica*; and this account is immediately connected with our subject, from the fact that DR. ARBUTHNOT'S father wrote a continuation, the original of which is now in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh: *A continuation of the Genealogie of the noble family of Arbuthnott by Mr. Alexr. Arbuthnott sometime Minister at the Kirk of Arbuthnott.* An abstract of these accounts is given in the Calendar of the papers in the possession of Viscount Arbuthnott, which was prepared by Sir William Fraser for publication by the Historical Manuscripts Commission in 1881; and the reader can there trace the history of the various lairds from the thirteenth century, or earlier, to the seventeenth,

when Robert was created first Viscount Arbuthnott by Charles I. His son Robert, who succeeded to the title in 1655, took a somewhat active part in public affairs, and lived until 1682. The third Viscount, whose name was also Robert, married in the following year Anne, daughter of George, Earl of Sunderland, but he died in 1694, in his thirty-first year.

Lord Arbuthnott was patron of the living of Arbuthnott, and sometimes the parson was a connection of the patron's family. Such was the case in 1662, when Dr. Arbuthnot's father became incumbent upon the death of the Rev. John Sibbald<sup>1</sup>. The Rev. Alexander Arbuthnott was the son of Robert Arbuthnott<sup>2</sup>, a gentleman farmer of Scotsmill, a pretty place near Peterhead, and grandson of John Arbuthnott, who was Notary Public in 1598. The descent has been traced two generations further back, to James Arbuthnott, who was of Lentusch, Kincardineshire, in 1540, and whose three sons moved northwards about 1560, in order to be under the protection of the Keiths, the hereditary Earls Marischal<sup>3</sup>, who had intermarried with their own family. John, one of Alexander Arbuthnott's brothers, was factor to the Earl Marischal; while another brother, Robert, was a farmer in Buchan, and has

<sup>1</sup> In his *Continuation of the Genealogie of the noble family of Arbuthnott* the Rev. Alexander Arbuthnott wrote: 'Mr. John Sibbald was my own predecessor at the Kirk of Arbuthnott, whose memory is yet recent in this place, and his fame doth and will flourish to all succeeding ages for his pious and religious life, his great painfulness in his calling, his learning and charitable works.' Sibbald was chiefly instrumental in building a school, gave money for a school-master, and left his books, worth more than 1000 marks, for the use of incumbents who might follow him. He died suddenly, after thirty years' work.

<sup>2</sup> A copy of the inscription in St. Fergus Churchyard to Robert Arbuthnott and his wife Beatrix Gordon is given in *Annals of Peterhead*, by P. Buchan: Peterhead, 1819, p. 134.

<sup>3</sup> George, the tenth Earl Marischal, joined the Earl of Mar in the insurrection of 1715, and was attainted and deprived of all his dignities (*Notes on Dignities in the Peerage of Scotland which are dormant, or which have been forfeited*, by W. O. Hewlett: London, 1882, pp. 156-163; *An Historical and Authentic Account of the ancient and noble Family of Keith, Earls Marischal of Scotland*, by P. Buchan: Peterhead, 1820).

had numerous descendants, many of whom have distinguished themselves in the public service. It does not appear precisely how the branch of the family to which Arbuthnot belonged was connected with the Lairds of Arbuthnott; and Arbuthnot's father, in his notes on the family history, says nothing of himself.

In 1666 Alexander Arbuthnott married. On March 18, to quote from the parish register, 'Mr. Alexander Arbuthnott, Parson of Arbuthnott, and Margaret Lammy [Lamny] in the Parische of Marytown, gave up their names to be proclaimed for marriage,' and they 'were married April 4.' In the following year we find the entry which most immediately concerns us: 'Aprile 29, 1667. Alexander Arbuthnott, Parson of Arbuthnott, had ane Sone baptized named Johne.' Other children followed; Robert, baptized in 1669; Alexander, 1671; Katherine, 1672; Alexander, 1675,—the elder child of the name having no doubt died; Anne, 1681; Joan, 1685; and George, 1688. Of several of these we shall hear from time to time.

The present manse, pleasantly situated in a hollow through which the Water of Bervie flows to the sea, stands on the site of the house where Arbuthnot was born, and it is probable that the oldest portions of the building—which has been added to at different times—include the four rooms of which the house perhaps consisted two hundred years ago. But be this as it may, there are still some fine yew trees in the manse garden which must have been several hundred years old when Arbuthnot was a boy. The neighbouring church, moreover, of which his father was minister, is still the parish church. It was gutted by fire in 1839, but while the more modern additions were destroyed, the fine old walls remained, and the building, which was consecrated in the thirteenth century, has now been carefully restored as nearly as possible to its original form.

No particulars have come down to us of Arbuthnot's early years; and, taking into account the difficulties of locomotion at that time, we cannot share the interest felt by Dr. Beattie in Scotsmill, where Arbuthnot's grandfather lived. 'This place,' says Beattie in a letter to Mrs. Montagu, 'in a romantic situation on the brink of a river, about three miles from Peterhead, . . . I often visit as classic ground, as being probably the place where the Doctor, when a schoolboy, might often pass his holidays<sup>1</sup>.' It is stated, with greater probability, that Arbuthnot was educated at Marischal College, Aberdeen, but as the record of students of the college does not go back beyond the beginning of the last century the story cannot be tested. Arbuthnot afterwards took his degree in medicine, not at Aberdeen, but at St. Andrews.

The first great turning-point in Arbuthnot's life came when he was twenty-one. The Revolution of 1688 brought with it greater changes in Scotland than in England, because the measures introduced by James II had been especially repugnant to the majority of the Scotch nation. All who had not been willing to comply with the Episcopalian form of Church government had been deprived of religious and civil rights, and it is not to be wondered at that when the opportunity presented itself the people were quick to retaliate. There were grave disorders, especially in the west, and some 200 of the clergy were expelled from their homes and churches, and in many cases were very roughly used in the 'rabbling of the curates,' which commenced on Christmas Day, 1688. Others were turned out by the Privy Council for refusing to acknowledge William and Mary. Twelve bishops were deprived, and they met with little sympathy. Only two days before William III landed, the Scotch bishops

<sup>1</sup> *An Account of the Life and Writings of James Beattie, LL.D.*, by Sir William Forbes, Bart., 1807. vol. ii. pp. 357, 358.

at Edinburgh composed a letter to King James, whom they called 'the darling of heaven.' When the bishops had been expelled and the General Assembly restored, all had been done that was necessary for the re-establishment of Presbyterianism, and in June, 1690, an Act was passed ratifying the Confessions of Faith, and vesting the Church government in the hands of the ministers who had been ousted in 1661. In October the General Assembly met, and Commissions were appointed to go through the country and purge out obnoxious ministers. The King wrote to the General Assembly that he expected them to act in such a manner that there should be no occasion to repent of what had been done. 'We never could be of the mind that violence was suited to the advancing of true religion; nor do we intend that our authority shall ever be a tool to the irregular passions of any party.' The Assembly, though many of its members would have preferred more thorough-going measures, answered respectfully that they had suffered too much from oppression ever to be oppressors. But the Commissions they appointed certainly did not always show the moderation that had been promised<sup>1</sup>.

Alexander Arbuthnott was among the clergy who would not conform to the Presbyterian system, and accordingly, on the 29th of September, 1689, he was deposed from his living by his patron, Viscount Arbuthnott. The minister and his sons were strong partisans of the Stuarts, and the second son, Robert, a youth of twenty, had taken part in the battle of Killiecrankie, in the preceding July, when the Highlanders achieved a victory for James, which, however, they were not able to pursue. Alexander Arbuthnott retired to a small property he had inherited, called Kinghornie, which still gives its name

<sup>1</sup> *The Church History of Scotland*, by John Cunningham, 1882; Woodrow's *History of the Sufferings*, &c.; Macaulay's *History of England*, chaps. xiii and xvi; *Lecture on the Revolution Settlement*, delivered in St. Giles's Cathedral by the Rev. R. H. Story.

to a farm in the parish of Kinneff<sup>1</sup>. In this quiet spot, near Hallgreen Castle, and on rising ground by the sea, about three miles south-east of Arbuthnott, he spent the few remaining months of his life. He died on the 27th of February, 1691, but the religious strife in which he had been involved was not closed over his grave. When deprived of his charge he had, it seems, carried away with him the Session record, and in November, 1690, soon after his successor, Francis Melvill, had been ordained, certain persons were appointed to see the late incumbent on the matter. But their visit appears to have been without result, and immediately after his death the question of the return of the book was again raised in the Kirk Session in the manner described in the following minute:

March 4, 1691. Wednesday. The which day the Session met. Sederunt, Robert Viscount of Arbuthnott, Alex. Arbuthnott of Pitcarles<sup>2</sup>, &c., Elders, and William Leper, Alex. Jeffray, &c., Deacons. They considering that Mr. Alex. Arbuthnott late incumbent departed this life on Friday last, the twentieth and seventh of February, and that the Session book is not given up, it is thought fit that Thomas Allardes should go and speak to his sons and desire them to give up the said book, or if they will not to assure them that the ground in order to the said Mr. Alexander's burial would not be opened; which message the said Thomas undertook to deliver and to return their answer on Thursday before ten of the clock in the forenoon, which was that Mr. John Arbuthnott his eldest lawful son had given his bond to the Viscount of Arbuthnott for the

<sup>1</sup> *Statistical Account of Scotland* (1845), vol. xi. p. 158, by the Rev. James Mylne, of Arbuthnott. *Ib.* vol. xi. p. 313.

<sup>2</sup> The third son of Robert, third laird of that name, was called Alexander, and his father gave him in patrimony a piece of land adjacent to the manor house of Arbuthnott, called Pitcarles, which had formerly been possessed by Andrew, son of Robert (the second) and grandson of Robert (the third).

This Andrew was father of the Alexander Arbuthnott who was Principal of Aberdeen University. The fourth son of Robert (the third), named Robert, was presented by his father to the living of Arbuthnott, and there spent the remainder of an exemplary life. He resided with his brother in Pitcarles, there being, as the Rev. Alexander Arbuthnott tells us in his family notes, no manse at that time for the incumbent.



delivery of the said book under the failzie [forfeiture] of one hundred merks.

The burial was accordingly permitted, and took place, as we learn from the register, on the 6th of March. The question of a monument was then raised, and on the 8th of April 'The Viscount of Arbuthnott informed the Session that Mr. John Arbuthnott had spoke to him and desired to have the liberty of making ane tomb or monument above the grave of his deceased father, Mr. Alex. Arbuthnott late incumbent of this congregation, to which the said Viscount replied that it would neither be done without the answer of the heritours nor without the will and consent of the Session, neither without ane bill presented to the Session desiring the same, as is formal in all judicatories, as also the inscription of the said tomb must be seen and known, that there be nothing found therein which may be derogatory to the present Government, or reflecting on the present minister at the place.' Perhaps Arbuthnot refused to comply with these conditions; at all events, no monument to his father is now extant.

## II.

UPON the death of Alexander Arbuthnott his sons left their native country to seek their fortune in various directions. John went to London<sup>1</sup>, and maintained himself by teaching mathematics. He lived, it is said, at the house of Mr. William Pate, a woollen-draper, who was well known for his learning<sup>2</sup>. It cannot be stated

<sup>1</sup> In Noble's *Continuation* of Granger's *Biographical History*, 1806 (vol. iii. p. 365), it is said that on leaving Scotland, Arbuthnot went first to Dorchester, but staid no length of

time there. This statement seems to be without confirmation.

<sup>2</sup> Swift said Pate was 'both a *bel esprit* and a woollen-draper,' and he mentions dining with him on seve-

exactly when this important step was taken, but if a little book which was published anonymously in London in 1692 is rightly attributed to Arbuthnot, it is probable that he left Scotland soon after his father's death in the spring of 1691.

The book referred to, *Of the Laws of Chance*, reached a fourth edition, and was afterwards reprinted in the Supplement to the second edition (1751) of the *Miscellaneous Works of the late Dr. Arbuthnot*. It will be necessary therefore at once to say something of the credentials of this posthumous collection of pieces attributed to Arbuthnot. In the autumn of 1750 two volumes of *Miscellaneous Works* appeared, with 'Glasgow' given on the title-pages as the place of publication, and a second edition, 'with Additions,' soon followed. In September, Arbuthnot's son, George, inserted an advertisement in the papers declaring that these volumes were 'not the Works of my late father, Dr. Arbuthnot, but an imposition on the Publick.' This repudiation, however, cannot have been intended for more than a disavowal of responsibility; for when we examine the contents we find that some of the pieces are undoubtedly Arbuthnot's, and that some are known to be by other writers; while in the case of the remainder we have little or nothing to guide us but internal evidence. It will be necessary to refer to this subject from time to time, and we shall be assisted in the enquiry by the effort that has now been made, though sometimes without success, to trace back

ral occasions (Swift to Hunter, Jan. 12, 1709; *Journal to Stella*, Sept. 17 and 24, Oct. 6, 1710). Pope asked Hughes (April 19, 1714) to get Pate to help in promoting the subscriptions to his 'Homer'; and Steele's anecdote of the prudent woollen-draper, 'remarkable for his learning and good-nature' (*Guardian*, No. 141) probably refers to Pate. A note from Pate to Sir Hans Sloane about

a pattern of black cloth is preserved in the British Museum (Add. MS. 4055, f. 29). He died in December, 1746, and was buried at Lee, Kent. It is stated in Scott's 'Swift' that Pate was educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and obtained the B.A. degree; but there is no mention of him in the list of Cambridge graduates, or in Cole's MSS.

each pamphlet in the collection to the form in which it originally appeared. The *Miscellaneous Works* were reprinted in 1770, with a short Life, the accuracy of which George Arbuthnot admitted <sup>1</sup>.

The duodecimo volume *Of the Laws of Chance* was published, as we have seen, in 1692, and it was reprinted in the *Miscellaneous Works* with the title *Huygens de Ratiociniis in Ludo Aleae: Translated into English by Dr. Arbuthnot*. It was, in all probability, correctly attributed to the Doctor—who was himself a great card-player—and if this is the case, it was his first publication. In the preface it is stated that the discourse was in great part a translation from Huygens. ‘The whole I undertook for my own divertisement, next to the satisfaction of some friends, who would now and then be wrangling about the proportions of hazards in some cases that are here decided. . . . My design in publishing it was to make it of more general use, and perhaps persuade a raw Squire by it, to keep his money in his pocket; and if, upon this account, I should incur the clamours of the Sharpers, I do not much regard it, since they are a sort of people the world is not bound to provide for.’ ‘The whole art of gaming, where there is anything of hazard, is to calculate, in dubious cases, on which side there are most chances; and the principles here laid down would enable anyone, even in the midst of the game, to make a sufficiently accurate conjecture.’ ‘I will not debate whether one may engage another in a disadvantageous wager; if a man enters the lists he takes it for granted that his fortune and judgment are at least equal to those of his playfellows; but false dice and tricks are inexcusable, for the question in gaming is not, who is the best juggler. There are very few things of which we have any real knowledge which cannot be reduced to a mathematical reasoning, and such reasoning, when practicable, is always

<sup>1</sup> Kippis's *Biographia Britannica*, 1778.

the best. 'The calculation of the quantity of probability might be applied to many things besides games ; politics are nothing else but a kind of analysis of the quantity of probability in casual events, and a good politician signifies no more but one who is dexterous at such calculations ; only the principles which are made use of in the solution of such problems can't be studied in a closet, but acquired by the observation of mankind.' The rest of the book is occupied with the demonstration, in a popular form, of a number of propositions relating to the chances of the game with dice or cards. 'A mathematician will easily perceive it is not put in such a dress as to be taken notice of by him, there being abundance of words spent to make the more ordinary sort of people understand it.'

We now come to an event in Arbuthnot's life which has not previously been suspected. On October 6, 1694, two years after the publication of the *Laws of Chance*, Arbuthnot entered University College, Oxford, as 'Socio Commensalis,' or Fellow-commoner. The entry in the college books is simply 'Ego Johannes Arbuthnot lubens subscribo'; there are none of the usual particulars of parentage, age, or tutor's name. Arbuthnot was then twenty-seven and it would appear that a Fellow-commoner was a man of greater age than the ordinary undergraduate, and was not compelled to enter under any particular tutor. There were at that time no less than five classes among the undergraduates: 'Socio Commensalis,' 'Generoso Commensalis,' 'Commensalis Primi, or supremi, or superioris, ordinis,' 'Commensalis,' and 'Serviens'; but in the eighteenth century the use of the first two titles was discontinued.

The Master of University College during Arbuthnot's residence was Dr. Charlett, with whom he maintained a friendship in later life. Charlett was fond of society and was a copious letter-writer ; but he was at the same time

a scholar and a patron of learning. He had been made Master at the early age of thirty-seven, only two years before Arbuthnot entered the college. Such of Arbuthnot's literary contemporaries as were Oxford men—Addison, Prior, King, Atterbury—had naturally graduated several years before he went to the University; but some of them still lived at Oxford, or visited the city from time to time, and he may thus have made their acquaintance. Steele left Merton College to join the army at the beginning of the year in which Arbuthnot entered University College.

A youth named Edward Jeffreys was admitted to University College on the same day as Arbuthnot, and it is evident that Arbuthnot was acting as his companion and private tutor. Edward Jeffreys was the eldest son of Jeffrey Jeffreys, Esq., afterwards Sir Jeffrey Jeffreys, of Roehampton, Surrey, and St. Mary Axe, London, member of Parliament for Brecon, and alderman of the city of London<sup>1</sup>; and on the 28th of December, 1694, a few weeks after young Jeffreys had gone to University College, his father wrote to Dr. Charlett:

I am extremely well pleased of y<sup>e</sup> character you give me of my son, and of Mr. Arbuthnot<sup>2</sup>.

The following letters from Arbuthnot, the earliest that we possess, were all addressed to Dr. Charlett<sup>3</sup>:

<sup>1</sup> The entry of Edward Jeffreys' admission in the college books is as follows: 'Ego Edwardus Jeffreys filius natu maximus Galfridi Jeffreys Armigeri de Roughampton in comitatu Surreii lubens subscribero sub tutamine magistri Hudson.' Jeffreys, who entered as 'Primi ordinis Commensalis,' was an ordinary undergraduate, and would no doubt be considerably younger than Arbuthnot. His father obtained possession of the house belonging to the Earls of Devonshire upon the death of the last Countess of Devonshire in

1689. Hobbes had lived in this house with the last Earl, and there Sir Jeffrey Jeffreys died (Lyson's *Encirons of London*). He was member for Brecon from 1690 to 1698, and from 1701 until his death in 1709.

<sup>2</sup> Ballard MSS. (Bodleian), xi. 17. On April 18, 1695, William Strachan wrote to Dr. Charlett from Utrecht, 'Give my humble service to . . . Mr. Arbuthnot of your College' (Ballard MSS. xxvii. 54).

<sup>3</sup> Ballard MSS. xxiv. 56, 57, 58, 59.

Honour<sup>d</sup> Sr

I hop yow will excuse my so long silence which proceeds from no principle against writing, but my stay in the contrey being but just now come to toun.

We have been very well received by evry body; Mr. Jeffreys and his lady are very sensible of your care and to say truth Mr Edward behaves himself very prettily. Mr. Nick: needed no body to introduce him to his fathers affection, for he is sufficiently master of that faculty himself; however I beleive he will not come to Oxford again.

Mr. Jeffreys has given me orders to doe in the window as I please, so you may assure your self ther shall be no delay, and I had spoke to Mr. Cook<sup>1</sup> ere now, but the Vice-Chanclour<sup>2</sup> being resolved to doe Mr. Jeffreys the honour of a visit at his contrey house on Saturday next if his business permitt, I am resolved befor that time to carry Cook to the Vice-Chanclour. Dr. Gregory<sup>3</sup> will introduce me who I beleive goes along with the Vice-Chanclour to Rouhamptoun; In a word whatever yow have to order me in that affair please to acquaint me and it shall be done.

I wold desire yow likewise to excuse Mr. Edward for not writing, the fondness nowe is over & so he will have leisure to mind his duty.

By my stay in the contrey yow may guess I am a stranger to news but I will trouble yow w<sup>t</sup> some when I can come by these that are good fresh especially a scheme of the Jacobites politicks. The M. of Carmarthen<sup>4</sup> sitts as president of the Councill but the contest betwixt his and the other party is so high that one of them must to pot. My L. P<sup>l</sup>land<sup>5</sup> has

<sup>1</sup> Henry Cook (1642-1700) painted an altar-piece for New College, Oxford, and was employed by William III to repair Raphael's cartoons.

<sup>2</sup> Henry Aldrich, D.D., became Vice-Chancellor in 1692, and was Dean of Christ Church from 1689 to 1710. He was musical, and very popular.

<sup>3</sup> Dr. David Gregory, born at Aberdeen in 1661, was Savilian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford (Irving's *Lives of Scottish Writers*, 1839, vol. ii. 239-267).

<sup>4</sup> Sir Thomas Osborne, Lord High

Treasurer, was made Baron Osborne in 1673, Earl of Danby in June of the same year, Marquis of Carmarthen in 1689, and Duke of Leeds in 1694.

<sup>5</sup> Hans William Bentinck came to England with William III, and in 1689 was created Earl of Portland. The King went abroad on May 12 (two days before Arbuthnot wrote this letter) attended, among others, by Lord Portland, who had just obtained from his royal master the lordships of Denbigh, Bromfield and Yale, in Denbighshire. The gentlemen of the county protested

gott a small present from the K. of 25000 a year of the P. of Wales estate, but ther are many caveats put in ag<sup>t</sup> it by those who have leases. Zuleistein<sup>1</sup> has gott another of the D. of Powis's<sup>2</sup> but it was stop'd at the seall; the Duke being only a tenant for life. Dr. Gregory gives yow his service if ther is any thing I can serve yow in heir command S<sup>r</sup>

Your most humble servant

JO: ARBUTHNOTT.

London: May 14, 95.

Reverend S<sup>r</sup>

I call'd according to your order at Mr. Sares who carry'd me to Vandebanks, he had nothing compleat by him to shew me save a gentlemans picture w<sup>ch</sup> when I look'd at in the Room I could not desern the difference betwixt it and a good fresh piece of painting till I came near and touch'd it and to say truth this is one of the main objections I have ag<sup>t</sup> your Altar piece that the art is so great that it will represent to the eye a piece of painting. Mr. Sare ask'd him about Cusheons, he sayes for these things he agrees by the Dutch ell square which is  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an English yard to doe it all silk will be about 50 s. and upon a worsted warp 40 s. I saw in his loom one of Le Bruns fyne pieces doing for my Lord Stowell, it will be a very noble piece when it is compleated.

I have a letter from Doctor Gregory in which he gives yow his humble service, he sayes he has yours & that he has wrote to yow since, he complains of the difficulty of removing wives, he sayes Archimedes's Mechanicks wold have fail'd him ther he desires yow will excuse his stay to the V. Cha. & he hopes to be at Oxford ag<sup>t</sup> the beginning of Nov<sup>r</sup>.

I told yow in my last letter that Mr. Jeffreys will lend yow the 100 ll. which yow may have when yow please.

I have seen a great many who remember yow kindly I shan't be able to answer all the invitations I have to drink your good health. This day Dr. Ratcliff<sup>3</sup> din'd with Mr. Jeffreys; he has giv'n Mr. Edward some new injunctions but he sayes he finds him almost well and that ther is no danger.

to the Treasury, and then petitioned the House of Commons, which presented an address to the King, with the result that the grant was recalled.

<sup>1</sup> William Henry de Nassau, Lord of Zuylesteyn, was made Master of the Robes by William III.

<sup>2</sup> William, third Baron Powis, was created Earl in 1674 and Marquis in 1687. He accompanied James II to France and was by him made Duke of Powis. He died at St. Germain in 1696.

<sup>3</sup> Dr. John Radcliffe, who died in 1714.

Amongst other news I heard him tell he had bin this morning with Sr Tho: Clergis<sup>1</sup>, who is in a fitt of an apoplexie and he doubts much of his recovery, so its probable the Vniversity will be putt to the pains to chuse a new member of Parli<sup>mt</sup>. I find its still a question if ther will be a new one. his Matie is expected next week. The rate of guineas heir makes great disturbance in business; the receivers won't take them in the K's taxē, and this day the colliers have bin with the seven complaining of the trouble & impediments they receive in ther business on this occasion; Cap<sup>tn</sup> Pitts master of one of the E. Indian ships is like to ransom his ship & bring her home he comes w<sup>t</sup> sad complaints of the E. India company & this day I heard a Mercht<sup>t</sup> say that if he comes home he won't give the company 50 per cent for ther stock, ther is some great roguery I can't tell what it is. Ther is like to be great opposition ag<sup>t</sup> the passing of this grant of the incomes of the Principality of Wales upon my Ld Portland, the Welsh Gentry interest themselves so much ag<sup>t</sup> it that they proceed to great heats, but the K's order is positive after a representation of the Lds Commissioners. To fill up the page I must tell yow that Mr. Germain<sup>2</sup> was catch'd abed w<sup>t</sup> a Lady a brewers daughter being a considerable fortune and by her freinds threaten'd into marriage who broke into the room & offer'd to pistoll him, that was the reverse of Jenny Ricks case. The Arch<sup>p</sup> of Glasgow is in toun<sup>3</sup>. Ther are no new books; fearing to wearie yow I must begg leave only to remain

Rd Sr

Your most humble serv<sup>t</sup>,

Jo: ARBUTHNOTT.

London, Octob<sup>r</sup> 3<sup>d</sup>, 1695.

Rev<sup>nd</sup> Sr

I have yours and wrote one to yow last week by Mr. Jeffreys's order, which I found the other day in the counting house having been neglected; nothing else could have excus'd me.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Thomas Clarges was member for the University of Oxford in the Parliament which met in March, 1690, and was dissolved on Oct. 11, 1695, a week after this letter was written. In the following Parliament his place was taken by Sir William Trumbull, Secretary of State.

<sup>2</sup> Sir John Germain (knighted in

1698), reputed son of William III, Prince of Orange. His relations with Lady Mary Mordaunt, wife of the Duke of Norfolk, occasioned much scandall.

<sup>3</sup> Presumably John Paterson, who was translated from Edinburgh in 1687, but was ejected soon after the Revolution of 1688.



What I had wrote ther was chiefly concerning the Bp. of St. David's<sup>1</sup>; Mr. Jeffreys having desir'd that as far as yow could have influence, ther might be all justice done him in the report of the evidence, he being convinc'd from a particular knowledge of the matters alleg'd agt him, that ther was a great dele of malice in his adversaries, and that the Bp. was not so culpable as they had represented to the world; that upon an account which Mr. Jeffreys gave My Lord Abington he was pleas'd to befriend the Bp. very much in the house of Lords.

Mr. Edward I suppose has told yow of our safe arryvall at Rouhampton and that Mr. Allen was pleas'd next Sunday to give us a sermon in Mr. Jeffrey's chappell; we are very acceptable and Mr. Edward behaves himself very much to his fathers satisfaction, I hope we shall see Oxford within a month, for our military exploits are deferr'd a year longer, I took the effectuall method to stop them. Mr. Jennings told me [he] had expos'd that project sufficiently befor he had mine.

This morning I saw Dr. Radcliff he ask'd kindly for yow. the Dean of Christ church lodges at his house, but he was not dress'd, severall whom I have seen give yow ther service particularly Mr. Cook the painter, Mr. Pate<sup>2</sup>, but none more particularly then Mr. Swall the bookseller<sup>3</sup> whose civilitys are valuable, if rated according to ther scarcity.

We have seen the entry of the Venetian Ambassadors which was very splendid, and yesterday we saw them at the play-house wher they seem'd to be well-pleas'd and had the complaisance to clap with the rest of the audience, to morrow we hope to see them at the Banqueting house; they goe with the King on Saturday next.

Newes I have none but what are in the publick papers politicks are so scarce they are risen cent per cent, false newes like false money are only to pass with the gove<sup>nt</sup> for ther is no lying but upon the side of it. Ferguson<sup>4</sup> they say is like to swing unregretted; an old complotter of his one Charletoun ask'd the K. leave to see him he having been his intimate freind. The K. told him he wold grant it him upon condition he wold give his honour to tell him all which pass'd betwixt them, Charletoun answer'd that his freind being upon his life.

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Watson, Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge, was deprived of the bishopric in 1699, for simony and other crimes.

<sup>2</sup> See page 7.

<sup>3</sup> Abel Swalle, of St. Paul's Churchyard.

<sup>4</sup> Ferguson was tried for high treason, with Sir John Fenwick and others.

such a visit wold be rather insidious, and might doe him a mischief wheras he intended him a kindness but assur'd the K. if ther was any concern'd his own person immediatly he wold not think himself oblidg'd by any tyes of freindship to conceall it so he was deny'd.

People are at ther witts end about the money, what is like to become of them after the 8th of May, ther is hardly any new money goes except in some pay<sup>t</sup>s from exchequer, for people will never be prevail'd upon to lett broad money goe when clipt will serve ther turn <sup>1</sup>, they say ther is a clause in this act for the new bank <sup>2</sup> allowing them to take 500 000 ll. of any silver money whatsomever which will make clipt money goe for a considerable time. People find ways to elude the penalty of the act about guineas as discounting bank notes for so much loss if payd in guineas, bargaining for ther commodities for so much less; however the law will be severely executed, they change them at the tower for 22 ss. new money.

Mr. Jeffreys did sign in the lieutenancy and I find most are of opinion that now this association is turn'd into a Law people will take the opportunity of that excuse and the house is not like to be much thinner for it <sup>3</sup>. I shall trouble yow to give my respects to Mr. Cornwallis, Mr. Bertie <sup>4</sup> and Mr. Hudson <sup>5</sup>. Ther

<sup>1</sup> The wholesale clipping of the silver coinage caused great anxiety in 1695-6, and a severer Act against clippers served only to alarm the nation, so that guineas equal in value to 21s. 6d. in silver, rose to 30s. The loss to the country was at last stopped by recoinng all the current cash; and the critical state of affairs in April, as the day fixed for the discontinuance of the old coins drew near, was relieved by the issue of Exchequer bills.

<sup>2</sup> The Land Bank, an abortive attempt to rival the recently established Bank of England.

<sup>3</sup> In consequence of the discovery of the Assassination plot in February, associations binding the members to support King William and the succession as settled by the Bill of Rights were formed by both Houses of Parliament. The association was afterwards signed throughout the country, and this was followed by

an act declaring anyone incapable of public trust, or of serving in parliament, who did not sign. An order was also passed in council for depriving of their commissions all who had not signed the association while it was voluntary.

<sup>4</sup> In 1697 Mr. A. Bertie wrote to Dr. Charlett: 'I just parted from Dr. Gregory and Mr. Arbuthnot, where wee drunck y<sup>r</sup> Health' (Ballard MSS. xxxix. 70). In the Parliament of 1690-1695 Montagu Bertie, Lord Norreys, was member for Oxford county, and the Hon. Henry Bertie and Sir Edward Norreys were members for Oxford city. Charles Bertie was made Treasurer and Paymaster of the Office of the Ordinance in 1702.

<sup>5</sup> John Hudson, Jeffreys' college tutor. He was made D.D. in 1701. His edition of Patereulus, 1693, was published at the charge of Dr. Charlett.

are great changes at court talk't off, some think that they resolve to remove all old rotten materials and have all new, it making the more lasting and orderly edifice. This is two letters in one, which will I hope excuse my being so tedious.

I am

R. Sr

Your most humble servant

JO : ARBUTHNOTT.

London : Apryle 30, 96.

Our fleet sayls westward upon some expedition.

Rev<sup>nd</sup> Sr

I thank yow heartily for yours, which I had the other day, Mr. Edward had his book, but the letter his father kept because he wold not lett him know of any design he had of taking him from Oxford. his father talks now of sending him ther in the winter and keeping his chamber for him still in case he should have occasion for it, for the present we have entirely quarrell'd with all humane learning, so that tho your book be a very noble present and finely printed, the foot ball and cudgells had bin fitter for us. The Dean of Christs church & Dr. Ratcliff were here last week wher yow were kindly remembred. The Bishop of London<sup>1</sup> was here on munday last, it will be no newes to tell yow Dr. Lancaster<sup>2</sup> is married. I have chid Mr. Edward in being so negligent in writing to his tutor, but he treats him like the rest of his business; his father sayes he repents his having taken him from Oxford, yow may imagine it is a wondrous hard task to send him back again, we have had twenty resolutions, but the present design is to bring him up to his own business, and perhaps as I hinted before to send him to Oxford in winter; such an unsteddiness makes me incapable to doe him any service, and for my part I am resolv'd on some other course of life, wherin I can not doubt of your kindness, because yow never gave me the least occasion to doe so. I shall trouble yow to give my service to Mr. Hudson, Ile make his pupill write to him next week, and Dr. Gregory whom (not having seen Mr. Newton<sup>3</sup> as yet,

<sup>1</sup> Henry Compton, who was translated from Oxford in 1675.

<sup>2</sup> William Lancaster, Provost of Queen's College, was made D.D. in 1692. He was the 'Sly-Boots' in

Steele's paper in the *Spectator*, No. 43, Mr. Froth being Dr. Charlett (Hearne's *Diary*. April 22, 1711).

<sup>3</sup> Sir Isaac Newton was knighted in 1705.

nor been in town this fortnight) I had nothing to write to. Mr. Jeffreys gives you his service and resents<sup>1</sup> very much your kindness to his son and none has more reason both for him and my self then

R<sup>d</sup> S<sup>r</sup>

Your most humble serv<sup>t</sup>

Jo : ARBUTHNOTT.

Rouhampton, June 6<sup>th</sup>, 96.

Upon the death of Sir Jeffrey Jeffreys in 1709, his son Edward was elected Member for Brecon, in his place, and retained the seat during the Parliament of 1710 to 1713. After that time we hear nothing of him<sup>2</sup>.

Very shortly after writing this last letter Arbuthnot carried out his resolve to try 'some other course of life,' and went to St. Andrews, where, in September, 1696, at the age of 29, he took his doctor's degree in medicine. He had not studied at St. Andrews, but was admitted a member of the University in virtue of his graduation in medicine. The following are the entries in the records of the University:—

11<sup>mo</sup> Septembris 1696.

Quo die generosus hic, cujus nomen infra subscribitur, gradum Doctoratus in Medicina (praestitis praestandis) adeptus est, honorem hunc conferente R.D. M<sup>ro</sup> Alex<sup>ro</sup> Monro. D. Praefecto Collegii S<sup>ti</sup> Salvatoris nostri ac graduum promotore.

Jo : ARBUTHNOTT.

11<sup>mo</sup> Sep<sup>tris</sup> 1696.

Quo die generosus hic, cujus nomen infra subscribitur Medicinae Studiosus (praestitis praestandis) in album Academiae receptus est.

Jo : ARBUTHNOTT.

A paper giving particulars of the theses prepared by Arbuthnot for this occasion was printed, doubtless at St. Andrews. It consists of two leaves, the title-page being as follows: *Theses Medicae de Secretione Animalis*, 'quas

<sup>1</sup> Feels. French, 'ressentir.'

<sup>2</sup> The Edward Jeffreys, who was member for Droitwich from 1710 to 1727, and who held offices under the Crown, may have been a relative of the member for Brecon.

favente Deo Opt. Max. Ex Auctoritate D.D. Georgii Hamilton Principalis Coll. S. Leonardi In Academia Andraea-politana, Et Ejusdem Academiae Rectoris Magnifici, nec non Amplissimi Senatus Academici Decreto, Pro Gradu Doctoratus in Medicina Consequendo, Publico Examine subjicit Joannes Arbuthnot Auct. & Resp. In Scholis Marianis Ad Diem 11 Septembris Hora 10 a.m. Ex Officinâ Georgii Mosman, Anno Domini M.DC.XCVI.' On the back of the title is a dedication to Arbuthnot's friend, Edward Jeffreys, 'Adolescenti Ingenuo Edwardo Jeffreys Collegii Universitatis apud Oxonienses Superioris ordinis commensali Theses hasce D.D. Auctor.' The remaining leaf, printed on one side only, contains seven theses. It is interesting to find the following passage in a letter from George Hamilton, Principal of St. Andrews, to Dr. Charlett, written on September 14, three days after Arbuthnot took his degree<sup>1</sup>: 'The bearer, Dr. Arbuthnot, is a gentleman of great merit, that has acquitted himself extraordinarily well both in his private and publick tryalls in solemn meetings of several Professors and Doctors of Medicine towards his promotion.'

It will have been noticed that in the entries in the books of St. Andrews and in his letters Arbuthnot spelt his name 'Arbuthnott,' while in the printed theses it is spelt 'Arbuthnot'; and it is curious that he always spelt it with two t's in signing his own name, but with one on the title-pages of his books. 'Arbuthnot' is the older form of the word, but the spelling 'Arbuthnott' was introduced apparently in the seventeenth century, and is still preserved in Viscount Arbuthnott's title and in the name of the village where Arbuthnot was born. It is singular that in another matter relating to the name—the pronunciation—there was uncertainty even among Arbuthnot's friends. Pope wrote:

'To second, Ar'buthnot, thy art and care';

<sup>1</sup> Ballard MSS. xxxvi. 99.

but in another place :

‘Farewell, Arbuth’not’s raillery  
On every learned sot!’

Swift, in his poem, *Verses on the Death of Doctor Swift*, wrote :

‘Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay  
A week, and Ar’buthnot a day’;

but in the same piece we find :

‘Arbuth’not is no more my friend,  
Who dares to irony pretend.’

Similarly Gay, in the Prologue to the *Shepherd’s Week*, says :

‘This leech Arbuth’not was yecept,’

but a few lines later :

‘I’ll hie with glee  
To court, this Ar’buthnot to see.’

The poets apparently felt justified in placing the accent wherever the exigencies of the verse rendered it convenient. The name is pronounced Arbuth’not in Scotland ; but most people in England would place the accent on the first syllable.

In 1695 Dr. Woodward, Professor of Physic at Gresham College, published *An Essay towards a Natural History of the Earth and Terrestrial Bodies, especially Minerals ; as also of the Sea, Rivers, and Springs. With an Account of the Universal Deluge, and of the effects that it had upon the Earth.* Woodward was in advance of his contemporaries in his views upon many geological and botanical questions, but he allowed himself to be carried away by theories which he formed ; and his vanity and pompous manner towards strangers who came to see his collections of fossils and other curiosities exposed him to frequent ridicule. In this *Essay* he asserted that the centre of the earth was originally a cavity, full of water—the ‘great Deep’—which burst forth at the Flood ; that the whole globe was thereupon dissolved ; and that the present earth was formed by the promiscuous mass of sand, soil, shells, &c., falling down again, the heaviest first, in

accordance with the law of gravity. By this means he explained the existence of shells, bones, and leaves embodied in stones as well as in chalk or sand, and he maintained that the shells found in the lower strata were always heavier than those in the upper strata. This statement was easily refuted, and Woodward's whole theory of the Deluge led to a long controversy, to which Arbuthnot contributed his first work of importance. This piece, published in 1697, with the date Dec. 1, 1697, at the end, was *An Examination of Dr. Woodward's Account of the Deluge, &c., with a comparison between Steno's Philosophy and the Doctor's, in the case of marine bodies dug up out of the earth. By J. A., M.D. With a Letter to the Author, concerning an Abstract of Agostino Scylla's book on the same subject, printed in the Philosophical Transactions. By W[illiam] W[oodward], F.R.S.*<sup>1</sup> Arbuthnot ably pointed out the very numerous difficulties which made it impossible to accept Woodward's theory: and in order to meet the objection that the hypothesis was accepted by the well-known mathematician Steno, he proved that in the parts to which most exception could be taken Woodward's philosophy was different from Steno's. In summing up he very happily referred to Woodward's weaknesses, but at the same time acknowledged with perfect fairness the useful contributions the Doctor had made to scientific knowledge. 'It is plain—(1) That Steno's hypothesis is not burdened with all the difficulties of Dr. Woodward's; I will not say it is liable to none. (2) That as Nature shews the same face to every man, sagacious persons will jump strangely as to their conjectures about her. (3) That though Dr. Woodward's hypothesis seems to be liable to many just excep-

<sup>1</sup> Hearne (MS. *Diaries*, lxxx. 182) notes, 'Penes me in 8°. *An examination of Dr. Woodward's Account of the Deluge. . . .* By J. A., i. e. John Arbuthnot. . . . In this book

is that exquisite coxcomb well lash'd, but in mercy to him, and in hopes, tho' vain, of his amendment, the Author suppress'd the copy soon.'

tions, the whole is not to be exploded ; there are a great many things which I question not but he will make out beyond all contradiction ; and if he takes off the objections I have proposed, I'll promise him, I am not in the least disposed to cavil ; only I cannot forbear to wish that people were more diligent in observing, and more cautious in system-making. First, the world is malicious, and when they write for an opinion it spoils the credit of their observations. They have then taken their party, and may be suspected for partial witnesses. In the next place, mankind, in these matters, is naturally too rash, and apt to put more in the conclusion than there is in the premises. Yea, some there are so fond of an opinion that they will take pleasure to cheat themselves, and would bring everything to fit their hypothesis. Then only we may expect to succeed in compiling of theories, when we build upon true and decisive observations ; and survey the works of Nature with the same geometry (though in a more imperfect degree) by which the Divine Architect put them together.'

Shortly after the appearance of this book Arbuthnot wrote to Dr. Charlett, and alluded, among other things, to the controversy that was then raging around Dr. Bentley. Wotton, in his *Reflections on Ancient and Modern Learning*, had replied to Sir William Temple, and in 1697 Bentley added a dissertation to the second edition of Wotton's book, showing the spuriousness of the *Epistles of Phalaris*. The Hon. Charles Boyle, who had published, with the countenance of the University of Oxford, an edition of the *Epistles of Phalaris*, replied to Bentley, and was in his turn answered by Bentley's *Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris, with an Answer to the Objections of the Hon. C. Boyle, Esq.*

Honoured Sir

The kind message I had from yow by Mr. Pricket t'other day putts me in mind of a neglect of my duty : which is to



wish yow a good new year in all health & prosperity to your self & success in your designe for the good of a society which I have many obligations to honour; were it not that I have hardly any thing besides to tell yow but what I know yow have from much better hands I should be often troublesome to yow. I was in hopes of having a good account of my freinds at Oxford to night by Dr. Gregory, but I find by a letter of his I am disappointed at present. I don't hear of any remarkable newes about town, the Czaar<sup>1</sup> & My Lady Mckelsfield<sup>2</sup> make up the greatest part of the diversion. As for the standing army we reckon ther's an end of that. I was pleased to see Mr. Alsops<sup>3</sup> *Æsop*. Mr. Bentley sayes ther is three faults in the Latin of Canis in præsepe. Mr. Charles Bernard<sup>4</sup> told me he bid him instance in one, he said *exteri si quid sciunt for sciunt*. Mr. Bernard ask'd him if he was sure it was wrong, he said it was & bid him depend upon it. the next day Mr. Bernard sent him this verse in Horace *si quid componere eurem*, but was sorry afterwards he did not lett him publish his criticism. We expect impatiently some reply to his dissertation at the end of Wottons book. This new act of Parliat<sup>t</sup> against corresponding with K. James lyes very heavy upon a great many people it is reckon'd to comprehend above 20 thousand at least. I believe I know above thirtie of my acquaintance that must gett them gone befor the day appointed. Sir Andrew Forester, Dr. Cockburn &c; severall Ime sure have not money to pay for ther passage to Graves end, & which is yet harder they are like to be very ill receiv'd in ffrance, wher they are putting a tax upon foreigners, some say on purpose to discourage those who might leave England on this occasion. We are expecting the Count de Talard over here as ambassadour with a splendid equipage he staves only at Paris to give My Ld Portland a dinner. it is no newes to tell yow of his highness the Duke of Gloucesters<sup>5</sup> preceptors & governour My Ld Marlborough The Bp. of Salisbury La Vasteur a french refugée whom yow have seen at Oxford

<sup>1</sup> Peter the Great reached England from Holland on the 11th of January, 1698.

<sup>2</sup> The Earl of Macclesfield obtained a divorce from his wife, who was the mother of Richard Savage, the poet (see Luttrell's *Diary*, iv. 323, 332-5, 342, 344, 347; 350).

<sup>3</sup> Anthony Alsop's selection from

*Æsop* was published in 1698, at Dean Aldrich's charge. The book contains a sneer at Bentley.

<sup>4</sup> Charles Bernard (1650-1711) was the principal surgeon of his day. He delighted in books, and was a friend of Swift's.

<sup>5</sup> Son of the Princess Anne, and heir presumptive to the throne.

& I can't tell how many Mons<sup>rs</sup> & one sort of people & other. I hope at least the University of Oxford may have the interest to have one. I have not had the good fortune to see Mr. Jeffreys since he came home. I have made some enquiry about him and expect a return befor I proceed further. I shall use the freedom to give my respects to the Warden of All Souls<sup>1</sup>, the Dean of Christs Church & Dr. Wallis<sup>2</sup>. I long for good weather & leisure to see your self and the rest of my freinds at Oxford. If I should be so happy as to have a line from yow please to direct it for me at the Pine apple in St Martins Street. Prieket said he was going out of town but I fancy not without seeing the Czaar. I hop yow will excuse this trouble and beleive that I will alwayes be

Hon<sup>d</sup> Sir

Your most humble servant

JO : ARBUTHNOTT.

London Jan : 25. 9<sup>7</sup>.

Sir

please to acquaint the Dean of Christs Church that Mr. Pate has brought from Italy all Chaussunes musick.

On the 8th of May, 1698, Thomas Creech, the translator of Horace and Lucretius, wrote to Dr. Charlett: 'Yesterday I met w<sup>th</sup> Mr. Arbuthnot who is very much your servant; upon his persuasion I ventured a little too far at first [after an illness], so y<sup>t</sup> I am not for the City to-day<sup>3</sup>;' and on the 24th of June Humphrey Wanley<sup>4</sup> wrote: 'To-day I had the honor to dine at Mr. Pepys's with him, Capt. Hatton, y<sup>e</sup> Dean of Xt. Church, Dr. Gregory, Dr. Smith<sup>5</sup>, Dr. Arbuthnot, &c.'<sup>6</sup> Samuel Pepys died in 1703.

Arbuthnot's next piece, *An Essay on the Usefulness of Mathematical Learning, in a Letter from a Gentleman in the City to his Friend in Oxford*, was published at Oxford in February, 1701<sup>7</sup>. It is dated at the end November

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Gardiner, the 'Dominick' of the *Spectator*, No. 43.

<sup>2</sup> John Wallis, D.D., wrote grammatical and mathematical works, sometimes in opposition to Thomas Hobbes. He died in 1703.

<sup>3</sup> Ballard MSS. xx. 27.

<sup>4</sup> Humphrey Wanley (1671-1726)

was a *protégé* of Dr. Charlett's (see Hearne's *Diary*, July 10, 1726).

<sup>5</sup> Dr. Thomas Smith, antiquary and friend of Thomas Hearne, died in 1710, aged 72.

<sup>6</sup> Ballard MSS. xiii. 43.

<sup>7</sup> *History of the Works of the Learned.*

25, 1700, but the 'Imprimatur' is dated Jan. 28, 1700. The book appeared anonymously, and has been attributed, though it does not appear on what ground, to Martin Strong, who published a pamphlet in 1692 on the indecency and unlawfulness of privately baptizing children, unnecessarily, with the public form; and a sermon, in 1709, on the duty of religious education. Arbuthnot's *Essay*—for there is no reason to doubt the authorship<sup>1</sup>—is in the form of a letter, intended to incite the receiver to a closer and more vigorous pursuit of mathematical learning. After pointing out how important a place mathematical studies held in the estimation of the ancients, Arbuthnot says that the chief advantages which accrue to the mind from these studies are: (1) In accustoming it to attention; (2) In giving it a habit of close and demonstrative reading; (3) In freeing it from prejudice, credulity, and superstition. 'Truth is the same thing to the understanding as music to the ear, and beauty to the eye.' He then dwells upon the vast extent and usefulness of mathematics in other parts of knowledge; in all branches of science, in painting, music, architecture, civil affairs, and even in the consideration of things that depend on chance. The ancients had more need for mechanics in the art of war than we have, because gunpowder has produced a force far exceeding all the engines they contrived for battery. 'And this I reckon has lost us a good occasion of improving our mechanics: the cunning of mankind never exerting itself so much as in their arts of destroying one another.' But if gunpowder has made mechanics less serviceable in war, it has made geometry more necessary. It must, then, be the duty of a Government to encourage mathematical learning; and such studies should be more general at our Universities, from whence the State justly expects and

<sup>1</sup> This *Essay* occupies the first *Works of the late Dr. Arbuthnot*, 1751. place in vol. i. of the *Miscellaneous*

demands men who are acquainted with both speculation and practice. Finally, as regards the order and method of studying mathematics, no one at a University should be taught the practice of any rule without the reason and demonstration of the same. The case is different when we are teaching seamen or artisans; but at the Universities nothing must be taken on trust, for it is from those seats of learning that the men must come who are able to remedy the defects of the arts. It follows that no part of mathematics ought to be taught by Compendiums. 'It is time, and not the bulk of books, we ought to be sparing of; and I appeal to any person of experience whether solid knowledge is not acquired in shorter time by books treating fully of their subjects than by Compendiums and Abridgments.'

### III.

ARBUTHNOT'S son George, probably the eldest child, was born about 1703. Of Arbuthnot's wife we know practically nothing, except that she died in 1730; even her name has not been recorded. But there is no doubt that Arbuthnot had a happy married life, and that he deeply loved his children.

By means of his skill, combined with his wit and learning, Arbuthnot had now come to the front as a physician, and on St. Andrew's Day, 1704, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. In the following year, on the 30th of October, he was appointed Physician Extraordinary to the Queen, 'by her Majesty's special command, in consideration of his good and successfull services perform'd as Physitian to his Royal Highnesse,' Prince George of Denmark<sup>1</sup>. The Prince, it seems, had been taken suddenly ill at Epsom, and had been successfully treated by Arbuthnot, who happened to be on the spot,

<sup>1</sup> *Remarks and Collections of Thomas Hearne*. Edited by C. E. Doble, for the Oxford Historical Society, 1885, vol. i. p. 63.

and who was always afterwards employed by the Prince as his physician<sup>1</sup>. In the meantime Arbuthnot published, in the summer of 1705, an octavo volume, without date, of *Tables of the Grecian, Roman and Jewish Measures, Weights and Coins, reduc'd to the English Standard*<sup>2</sup>. The book was dedicated to the Prince, by his 'dutifull servant Jo. Arburthnott, M.D.'

It would appear from the following letter<sup>3</sup> to 'the most Honoured Doctor Charlet' that in 1703 Arbuthnot was already in attendance on the Queen, and this receives some confirmation from a tradition that he was physician to several of the Queen's children.

<sup>1</sup> The prince died on Oct. 28, and was buried privately on Nov. 13, 1708. Arbuthnot's Bill for official mourning, is in the Bodleian (Tanner MS. 305, f. 214) :

Dr. Arbuthnot's Bill, Nov <sup>r</sup> . 1708.	
for 5 yards of superfine	} 95 00 00
cloath at 20 sh. per yard	
for lining & other ex-	} 4 10 00
penses of making . . .	
	9 10 0

Examined & thinke the prizes reasonable, Delawarr.  
June 20<sup>th</sup>, 1709.

Rec <sup>d</sup> then of the Administrators of his late Royall Highness Prince George of Denmarke by the hands of the Hon <sup>ble</sup> Spencer Compton Esq <sup>r</sup> . the sume of Nine pounds Ten shillings in full of the within mentioned Bill I say recd. . . .	} l. s. d. 9 10 0
--	----------------------

Wittness Jo : Arbuthnott  
Edw : Godfrey. Physitian to Pr.  
Cha : Bint. George of Denmark.

<sup>2</sup> *Remarks and Collections of Thomas Hearne*, vol. i. p. 4. 'July 11, 1705. *Tables of the Grecian . . . Measures, &c.*, by Jo. Arbuthnott, Lond., 1705, 8°. . . . See whether Mr. Arbuthnott in his Tables has not made use of Dr. Hakewell in his Discourse of

Providence and Dr. Bernard de Ponderibus & Mensuris.' The title-page and the tables of which Arbuthnot's book consists were engraved by Sturt, and in some copies each leaf is mounted on a guard, and folded in the centre, while in others the leaves are bound so as to form an oblong octavo volume.

<sup>3</sup> Ballard MSS. xxiv. 61. On Aug. 20, 1702, Dr. E. Gibson (afterwards Bishop of London) wrote to Dr. Charlett from Tunbridge Wells: 'My service to M<sup>r</sup>. Isted, D<sup>r</sup>. Gregory, and D<sup>r</sup>. Arbuthnot' (Ballard MSS. vi. 45). On June 26, 1705, Dr. George Clarke wrote from Windsor: 'D<sup>r</sup>. Arbuthnot was w<sup>th</sup> me when I receivd the favour of your letters of the 22<sup>nd</sup> with M<sup>r</sup>. Hally's probleme, & the two Catalogues of the books w<sup>ch</sup> have come, & are coming out at y<sup>e</sup> Theater. I gave the Doctor the catalogue you design'd for him & lent him the problem, w<sup>ch</sup> he says is very extraordinary, tho' what the Professor writes does not stand in need of any body to vouch for its excellence' (Ballard MSS. xx. 34). Hearne calls Clarke a crouy of Dr. Charlett's. He was a Fellow of All Souls, an antiquary, and a politician.

H<sup>d</sup> Sir

I received yours, & thank yow heartily for your Ballad ; It is not as yet resolved so farr as I know that her Majesty shall go to the Bath, but I do beleive she will, & if she do's I fancy it will be a little sooner than last year. I can give yow no newes in return for yours. I have seen this day a most impudent petition of the Commission of the Kirk, to the Parliament against toleration in Scotland. I think it will be of service to print it, & it will fully answer your occasional Ballad, affairs ther seem to be in great faction & confusion, by the honest & wise management of the Queens Ministers, as yow may guess ; but the ridiculous complaisance of the Cavalier party is past all comprehension, for they forsooth, out of a fear for the Queens Honour won't suffer a Ministry to be touch'd that are ruining her affairs as fast as they can ; please to show this to D<sup>r</sup>. Gregory and tell him it is the state of the case, when it comes to greater maturity I shall give him a more particular account of it. I hop to see yow at Act time for the meantime wishing yow all health & happiness remain

H<sup>d</sup> Sir

Your most affectionate

friend & humble servant

Jo : ARBUTHNOTT.

Windsor, June 8<sup>th</sup>, 1703.

In 1706 Arbuthnot was in correspondence with the brilliant but eccentric Lord Peterborough, who had during the past few months directed a most successful campaign in Spain. In May, when Barcelona was hard pressed, and Sir John Leake, who had brought a fleet to relieve the town, wished to wait for reinforcements, Peterborough set out in an open boat, and having found the squadron, after searching for a day and night, produced a commission giving him supreme command, and at once gave orders for an attack upon the French. But when news of his arrival was received the French raised the siege. Peterborough then wished to march upon Madrid, but his plans were thwarted by the German advisers of King Charles the Third<sup>1</sup>, and after quarrelling

<sup>1</sup> On June 27, the day before he wrote to Arbuthnot, Peterborough sent a long letter to Sir Charles Hedges : 'I have the power of a

with the other commanders he set out for Italy in August to negotiate with the Genoese for money for King Charles. On the 28th of June he wrote to Arbuthnot from Requena<sup>1</sup>: 'I have received your letter and in it the agreeable news of the better health of the Prince, and of her Ma<sup>ty</sup>s being so perfectly well. I hope we have some share in contributing towards itt. I believe there cannot be better Physick for a Prince than good news and the pleasing accounts of successe.' It was hard to bring machines of government that had long been out of order to perfect motions, but what had happened in Her Majesty's reign showed what England was capable of, when the intentions of those that govern are good in the main. To gain those ends it was necessary to break loose from the dull and common methods, and Peterborough had exposed himself to some hazards (not of bullets but of speeches) to give the world some taste of their strength under a management that was entirely English. He had been without materials for the well or the sick, and the Ministers of the court of Spain were the most arrant Sir Martin Marr-alls of the world. 'I would faine save Italy and yett drink Tea with you att the Smirna<sup>2</sup> this Winter. . . . Tell Paterson I now and then frett, that I have not been able to bring about our American projects<sup>3</sup>, but I am glad our Union gos on well. I assure

Dictator, of a tyrant, when the King is absent. In truth I do all, but the King himself is made use of to obstruct me upon all occasions; and it may be easily conceived how I am with his Ministers, whose avarice I cannot satisfy and whose plunder I am obliged to obstruct.'

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Baillie's MSS.

<sup>2</sup> The Smyrna Coffee House, in Pall Mall, was a favourite resort of Swift and Prior. It was a centre of political gossip (*Tatler*, Nos. 10 and 78; *Spectator*, No. 457).

<sup>3</sup> Paterson, who first suggested the plan of a national Bank of

England which Montague adopted in 1694, started the famous Darien scheme in 1695. In 1699 the scheme ended in complete failure, to the great disappointment and indignation of the Scotch people. In 1705 the agents of the Darien Company seized upon the captain of one of the ships of the East India Company, who was charged with piracy and with the murder of a captain employed by the Darien Company. It was afterwards found that the Darien captain was alive, but so bitter was the popular feeling that the unfortunate prisoner

you there is nothing pleases me more. Tell Mr. Scarborough he might have spared an hower att ombre with a wife to have writt me now and then a letter. My service to Dr. Garth and my friends. Your most affectionate servant, PETERBOROW.<sup>1</sup>

After long negotiations, the Commissioners appointed to arrange for the Union of England and Scotland met in April, 1706, and agreed upon Articles of Union in July. But many classes of the Scotch people were hostile to the proposed treaty, and it was not until January, 1707, that the measure was passed by the Scotch Parliament. Towards the close of the year, while the controversy was at its height, Arbuthnot published in Edinburgh a quarto pamphlet with the title, *A Sermon preach'd to the People at the Mercat-Cross of Edinburgh; on the subject of the Union. Eccles. Chap. 10. Ver. 27. Printed in the Year 1706*<sup>1</sup>. In this piece he argued ably against the prejudices of his own countrymen; pointed out to them the intimate conjunction between three dismal companions, Pride, Poverty, and Idleness ('this is a worse Union a great deal than that which we are to discourse of at present'); dwelt upon the prosperity of England; hinted to any whose hostility was due to the united force of the Skillin and Louis d'or that both of them were not to be put in the balance with the Guinea; and concluded with an appeal to his readers to ponder his text, 'Better is he that laboureth, and

was hanged. By the terms of the Union between England and Scotland, the Darien Company was dissolved.

<sup>1</sup> This piece was reprinted in London in December, 1706, according to the *History of the Works of the Learned*; but the London edition was post-dated 1707. The Sermon is printed in the second volume of the *Miscellaneous Works*, 1751, with an editorial preface by Duncombe. In 1742 Bathurst published a fourth

edition of *Miscellanies* by Swift, Arbuthnot, Pope and Gay, and on October 29, 1741, Pope wrote to Arbuthnot's son, George: 'I told Mrs. Arbuthnot [Arbuthnot's daughter, Ann] that I would on no account print in the *Miscellanies* that sermon at Edinburgh, and it may be proper you should tell Bathurst the same thing, for the reason you gave, which is a very good one' (Pope's *Works*, edited by Edwin and Courthope, vol. vii. p. 489).



aboundeth in all things, than he that boasteth himself, and wanteth bread.’

In September, 1707, Arbuthnot visited Dr. George Hickes, who wrote to Dr. Charlett on the 6th: ‘Dr. Arbuthnot shall be very welcome to me, and I shall take his visit and acquaintance for a great respect<sup>1</sup>.’

We have a glimpse of Arbuthnot’s kindness in the two following letters to Dr. Charlett, at Hambledon, near Henley-on-Thames<sup>2</sup>. Dr. David Gregory<sup>3</sup> was attacked in 1708 by consumption, and went to Bath for the waters; but on his return to London, with his wife, he was stopped by an accession of illness at Maidenhead, and Arbuthnot, who was sent for from Windsor, found him dying. On the day of his death Dr. George Smalridge set out from London towards Brentford with Mrs. Arbuthnot, to meet Dr. Gregory and his wife, and doubtless to break to them the news that one of their children was dead, and the others sick with smallpox<sup>4</sup>.

Maidenhead, Greyhound Inn,

Tuesd. 3½ afternoon,

Oct. 10, 1708<sup>5</sup>.

Dear Sir

This gives you the bad news of the death of our dear friend Dr. Gregory, who dy’d about one a clock this afternoon, in this Inn, on his way to London from Bath. He sent to me last night to Windsor; I found him in a resolution to go forward to London this morning, from which I happily

<sup>1</sup> Ballard MSS. xii. 98. George Hickes (1642-1715), who was one of the non-juring bishops, is best known as the author of the great *Linguarum veterum septentrionalium Thesaurus*.

<sup>2</sup> Ballard MSS. xxiv. 63, 64; printed in *Letters written by eminent Persons in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries*, 1813, vol. i. pp. 176-8. Dr. Charlett became Rector of Hambledon in 1707.

<sup>3</sup> Dr. Gregory twice mentioned Arbuthnot in letters written to Dr. Charlett in June, 1707: ‘Dr. Ar-

buthnot continues to have a due sense of your former kindnesses to him, & gives you his services most heartily’ (Ballard MSS. xxiv. 30, 31). Dr. Gregory married, in 1695, Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Oliphant, of Langtoun.

<sup>4</sup> Ballard MSS. vii. 13, Dr. Smalridge to Dr. Charlett, Oct. 16, 1708.

<sup>5</sup> This letter is endorsed, ‘17 Oct. 1708. Not received before 8 of the Clock on Sunday morning 17 Oct. by a Gentlemans Boy of New College.’

disswaded [him] finding him in a dying condition. He has a child his only daughter dead at London of the small pox, of which neither he nor his wife knew anything off for I would not tell them; the rest of his family lye sick of the same disease, so you may easily guess what a disconsolate condition his poor widow must find herself in. She would be glad to see yow to advyee about his burying. My present thought & advyee is to bury him at Oxford, wher he is known, amongst those who will shew a great deal of respect to his memory, & it is allmost the same distance from this place as London. Mrs. Gregory begs the favour to see yow here if possible, being one of his most intimate freinds, whom he allwayes confided in. I am in great greif and shall stay here as long as I can in hopes of seeing yow, If I am not here yow will find his brother in law Dr. Oliphant.

I am, Dear Sir

your most humble Servant

JO: ARBUTHNOTT.

Dear Sir,

I have been extremely afflicted for the loss of our worthy freind Dr. Gregory. I am sure yow have lost a true & sincere freind & an agreeable companion. I gave yow the account of his death, the manner of which was as became a great & a wise man. The first resolution was to have bury'd him at Oxford which indeed I was mightily for but ther was nobody ther to embalm his body & befor we could have gott people from London it would have smelt they having lett four & twenty hours pass without doing anything: besides his poor wife was in a distraction what to do, whether to go to her family, one of which was dead & the rest sick of the small pox, so that when all circumstances were consider'd & she had talk'd with her Brother Dr. Oliphant, it was thought advyseable to bury him at Maidenhead wher he was attended very decently, Mr. Cherry having been very serviceable. Mrs. Gregory desires to do all the honour to his memory that she can & if it be usual to make a Monument in another place she would willingly erect one in Oxford<sup>1</sup>. I should be glad [if] yow would talk with his worthy freind the Dean of Christ Church about this matter. His papers relating to

<sup>1</sup> A monument was erected in the nave of St. Mary's Church, Oxford, by the widow.

Apollonius<sup>1</sup> are to be putt in Mr. Dean's hands. We are using our interest for John Keill<sup>2</sup> but have great difficulties to manage some people: I shall trouble yow to give my servyces to my freinds at Oxford.

I am, with all respect, Sir

Your most obliged freind &

most humble servant

Jo: ARBUTHNOTT.

Robert Harley, a member of Marlborough's composite Ministry, began in 1707 to plot against the Churchills, and to undermine their influence with the Queen, who was wearied with the violence of the Duchess of Marlborough. He found a tool in his cousin, Mrs. Abigail Hill, who was a cousin also of the Duchess. Abigail Hill worked upon Anne's fear of danger to the Church, and managed affairs so well that she became the Queen's favourite and confidante. She was made bedchamber woman, and in the summer was secretly married, in Arbuthnot's lodgings in the Palace, in the Queen's presence, to Samuel Masham, of Prince George's household. A few months later the Duchess of Marlborough referred in a letter to 'the Scotch doctor Arbuthnot<sup>3</sup>.' The feud between the different parties in the Ministry grew in intensity, and when it was discovered that Gregg, a clerk in Harley's office, was in treasonable correspondence with France, the Queen, pressed by Marlborough, was reluctantly compelled to agree to the resignation of Harley and his friends. Gregg was hanged, but the Queen sent comforts and necessaries to him by Arbuthnot while he

<sup>1</sup> Halley brought out this work on Apollonius's *Conics* in 1710.

<sup>2</sup> John Keill (1671-1721) was a pupil of Gregory's at Edinburgh, and followed his teacher to Oxford. In 1698 he published *An Examination of Dr. Burnet's Theory of the Earth*, in which he attacked Wotton. In the third edition of his *Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning* Wotton wrote: 'Dr. Cheyne's au-

thority will pass with Mr. Keill, because his book was approved by Dr. Freind of Christchurch, and by two excellent mathematicians, my very worthy friends, Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Craig.' Keill afterwards became Savilian Professor of Astronomy (Irving's *Lives of Scottish Writers*, vol. ii. pp. 268-287).

<sup>3</sup> *Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough*, vol. i. p. 415.

was in prison<sup>1</sup>. Marlborough had now attained his end, but Anne never forgave him, and the triumph was short.

The immediate cause of the downfall of the Whigs was the impeachment of Dr. Henry Sacheverell, early in 1710. Sacheverell was charged with preaching sermons reflecting on the principles of the Revolution, but the trial resulted in what was a virtual triumph for the accused. In April the Duchess of Marlborough had a stormy interview with the Queen, which proved to be the last time they were to meet. In June, the Earl of Sunderland, Secretary of State, and son-in-law of Marlborough, was dismissed; and on the 8th of August Godolphin's services were dispensed with. The office of Treasurer was placed in commission, but Harley became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and practically Prime Minister. On August 25 Peter Wentworth wrote from London to Lord Raby<sup>2</sup>: 'I come here to hear news, and find still all parties agree that there will be a new Parliament. I made a visset to Mr. Scarborough, who is very well with Mrs. Masham, and yet better with Dr. Albertinote'—i. e. Arbuthnot: spelling was not a strong point with the Wentworths—'who is a very cunning man, and not much talkt of, but I believe what he says is as much heard as any that give advise now, and his opinion is that there must be a new Parliament. . . .' Scarborough 'told me he had this answer from very good hands, wch by his way of speaking I believe was Dr. Alburtnote, the Prince's Doctor, who is hardly a moment from Kingsenton.' The expected dissolution of Parliament came on the 21st of September, and writs were issued for a new Parliament, to meet in November. In another letter, written about this time, Peter Wentworth told Lord Raby, who wished to serve again in the army and to succeed General Stanhope in the command

<sup>1</sup> Miss Strickland's *Lives of the Queens of England*, vol. viii. p. 299.

<sup>2</sup> *Wentworth Papers*, 1883, p. 138.

in Spain, that 'the Prince's Doctor, a Scotchman, is a powerful solicitor for Argile with Mrs. Masham, who now is visited in crowds by Whigs and Torys, some of whom I have heard wish her damn . . . The Scotch are national, and there is no getting the Doctor in another interest, so that in my poor opinion there is not much hopes for you<sup>1</sup>.'

In November, 1709, Arbuthnot was appointed Physician in Ordinary to the Queen, in succession to Dr. Hannes, and on the 27th of April, 1710, he was admitted as a Fellow of the College of Physicians<sup>2</sup>. In the same year he published in the 'Philosophical Transactions'<sup>3</sup> a paper entitled *An Argument for Divine Providence, taken from the constant regularity observed in the Births of both Sexes*. 'By Dr. John Arbuthnott, Physytian in Ordinary to Her Majesty, and Fellow of the College of Physytians and the Royal Society.' In this essay he gave a mathematical argument to show that Art, and not Chance, governs the production of the sexes, males being naturally liable to greater risk than females; and he deduced the corollary that polygamy is contrary to the law of Nature.

Arbuthnot frequently corresponded with Dr., afterwards Sir, Hans Sloane, the eminent physician and naturalist, but the hastily written notes that have come down to us chiefly relate to professional cases, or to books or medicines borrowed by Arbuthnot<sup>4</sup>. In one letter, without indication of the year, Arbuthnot said that he had of late been in a very bad state of health, and he

<sup>1</sup> *Wentworth Papers*, 147. In December 1710, John Campbell, second Duke of Argyle, was made Knight of the Garter, and on the 11th of the following month was appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to Spain, and Commander-in-Chief of the English forces in that kingdom.

<sup>2</sup> College of Physicians, *Annals* (Hist. MSS. Commission, Report viii. pt. i. p. 231).

<sup>3</sup> Vol. 27, p. 186. The paper is given in full in the 'Abridgment' of the 'Transactions' (v. ii. 240), but without the title.

<sup>4</sup> Sloane MSS. 4036, ff. 153-175 (Brit. Mus.). The earliest dated letter is of 1707, and the last, 1713; but some of those without date must have been written in or after 1716, because they are addressed to 'Sir Hans Sloane, Bart.'

asked Dr. Hans Sloane to call next day, to meet some other doctors, at St. James's Place, 'next door to the two White Balls.' In another letter, dated Winchester, April 2, 1710, Arbuthnot said he once thought of changing the crest—a peacock's head—of the family coat, which consisted of three mullets and a crescent on a field azure, with 'Laus Deo' for motto. The supporters were two griffins. He had once a mind to alter the peacock's head for a common cock's head, with the motto 'Vigilando,' that being more proper for a physician<sup>1</sup>.

A prolonged controversy in the scientific world was drawing to a head at this time, and as Arbuthnot took an active part in the matter it must be briefly noticed here. In 1705 a committee of the Royal Society, consisting of the Hon. F. Roberts, Sir Isaac Newton, Sir Christopher Wren, Arbuthnot, and David Gregory, was appointed to superintend the publication of the observations of the heavens which had been made during the past thirty years by the Rev. John Flamsteed, the Astronomer Royal, Prince George having undertaken to bear the expense<sup>2</sup>. A long wrangle ensued, in which each party accused the other of procrastination; and in 1708 it was decided that if Flamsteed would not correct the proofs of his Catalogue of the Fixed Stars, the work should be put into someone else's hands, without further delay. But nothing more was done until December 1710, when a Board of Visitors to the Observatory was appointed by a Royal order to arrange for the publication of the Catalogue, and to take cognizance of official misconduct on the part of the Astronomer Royal. In

<sup>1</sup> Of course Arbuthnot was not entitled to use the arms of Viscount Arbuthnot without a difference; and there is no trace of his having taken out arms for himself.

<sup>2</sup> *Account of the Rev. John Flamsteed*, by F. Baily. 1835 (especially pp.

85-6, 226-7, 280-94, 306, 320); articles on Flamsteed in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and in the *Quarterly Review* for Dec. 1835 and *Edinburgh Review* for Jan. 1836; Historical MSS. Commission, Eleventh Report, part iv. pp. 200-1.

April and May, 1711, Flamsteed had a long correspondence with Arbuthnot, in which Arbuthnot pressed for the remainder of the Catalogue, while Flamsteed complained, not without some reason, that Halley had altered and spoilt his work. In October an altercation occurred between Flamsteed and Newton; and the *Historia Coelestis* was ultimately published in 1712, avowedly completed without Flamsteed's concurrence.

Another scientific dispute in which Newton was concerned was brought to a conclusion at about the same time. In 1711 a question arose between Leibnitz and Keill as to whether Leibnitz or Newton was the inventor of the method of Fluxions, and in March, 1712, Arbuthnot was one of a committee appointed by the Royal Society to enquire into the matter. They arrived at the conclusion that Newton was the first inventor<sup>1</sup>.

#### IV.

IN September, 1710, Swift arrived in London from Ireland, and began the famous series of letters to Esther Johnson—the 'Journal to Stella'—which afford such invaluable aid in tracing the course of events during the ensuing years. He came from Laracor to settle a question about first-fruits, which affected the Irish clergy, and no doubt he at the same time hoped to obtain some preferment for himself. His Whig friends, he thought, neglected him and the business upon which he was engaged, whereas Harley and the Tories did everything in their power to enlist his aid on their side. For some months the old friendships were maintained, but coolness gradually sprang up, and by November Swift had undertaken the management of the principal Tory organ, the *Examiner*, which had been started in August by

<sup>1</sup> Brewster's *Life of Sir Isaac Newton*; Nichols' *Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century*, iv. 23.

King, Prior, and others. 'To say the truth,' he wrote, 'the present ministry have a difficult task, and want me. Perhaps they may be just as grateful as others; but, according to the best judgment I have, they are pursuing the true interest of the public; and therefore I am glad to contribute what is in my power. For God's sake, not a word of this to any alive.' We do not find any reference to Arbuthnot in the *Journal* until March 19, 1711, when Swift wrote: 'The Duke of Argyle is gone; and whether he has my memorial'—an application on behalf of Captain Bernage—'I know not, till I see Dr. Arbuthnot, to whom I gave it. That hard name belongs to a Scotch doctor, an acquaintance of the Duke's and me; Stella cannot pronounce it.' If Swift had here explained how the Doctor pronounced his name, the doubt which now surrounds the point would have been removed. It is clear that Swift had only recently made Arbuthnot's acquaintance, and in the original letter (according to Nichols) Swift spelt the name 'Arthburthnet,' in a clear large hand, so that his correspondent might not mistake any of the letters.

There is no further allusion to Arbuthnot in the *Journal* until the 10th of August, when Swift, who was at Windsor, says he had been for a ride to see the country. 'Dr. Arbuthnot, the Queen's physician and favourite, went out with me to show me the places: we went a little after the Queen, and overtook Miss Forester, a maid of honour, on her palfrey, taking the air; we made her go along with us. . . . We met the Queen coming back, and Miss Forester stood, like us, with her hat off while the Queen went by. The Doctor and I left the lady where we found her, but under other conductors; and we dined at a little place he has taken about a mile off.' Swift did not like Miss Forester, 'although she be a toast, and was dressed like a man.' On the 8th of September Swift was again at Windsor, where the Queen



was recovering from an attack of the gout, and he and Harley (now Earl of Oxford and Lord Treasurer) supped together, 'with Mr. Masham, and Dr. Arbuthnot, the Queen's favourite physician, a Scotchman.' On the following day, Sunday, the usual company supped at Harley's, 'which was Lord Keeper, Mr. Secretary, George Granville, Masham, Arbuthnot, and I.' A week later Swift again visited Windsor. The ministers returned to town on the 18th: 'I am alone,' wrote Swift, 'to seek my fortune; but Dr. Arbuthnot engages me for my dinners; and he yesterday gave me my choice of place, persons, and victuals for to-day. So I chose to dine with Mrs. Hill, who is one of the dressers, and Mrs. Masham's sister, no company but us three; and to have a shoulder of mutton, a small one, which was exactly, only there was too much victuals besides; and the Doctor's wife was of the company. And to-morrow Mrs. Hill and I are to dine with the Doctor.' This is Swift's first allusion to Arbuthnot's wife.

Next morning Swift and Arbuthnot had a pleasant ride to see Cranbourne Lodge, Lord Ranelagh's house, and the Duchess of Marlborough's Lodge, and the Park. 'Arbuthnot made me draw up a sham subscription for a book called *A History of the Maids of Honour since Harry the Eighth*, shewing they make the best wives, with a list of all the maids of honour since, &c.; to pay a crown in hand, and the other crown upon delivery of the book; and all in common forms of those things. We got a gentleman to write it fair, because my hand is known; and we sent it to the maids of honour, when they came to supper. If they bite at it, it will be a very good court jest; and the Queen will certainly have it. We did not tell Mrs. Hill.' On the 20th Arbuthnot and Mrs. Hill went to Kensington for the day, to see Mrs. Masham, Mrs. Hill's sister-in-law, who had been ill, but they found the patient better. On the 21st Swift wrote:

‘The maids of honour are bit, and have all contributed their crowns, and are teasing others to subscribe for the book. I will tell Lord Keeper and Lord Treasurer to-morrow; and I believe the Queen will have it.’ The evening was squandered at Lewis’s<sup>1</sup> lodging, where he and Arbuthnot played at piquet. Afterwards Swift regretted the loss of time, for he had much business on his hands, and little time to do it. The pamphleteers against the ministry were very bold and abusive, and Swift urged that an example should be made of one or two of them. On the 23rd he told the jest about the maids of honour to Harcourt; it had been confided to Oxford on the previous evening; ‘That rogue Arbuthnot puts it all upon me.’

Two days later Swift sent for Bernage, an officer serving under Colonel Fielding, on whose behalf he had been making some efforts in the spring<sup>2</sup>, ‘to let him know that Dr. Arbuthnot is putting in strongly to have his brother’—George—‘made a captain over Bernage’s head. Arbuthnot’s brother is but an ensign, but the doctor has great power with the Queen: yet he told me he would not do anything hard to a gentleman who is my friend; and I have engaged the secretary and his colonel for him.’ On the next day Bernage, full of the spleen, told Swift that Arbuthnot’s brother had written from Windsor (where he went to solicit) that he had got the company; and Swift thereupon wrote to Arbuthnot at Windsor, ‘not to insist on doing such a hardship.’ Fears were set at rest on the 27th, when George Granville, Secretary for War, told Swift (after keeping him a while in suspense), that Arbuthnot had waived the business, because he would not wrong a friend of Swift’s, and that George Arbuthnot was to be a lieutenant, and Bernage a captain<sup>3</sup>. Bernage,

<sup>1</sup> Erasmus Lewis, Under-Secretary of State.

<sup>2</sup> Page 38.

<sup>3</sup> In 1713 George Arbuthnot was

a captain in Colonel Kane’s regiment. Prior notes in his *Diary History of his Own Time*, 1740, p. 398), ‘Mr. George Arbuthnot hav-

therefore, was made easy; 'he has ten shillings a day, besides lawful cheating. However, he gives a private sum to his colonel; but it is very cheap: his colonel loves him well, but is surprised to see him have so many friends.' At night Swift received 'a very handsome rallying letter' from Arbuthnot, to say that he had that morning given up his brother's pretensions in compliance with Swift's wishes, and that the Queen had spoken to Mr. Granville to make the company easy in the other having the captainship. 'Whether they have done it to oblige me or no,' Swift wrote, 'I must own it so. He says he this very morning begged Her Majesty to give Mr. Bernage the company.' Next day Swift went to Windsor, and had an opportunity of thanking Arbuthnot for his kindness to Bernage. He supped with St. John, Prior, and two private ministers from France, and a French priest. These last, who passed under assumed names, were M. Mesnager, the Abbé Dubois, and the Abbé Gaultier, and Mesnager, on behalf of France, had, the day before, signed preliminary articles of peace with England.

On the 4th of October, after riding with a number of others in the morning, Swift, Arbuthnot, and the Mashams dined with Mrs. Hill. 'Arbuthnot made us all melancholy; he expects a cruel fit of the stone in twelve hours; he says he is never mistaken, and he appears like a man that is to be racked to-morrow. I cannot but hope it will not be so bad; he is a perfectly honest man, and one I have much obligation to.' Swift thought he had strained his thumb while boxing the ears

ing served as Captain in Her Majesty's Regiment of Foot, commanded by Colonel Kane, came to me [at Paris] this 16th day of November, 1713, N.S., and acquainted me that the said Regiment having been broke at Calais in June last, he the said George Arbuthnot is no otherwise provided for by the Gov-

ernment than by the half pay which her Majesty has been graciously pleased to allow to the officers of the said Regiment.' On the 5th of the following March Prior gave a certificate to George Arbuthnot, *mutatis mutandis*, the same as that of the 16th of November 1712 (? 1713), the date only changed.

of his servant Patrick, who had gone out, and taken the key of the house with him; but Arbuthnot feared it might be the gout. Apparently, however, the doctor was mistaken, for the thumb was soon better. Of Arbuthnot's own illness nothing more is said.

At the beginning of December there was much anxiety among the ministry owing to a reported coalition between some peers of the High Church party and the Whigs, to oppose the conclusion of a peace upon the terms proposed by the Government. But after some hesitation it was decided that Parliament should meet on the day appointed, the 7th of December. In the House of Lords a clause was inserted in the address at the instance of the Earl of Nottingham, advising the Queen not to make a peace without ensuring the separation of Spain from the territories of the Bourbons; but in the House of Commons a similar clause was rejected. Swift thought that the Queen herself was wavering, and when, on the following day, Arbuthnot ('the Queen's favourite physician') asked Lord Oxford 'how he came not to secure a majority,' the Treasurer could give no very satisfactory reply. A week later Swift and others thought the ministry would last only a few days. 'Arbuthnot is in good hopes that the Queen has not betrayed us, but only has been frightened and flattered, &c. But I cannot yet be of his opinion, whether [that] my reasons are better, or that my fears are greater.' These fears turned out ultimately to be groundless.

## V.

ON the 4th of January, 1712, Swift dined in the city with his printer, and gave him 'a ballad made by several hands, I know not whom. I believe Lord Treasurer had a finger in it; I added three stanzas; I suppose Dr. Arbuthnot had the greatest share.' It is difficult to say which of the ephemeral pieces of the time is here referred

to; the only one advertised in the papers for January to which the statement could relate is *The Widow and her Cat*<sup>1</sup>, but that we know to be by Prior. Possibly the piece for which Arbuthnot was supposed to be largely responsible was *An Excellent new Song, call'd The Trusty and True Englishman*, a doggrel ballad, without date, which consists principally of an attack upon Lord Nottingham.

Swift was at Lord Masham's on the night of the 22nd February—Masham had been raised to the peerage with eleven others in order to give the Tories a majority in the House of Lords—and Lady Masham made him read to her 'a pretty twopenny pamphlet, called the *St. Alban's Ghost*<sup>2</sup>.' 'I thought,' says Swift, 'I had writ it myself, so did they; but I did not. Lord Treasurer came down to us from the Queen, and we stayed till two o'clock. This is the best night-place I have. The usual company are Lord and Lady Masham, Lord Treasurer, Dr. Arbuthnot, and I; sometimes the Secretary, and sometimes Mrs. Hill, of the bed chamber, Lady Masham's sister.' *The Story of the St. Alb-ns Ghost, or the Apparition of Mother Hagggy*, was an attack upon the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. Hagggy, daughter of the old witch, Mother Hagggy, married Avaro, and when the lady whom Hagggy had attended from her infancy succeeded to the family estates, this couple, aided by Baconface (Godolphin) and others, insulted their mistress, tyrannised over the tenants, and enriched themselves by every means in their power, until the tenants, stirred by a discourse showing them the necessity of the downfall of those who opposed obedience to their mistress, persuaded the lady to discharge these bad servants. During a midnight conclave the ghost of Mother Hagggy appeared to the persons thus dismissed, and told each of them what punishment they must be prepared to bear. Swift's allusion to the authorship of

<sup>1</sup> *Post Boy*, Jan. 17-19, 1711-12.

*Post Boy* for February 16-19, and it

<sup>2</sup> This piece was advertised in the *Post Boy* for February 16-19, and it reached a fifth edition by July.

this piece is curiously worded, and it has been suggested that he wrote the pamphlet in collaboration with Arbuthnot. But though this theory may be correct, there is no evidence in support of it. There are several references in the pamphlet to Dr. Garth, the famous Whig physician, but they might have been made by any writer.

On the 5th of March Swift dined with Arbuthnot, and 'had a true Lenten dinner, not in point of victuals, but spleen; for his wife and a child or two were sick in the house, and that was full as mortifying as fish.' On the 10th Swift wrote: 'You must buy a small twopenny pamphlet, called *Law is a Bottomless Pit*. It is very prettily written, and there will be a second part.' This famous piece, which was advertised in the *Examiner* of the 6th of March, had for full title, *Law is a Bottomless Pit, Exemplify'd in the case of the Lord Strutt, John Bull, Nicholas Frog, and Lewis Baboon, who spent all they had in a Law Suit. Printed from a Manuscript found in the Cabinet of the famous Sir Humphry Polesworth*. Four other pamphlets followed, each of which ended with 'Finis,' but gave evidence that more would appear, and the whole series, rearranged and divided into two parts, was reprinted with a Preface, in the 'Miscellanies' of 1727, as *The History of John Bull*. The work was constantly attributed to Swift<sup>1</sup>, but there is every reason to believe Arbuthnot was the sole author<sup>2</sup>. The object of

<sup>1</sup> In the second volume of the 'Miscellanies,' published in 1736 by Motte and Bathurst, the *History of John Bull* has the hand and asterisk which are used to mark Swift's pieces in the collection.

<sup>2</sup> Pope said, 'Dr. Arbuthnot was the sole writer of *John Bull*' (Spence's *Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, 1858, p. 109). Soon after the accession of George I a series of tracts appeared, in imitation of Arbuthnot's pamphlet of 1712, which have sometimes been catalogued under Arbuthnot's name. But anyone read-

ing them would have at once seen that they were written in the interests of the Whigs, and therefore could not be his. The titles of these pieces are, 'A Postscript to *John Bull*, containing the History of the Crown-Inn, with the death of the Widow, and what happened thereupon'; 'A Continuation of the History of the Crown-Inn'; 'A Farther Continuation'; 'The Fourth and last Part of the History'; and 'An Appendix to the History.' 'The present state of the Crown-Inn' appeared in 1717.

these pamphlets was to give a humorous account, from the Tory point of view, of the events leading up to the negotiations for peace, and to recommend the proposals which were ultimately embodied in the Treaty of Utrecht. The Lord Strutt was the late King of Spain; John Bull, the English; Nicholas Frog, the Dutch; Lewis Baboon, the French King; Philip Baboon, the Duke of Anjou; Esquire South, the King of Spain; Humphrey Hocus, the Duke of Marlborough; and Sir Roger Bold, the Earl of Oxford. The law-suit was the War of the Spanish Succession; John Bull's first wife was the late Ministry, and his second wife the present Tory Ministry. In an allegory thus thinly veiled the story is told with great humour of the origin of the law-suit; of its success, which caused John Bull to contemplate leaving off his trade to turn lawyer; of the discovery that Hocus had an intrigue with John's wife; of the attorney's bill, which made John angry; and of the methods adopted by the lawyers to dissuade him from making an end of the law-suit by accepting a composition.

Arbuthnot appears to have been the first to apply the name John Bull to the English people, and he drew the character, which has ever since been accepted as a type, of this honest, plain-dealing fellow, choleric, bold, and of a very inconstant temper. He was not afraid of the French; but he was apt to quarrel with his best friends, especially if they pretended to govern him. If he was flattered he could be led like a lamb. He was quick, and understood his business well; but he was careless with his accounts, and was often cheated by partners and servants. He loved his bottle and his diversion, and no man spent his money more generously. He was generally ruddy and plump, with a pair of cheeks like a trumpeter.

On the 14th of March Swift wrote that he had been bothered by Dr. Freind, who wanted the post of physician-

general, held by old Dr. Lawrence. The reasonableness of the application had been so much pressed that he was convinced it was very unreasonable, and so he would have told St. John, if he had not already made him speak to the Queen. 'Besides, I know not but my friend Dr. Arbuthnot would be content to have it himself, and I love him ten times better than Freind.' On the 15th and 19th Swift met Arbuthnot and other friends at night at Lord Masham's; and on the 17th he notes that 'the second part of *Law is a Bottomless Pit* is just now printed<sup>1</sup>, and better, I think, than the first.' This second part was called *John Bull in His Senses*, and dealt with the doctrine of non-resistance, the Barrier Treaty, Lord Nottingham's hostility to the peace, and the arguments used on the same side by Marlborough, Godolphin and Cowper, guardians to John's three daughters by his first wife (War, Discord, and Usury), and by the King of Spain.

The leading statesmen and writers of the Tory party were members of a Society, and called one another Brother. Swift often alludes to their weekly meetings<sup>2</sup>. Thus on the 27th of March he writes: 'Society-day. You know that, I suppose. Dr. Arthburnott<sup>3</sup> was president. His dinner was dressed in the Queen's kitchen, and was mighty fine. We ate it at Ozinda's coffee-house, just by St. James's. We were never merrier, nor better company, and did not part till after eleven . . . I met Lord Treasurer to-day at Lady Masham's. He would fain have carried me home to dinner. No, no; what! upon a Society-day! 'Tis rate, sollahs; I an't dlunk. Nite, MD.'<sup>4</sup>

*John Bull still in His Senses: Being the Third Part of Law is a Bottomless Pit*, appeared in April<sup>5</sup>, when Swift

<sup>1</sup> Advertised in the *Examiner* for March 13-20. The second edition was advertised in the *Daily Courant* for March 21.

<sup>2</sup> *Journal*, Nov. 29, Dec. 6, 13, 20 and 27, 1711; Jan. 3 and 10; Feb. 14, 21 and 28; March 6-13 and 20;

May 10 and 31; Oct. 30; Dec. 12, 13 and 18, 1712.

<sup>3</sup> So spelt in the MS.; cf. p. 38.

<sup>4</sup> Forster's *Life of Swift*. 422.

<sup>5</sup> Advertised in the *Examiner* for April 10-17, and in the *Post Boy* for April 15-17.



was ill. On the title-page of this pamphlet it was stated, in order to remove suspicion from the real author, that it was 'published (as well as the two former Parts) by the author of the *New Atalantis*,' the notorious Mrs. Manley, who was then carrying on the *Examiner*, and otherwise helping the Tories. There was, too, a Publisher's Preface, with a few words about Sir Humphry Polesworth, the supposed author. In this pamphlet we have an account of John Bull's honoured mother (the Church of England); of his sister Peg (the Scotch Church and nation), and her lover Jack (Presbyterianism); of the early quarrels of John and Peg; their reconciliation (the Treaty of Union); and their subsequent disagreements. The remaining chapters refer chiefly to the history of the Partition Treaty; to the services rendered to his country by Oxford; to troubles in connection with the Church; and to the difficulties experienced in negotiating for the peace.

*An Appendix to John Bull Still in His Senses: Or, Law is a Bottomless Pit*, appeared in May. Swift wrote on the 10th, 'The appendix to the third part of *John Bull* was published yesterday<sup>1</sup>; it is equal to the rest. I hope you read *John Bull*. It was a Scotch gentleman, a friend of mine, that writ it; but they put it upon me'; and at the end he repeated, 'Well! but you must read *John Bull*: Do you understand it at all?' A month later he said: 'John Bull is not wrote by the person you imagine. It is too good for another to own. Had it been Grub Street, I would have let people think as they please; and I think that's right: Is it not?' The *Appendix* is occupied with a history of the differences between Church and Dissent, and of the Bill against Occasional Conformity.

At the end of July the last of the series was published: *Lewis Baboon turned Honest, and John Bull Politician*.

<sup>1</sup> Advertised in the *Examiner* for May 1-8, and—to be published 'tomorrow,'—in the *Post Boy* for May 6-8.

*Being the Fourth Part of Law is a Bottomless Pit*<sup>1</sup>. On the 7th of August Swift wrote: 'Have you seen the fourth part of *John Bull*? It is equal to the rest, and extremely good<sup>2</sup>.' This pamphlet dealt further with the discussions at the meeting at the Salutation Tavern (Congress of Utrecht); with the settlement of accounts between John Bull and Nic. Frog; with the uproar at home about the Succession; and with the private negotiations with the French. These negotiations led to the Duke of Ormond withdrawing his troops from those of the Allies (who afterwards sustained several defeats), and to the occupation by the English—in spite of remonstrances from the Dutch—of Dunkirk, which was handed over by the French as a pledge of good faith. At the end of the pamphlet was a note referring to matters 'reserved for the next Volume'; but when the work appeared in a collected form in 1727 this note had given place to a postscript containing the headings of a number of chapters which, if written, would have formed a continuation of the *History*<sup>3</sup>.

In July Swift wrote to Mrs. Hill, 'We are assured that you keep a constant table, and that your guests leave you with full stomachs and full pockets; that Dr. Arbuthnot sometimes leaves his beloved green cloth to come and receive your chidings, and pick up your money.'

<sup>1</sup> *Examiner*, July 24-31; *Post Boy*, July 29-31 ('This day,'—Thursday, the 31st).

<sup>2</sup> Peter Wentworth wrote to Lord Strafford: 'I have heard this part much commended, but in my poor opinion I think the humour flags and does not come up to the two first, tho' the Author is the same, who I din'd with t'other day and by his friend's sly commendation of the admirable banter, and his silence, 'twas plain to me he had a secret pleasure in being the reputed Authour' (*Wentworth Papers*, p. 294).

<sup>3</sup> In 1712 Curll published *A Complete Key to the Three Parts of Law is a Bottomless Pit, and the St. Albans Ghost*, and afterwards *A Complete Key to all the Parts of Law is a Bottomless Pit, &c.* This pamphlet contained an Epigram on John Bull's Law-suit, a key to all the parts of 'John Bull' and the 'Story of the St. Alban's Ghost,' and keys to 'The History of Prince Mirabel' (3 parts) and to 'The History of the Proceedings of the Mandarins and Proatins of the Britomartian Empire,' two lengthy political allegories.

Next month Swift wrote to General Hill, Mrs. Hill's husband, and now Governor of Dunkirk, about a fine snuff-box which the General had sent to him. 'My Lord Treasurer, who is the most malicious person in the world, says you ordered a goose to be drawn at the bottom of my box as a reflection upon the clergy, and that I ought to resent it. But I am not angry at all, and his Lordship observes by halves; for the goose is there drawn pecking at a snail, just as I do at him, to make him mend his pace in relation to the public, altho' it is hitherto in vain: And besides, Dr. Arbuthnot, who is a scholar, says you meant it as a compliment for us both; that I am the goose who saved the Capitol by my cackling; and that his Lordship is represented by the snail, because he preserves his country by delays.'

The elections were to take place in Scotland on the 14th of August, consequent upon the excitement caused by the introduction of Bills for the toleration of the episcopal clergy and for the restoration of patronage, and on the 1st the Earl of Mar, Secretary for Scotland, received orders from the Lord Treasurer to set out at once for Edinburgh, in the Queen's service. It appears from a letter to Arbuthnot ('Good Doctor'), written on the 2nd, that this mission interfered with some plans, the precise nature of which is unknown to us<sup>1</sup>.

The two following letters to Dr. Charlett refer to his

<sup>1</sup> 'This banks my fancy mightily, for I thought of being with you at Windsore to-morrow & you may easilie believe I'm very impatient to wait on my L<sup>d</sup> Mashame &c., and know what I'm to expect in that affair. I beg you may give the inclosed to my Lord Mashame & let him know the reason of my going so abruptly & indeed unmanerly to him. It was not in my power to help it, for on the one hand I could not tel L<sup>d</sup> Treasurer the reason of my aversness to going & on the other

I was affraid the Queen wou'd have been angrie w<sup>th</sup> me, thinking it was w<sup>t</sup> designe to make the election fail in what she inclined to.' Perhaps, Mar continued, his absence for a little time would do no hurt, as it would enable Lady Masham to 'prepare the two great people for that affair the better,' with less noise. He sent his humble duty to her, 'and, if it be not offensive, to Mrs. Hill'; and thanked Arbuthnot for his good offices (Mr. Baillie's MSS.).

attempt to obtain a bishopric<sup>1</sup>. He did not succeed, for Oxford and Somers resented a piece of double dealing in connection with the dedication to Hickee of 'Thwaites' 'Saxon Heptateuch.'

Dear Sir,

I deliverd your letter to My Lord Treasurer & backd it with the best Rhetorick I was capable off; the Answer My Lord was pleas'd to give was, that he would be glad of an opportunity to serve yow, that he would speak to the Queen, that he remember'd something of a Clergyman that the Queen had spoke to him about relating to a preferment in the Church of Worcester, he concluded with great complements to yow. This was the summ of what pass'd and I cannot say that I can give yow great reason to hope much for success in this matter; if ther is any thing I can serve yow in I will do it with great readiness having many particular obligations to do so. The talk yesterday was that My Lord Godolphin was dead, I don't know if the report holds this morning.

I am with great respect, Sir,

Your most obliged humble servant,

JO : ARBUTHNOTT.

Windsor, Sept<sup>r</sup>. 14, 1712.

Windsor, Sept. 18, 1712.

Sir,

I received your letter with the present of the picture & catalogues for which I thank yow; I really would not have yow interpret the usage yow have had as yow were particularly distinguish'd for I am of opinion that both her Majesty and her Ministers when ther is a favourable opportunity will be as ready to show ther favour to yow as to any body *but whilst I wait another steps in befor me* is the manner and fate of many of your Gown. I never heard that yow sollicitd in earnest befor & importunity and diligence go a great way in this world. The Gentleman under whose cover you would have me direct your letter has a good stroke with My Lord Treasurer if he pleases at least I know My Lord has a good opinion of him and I am sure none has a greater than the Speaker<sup>2</sup>; in any little service I can do you may freely command

Sir

Your most humble servant,

JO : ARBUTHNOTT.

<sup>1</sup> Ballard MSS. xxiv. 65, 66.

<sup>2</sup> William Bromley, M.P. for Oxford University.

The Queen had an aguish and feverish fit on the 17th of September, which caused much anxiety. Swift wrote from Windsor, on the following day, that her physicians from town were sent for, but that she grew better towards night. 'Lord Treasurer would not come here from London, because it would make a noise if he came before his usual time, which is Saturday, and he goes away on Mondays.' But Arbuthnot sent Oxford particulars of the Queen's condition, and the great concern felt by the Minister may be judged from the following reply<sup>1</sup>.

S<sup>r</sup>

Sept. 18, 1712. Past four.

Unless you know the concern I was under, w<sup>ch</sup> w<sup>th</sup> reason kept me the night waking, you cannot conceive how welcome your letter was to me w<sup>ch</sup> my messenger brought me before one a clock. I trust in God's mercy that he will bring me an Account to-morrow of the Queen's passing this ensuing night wel, without any return of a feavor. I have ordered the messenger to wait y<sup>r</sup> time until you despatch him to-morrow morning. I am w<sup>th</sup> true respect, S<sup>r</sup>

Your most faithful and most humble servant,

OXFORD.

The weather is extreemly colder.

Writing a month earlier to Dr. Hans Sloane, Arbuthnot said that all his family were ill of scarlet fever; but Charles was perfectly recovered. The weather was sickly at Windsor as well as in London, and he had himself let blood<sup>2</sup>. Oxford, too, was at this time suffering from rheumatism, and Swift was unwell. Three weeks later, Swift was assured by Oxford and by Lady Masham that the Queen was not inclined to a dropsy, and this was confirmed by 'her physician Arbuthnot, who always attends her.' Many lies were being circulated respecting her health, but it was true that she had a little gout in one of her hands.

On the 9th of October Swift mentions that Arbuthnot

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Baillie's MSS.<sup>2</sup> Sloane MSS. 4036, f. 164.

had sent him from Windsor a pretty discourse upon lying, and that he had told the printer to come for it. 'It is a proposal for publishing a curious piece, called *The Art of Political Lying*, in two volumes, &c. And then there is an abstract of the first volume, just like those pamphlets called *The Works of the Learned*. Pray get it when it comes out.' Two months later he wrote: 'The pamphlet of *Political Lying* is written by Dr. Arbuthnot, the author of *John Bull*; 'tis very pretty, but not so obvious to be understood.' The full title of this pamphlet, which was advertised in the *Examiner* for October 9 to 16, was *Proposals for printing a very curious Discourse, in Two Volumes in Quarto, intitled ΨΕΥΔΟΛΟΓΙΑ ΠΟΛΙΤΙΚΗ*; or, a *Treatise of the Art of Political Lying. With an Abstract of the First Volume of the said Treatise*. In this little piece Arbuthnot gave the headings of a number of chapters devoted to various questions relating to Political Lying, which he defines to be 'the art of convincing the people of salutary falsehoods, for some good end.' There is a good deal of quiet humour in the satire, and the whole is written with the utmost gravity; but owing to the absence of the dramatic element, and to the abstract nature of the subject, the piece does not approach *John Bull* in interest. In the last chapter the suggestion is made that a lie is best contradicted by another lie. 'Thus, if it be spread abroad that a great person were dying of some disease, you must not say the truth, that they are in health, and never had such a disease, but that they are slowly recovering of it.'

Prior had been left by St. John—now Viscount Bolingbroke—in charge of affairs at Paris, but it was felt that some one of more distinguished position should represent this country, and at the close of 1712 the Duke of Shrewsbury was appointed ambassador. In February, 1713, by Bolingbroke's directions, the Duke spoke very plainly to Torcy about the delay on the part of the French in bring-

ing to a conclusion the negotiations for a peace, and the message which he was instructed to deliver had such an effect that all difficulties that had been raised disappeared, and the Treaty was signed at Utrecht on the 31st of March<sup>1</sup>. A week earlier the Duke of Shrewsbury wrote to Arbuthnot, whose brother Robert was a banker in Paris<sup>2</sup>.

Sir,

Paris, 23 March, 1713.

I return yow many thanks for the favour of your letter, and the account you give of her Matys health, which by the disaffected in England and Holand is represented here in a very different manner from the truth.

Your Brother will imagine I have so much more busyness than I have, that he lets me see him very seldom, so that if he is so good [as] to be satisfyed with what he calls my civility, I am much dissatisfyed with his modesty.

I have had one short fitt of the gout at my first coming, and ever since my health very well; But the Dutchess of Shrewsbury has been indisposed ever since she came to Paris, and grows worse rather than better. We both long for the conclusion of the Peace, as well for the publick good as for the satisfaction of seeing our friends.

I am, Sir

Your faithful humble servant,

SHREWSBURY<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> The signature of the Treaty called forth two Whig pamphlets, written in imitation of Arbuthnot, in which Oxford was attacked. The first was entitled *John Bull's last Will and Testament, as it was drawn by a Welch Attorney. With a preface to the Ar—p of C—ry*. In this piece it is urged that John could not have been of sane memory, because he left his all to Lewis Baboon, his only enemy, instead of to his children and neighbours. Among the witnesses to the Will was Matthew Pint-Pot, i. e. Prior, in allusion to the fact that his uncle was a vintner. This pamphlet was followed by *A Review of the State of John Bull's Family, ever since the Probat of his last*

*Will and Testament. With some account of the two Trumpeters, the hirelings of Roger Bold.* The *Last Will and Testament* was answered by a Tory sheet, with the same name, which was reprinted in Edinburgh. The witnesses to the Will are in this case given as Henry Open Eye, Roger Bold, and Henry Watchful, i. e. Sacheverell, Oxford, and Bolingbroke.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Baillie's MSS.

<sup>3</sup> The Duke wrote again on the 14th of April. 'I have had always many obligations to you but never any so kind as this of your obliging and diverting letter for which I return you many thanks, and when you have any moments of

On the 29th of March Swift dined with Arbuthnot—‘one of my brothers’<sup>1</sup>—at his lodgings in Chelsea, and there attended chapel. Arbuthnot was physician at Chelsea Hospital. On the 31st Swift wrote: ‘This evening Lady Masham, Dr. Arbuthnot and I were contriving a lie for to-morrow’—the 1st of April—‘that Mr. Noble,’ an attorney who was executed for murder, ‘was recovered by his friends, and then seized again by the Sheriff, and is now in a messenger’s hands at the Black Swan in Holborn. We are all to send to our friends, to know whether they heard anything of it, and so we hope it will spread’<sup>2</sup>.’ But the trick was not successful, in spite of Swift’s efforts; ‘I doubt my colleagues did not contribute as they ought.’ A few days later the question whether Swift should have the deanery of St. Patrick’s was under consideration, and on the 16th of April he dined with Arbuthnot and a young Irish philosopher who had recently arrived in London, ‘Mr. Berkeley, one of your Fellows, whom I have recommended to the Doctor.’ On the same day Berkeley wrote to Sir John Perceval<sup>3</sup>: ‘This day I dined at Dr. Arbuthnot’s lodging in the

leisure I shall take it as a particular favour if you will let me know some particulars about the Queen, Lady Masham, Mrs. Hill and our comun friends’ health, to whom I beg my complts. . . . If I can serve you in anything here you may command, Sir, your very humble servant and friend, SHREWSBURY.’

Another nobleman—the Duke of Montrose—wrote to Arbuthnot from Glasgow on the 8th of April, about a namesake of his son, David Graham, to whom Arbuthnot had previously shown kindness by getting him a place in H.M.S. ‘Nottingham’ as first chirurgeon’s mate. This ship was now laid up, and the Duke hoped Arbuthnot could get him some other similar post, or enable him to get his livelihood by follow-

ing out his business. ‘You’ll excuse this trouble which I give you the more freely as it affords me an opportunity of assuring you that I allways am, Sr, yr most humble Servant MONTROSE.’

<sup>1</sup> On the 8th of April Prior wrote to Swift from Paris. ‘I owe brother Arbuthnot a letter. Excuse my not writing to him, till I know what to say.’

<sup>2</sup> See Forster’s *Life of Swift*, 453 note.

<sup>3</sup> Lord Egmont’s MSS. (Hist. MSS. Commission, 7th Rep., p. 238). In 1717 Berkeley sent Arbuthnot an account of Mount Vesuvius: ‘I doubt there is nothing in this worth showing the Society; as to that, you will use your discretion’ (*Literary Relics*, by George Monck Berkeley, 1789, pp. 83-92).



Queen's Palace. . . . Dr. Arbuthnot is the first proselyte I have made of the Treatise<sup>1</sup> I came over to print, which will be soon published. His wit you have an instance of in the Art of Political Lying, and in the tracts of John Bull, of which he is the author. He is the Queen's domestic physician, and in great esteem with the whole Court, a great philosopher, and reckoned the first mathematician of the age, and has the character of uncommon virtue and probity.'

Later in the year Arbuthnot gave Berkeley a letter of introduction 'For the much esteemed Dr. Hans Sloane'<sup>2</sup>:—

Sir,

This serves to introduce Mr. Berkley an ingenious clergyman of my acquaintance who is going along with My Lord Peterborough to Sicily. He is willing and desirous to serve the Royal Society as far as his short stay will permitt him and desires your instructions. This with all respect is from, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

JO: ARBUTHNOTT.

Windsor, October 12, 1713.

Another kindly act is mentioned in a letter from Joseph Bingham, of University College, Oxford, to Dr. Charlett, dated Winton, Nov. 19, 1713: 'My L<sup>d</sup> Treasurer . . . invited me to dine with him y<sup>e</sup> next day, when he surprized me before Dinner w<sup>th</sup> a present of a Bank Bill of an 100<sup>l</sup> as an encouragement to go on with y<sup>e</sup> Antiquities of y<sup>e</sup> Church . . . I believe I am obliged to y<sup>e</sup> kind offices of Dr. Arbuthnot, who has been very friendly in recommending me to my Lord upon his personal acquaintance<sup>3</sup>'.

At Christmas, 1713, the Queen was very ill, and it was reported that she was dead. Oxford wrote to Arbuthnot<sup>4</sup>:

<sup>1</sup> The 'Dialogue between Hylas and Philonous, to demonstrate the reality of Human Knowledge, in opposition to Sceptics and Atheists,' was published in 1713.

<sup>2</sup> Sloane MSS. 4036, f. 167.

<sup>3</sup> Ballard MSS. xv. 12.

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Baillie's MSS., quoted in Miss Strickland's *Lives of the Queens of England*, viii. 502-3.

‘I return you very many thanks for the exact and particular account you were pleased to give me of Her Majesty’s indisposition ; it is of too great importance for all the world not to have a concern for it, and it is my duty to sacrifice everything I am or have to her service. . . . I have sent my servant with one of your letters, and my chairman with another : neither of the doctors were at home. It is likely they may be vain enough to publish it. Though I trust in God the Queen will be well before they come down, yet I think you nor I could have been justified unless they had been sent to.’ The Duchess of Somerset, the Queen’s friend, received information of the Queen’s health, by command, from Arbuthnot, and there is a letter from her promising to leave Petworth for Windsor early next morning, and requesting the Doctor to assure the Queen that she would make all the haste she could to wait upon her.

## VI.

WE first hear of the famous Scriblerus Club in 1714. Pope, Swift (now Dean of St. Patrick’s), Arbuthnot, Gay, and Parnell were members, and associated with them were Lord Oxford<sup>1</sup>, Bishop Atterbury, and Congreve.

<sup>1</sup> Swift, or other members of the Juncto, as Lord Oxford called his friends the wits, wrote the following lines in April, summoning the Lord Treasurer to a meeting of the club :

‘*Quaedam quae attinent ad Scriblerum,*  
Want your assistance now to clear  
’em.

One day it will be no disgrace  
In Scribler to have had a place.  
Come then, my Lord, and take  
your part in  
Th’ important history of Martin.’

Among the papers at Longleat relating to the Scriblerus Club are

the following verses to Lord Oxford, signed ‘by order of y<sup>e</sup> Club,’ by Pope, Gay, Swift, Arbuthnot and Parnell. All the signatures except that of Gay are defaced.

A Pox of all senders  
For any pretenders,  
Who tell us these troublesome  
stories  
In their dull humdrum key  
Of Arma virumque  
Hanoniae qui primus ab oris.  
A fig too for H[anne]r  
Who prates like his grandmere,  
And all his old friends would re-  
buke ;

The design of the *Memoirs of Scriblerus* and other pieces written by one or more members of the club was, in the words of Pope (who had been introduced to Arbuthnot by Swift in 1713) 'to have ridiculed all the false tastes in learning, under the character of a man of capacity enough, that had dipped into every art and science, but injudiciously in each.' Addison, Pope adds, liked the idea very well, and was not disinclined to come into it<sup>1</sup>. The *Memoirs of the extraordinary Life, Works, and Discoveries of Martinus Scriblerus* seems to be almost entirely by Arbuthnot, but he was helped by Pope and others. We have only the first Book, and this was not printed until 1741, six years after Arbuthnot's death, when Pope included it in the volume he issued in that year<sup>2</sup>. He told Spence that the design was carried on much farther than had appeared in print; but it was stopped by the members of the club being dispersed after 1714, or being otherwise engaged.

Martin<sup>3</sup> was the son of a learned pedant, Dr. Cornelius Scriblerus, and the opening chapters describe the circumstances of his birth and early years, and his father's anxiety that everything should be arranged in conformity with the practice of the ancients. Then comes

In spite of the Carle  
Give us but one Earle  
And the Devil may take their  
Duke.

Then come and take part in  
The Memoirs of Martin,  
Lay by your White Staff and gray  
habit ;

For trust us, friend Mortimer,  
Should you live years forty more,  
Haec olim meminisse juvabit.

<sup>1</sup> Spence's *Anecdotes* (ed. Singer, 1858), p. 8.

<sup>2</sup> *The Works of Mr. Alexander Pope, In Prose*, vol. ii. 'We have also obtained the Memoirs of Scriblerus, being the beginning of a considerable work undertaken so long ago

as in 1713 by several great hands. As much of it as is here published, and all the tracts in the same name, were written by our author and Dr. Arbuthnot' (The Booksellers to the Reader). On the half-title it is stated that the *Memoirs* were 'never before printed.'

<sup>3</sup> Swift tells us in his *Journal* (Oct. 11, 1711) that Oxford called him Dr. Martin, because martin was a sort of swallow, and so was a swift; and it has been suggested that the name of Martin Scriblerus was derived from this pleasantry. Martin was, of course, the name of one of the three sons in the *Tale of a Tub*.

the great question of Martin's education, with dissertations upon playthings, gymnastics, music, rhetoric, logic, metaphysics, anatomy, criticism; an account of Martin's progress in physic and in the study of the diseases of the mind; of his correspondence with the freethinkers; and, finally, of his numerous discoveries and works.

The *Memoirs* are excellent in their kind, and the mock gravity is admirably maintained. Arbuthnot was the most learned of the wits of the time, and the piece is full of out-of-the-way knowledge. Many parts, too, involved an intimate acquaintance with medicine which he alone, of the members of the club, possessed. Most of the humour can be appreciated by any reader, but some of the ridicule poured upon philosophers and others can only be understood thoroughly by persons well read in the authors attacked. I cannot profess to agree with some critics who have placed the *Memoirs* above any other of Arbuthnot's works; they do not seem to me more interesting than the *History of John Bull*, and they are marred by coarse touches not usually found in Arbuthnot's writings, though common enough in those of some of his friends. Dr. Johnson's criticism, therefore, is not without an element of truth. In his *Life of Pope* he says that the want of more of the *Memoirs* need not be lamented, for the follies ridiculed were hardly practised, and the satire could only be understood by the learned. 'It has been little read, or when read has been forgotten, as no man could be wiser, better, or merrier, by remembering it.' Yet how perverse this judgment seems when we recall (to take one or two passages only) the account of Martin's christening, and the satire upon Dr. Woodward, or the remarks on the music of the ancients, or the ridicule of the methods of reasoning used by metaphysicians and freethinkers! The earlier chapters were clearly in Sterne's mind when he de-

scribed the troubles that beset the childhood of Tristram Shandy.

It will be convenient to speak here of the other pieces generally printed with the *Memoirs of Scriblerus*, and which have been attributed, in whole or in part, to Arbuthnot. The *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*, published by Pope and Swift in three volumes in 1727, contained *Stradling v. Styles* and *Of the Art of Sinking in Poetry*, and the additional volume, printed in 1732, contained the *Essay of the learned Martinus Scriblerus concerning the Origin of Sciences*. The second volume of Pope's Prose Works, 1741, included, besides these pieces, and the *Memoirs of Scriblerus*, the *Virgilius Restauratus*, which had been appended to the *Dunciad*, and which will be referred to again. The booksellers' Notice to the Reader, prefixed to this collection of 1741, says that the *Memoirs of Scriblerus* and all the tracts in the same name were written by Pope and Arbuthnot, except the *Essay concerning the Origin of Sciences*, in which Parnell had some hand, and the *Memoirs of a Parish Clerk*, in which Gay helped. Spence tells us that Pope said the *Essay concerning the Origin of Sciences* was written by himself 'and (I think he added) Dr. Arbuthnot.' At another time Pope said it was by himself, Parnell, and Arbuthnot<sup>1</sup>. *The Art of Sinking in Poetry* would seem to be wholly or almost wholly Pope's, though of course Arbuthnot may have given some hints; and the short 'Specimen of Scriblerus's Reports, *Stradling versus Styles*,' was mainly if not entirely by Fortescue.

We can now resume the thread of the correspondence between the friends who aided one another in the composition of these and other pieces. Swift, after making vain efforts to heal the breach between Oxford and Bolingbroke, retired, at the beginning of June, to Letcombe, where he stayed with Mr. Gery, a clergyman

<sup>1</sup> Spence's *Anecdotes*, 126, 152.

for whom he had obtained a living<sup>1</sup>. Gay wrote to him on the 8th of June, that he was 'quite off' from the Duchess of Monmouth, whom he had served as secretary, and that Arbuthnot, who had been very ready to serve him, had taken a humorous petition from him to the Lord Treasurer. 'We had the honour of the Treasurer's company last Saturday, when we sat upon Scriblerus.' In the Prologue to the *Shepherd's Week*, too, Gay referred to the 'skilful leach' who had saved the Queen's life :

'This leach Arburthnot was yclept,  
Who many a night not once had slept,  
But watched our gracious Sovereign still;  
For who could rest when she was ill?<sup>2</sup>  
Oh, may'st thou henceforth sweetly sleep.  
Sheer, swains, oh sheer your softest sheep  
To swell his couch; for well I ween,  
He saved the Realm who saved the Queen.  
Quoth I, please God, I'll hie with glee  
To Court, this Arburthnot to see.'

Swift's wise and kindly answer to Gay, who had just been appointed secretary to the embassy at Hanover, is dated June 12th, 1714<sup>3</sup>:

'I wonder how you could have the Impudence to know where I am; I have this Post writt to Mr. Harley<sup>4</sup>, who is just come from Hannover, to desire he would give you a Letter; I have described you to him, and told him I would write to you to wait on him, which will do you no hurt neither about your affair in the Treasury. You begin to be an able Courtier, which I know from two Instances, first for giving me thanks for your Preferment, to which I only contributed by saying to Dr. Arbuthnott and Mr. Lewis that I wished it. Secondly for wheedling My L<sup>d</sup> Treas<sup>r</sup> with an Epigram, which I like very well, and so I am sure will he, and I reckon you will succeed; but pray learn to be a Manager, and pick up Language as fast as you can, and get Aristotle upon Politicks, and read other Books upon Government; Grotius de Jure

<sup>1</sup> Letter from Swift to Miss Van-homrigh, June 8, 1714; *Journal*, Dec. 22, 1712.

<sup>2</sup> 'Yesterday Dr. Alburtenot said the Queen was taken about noon as she was at Windsor with a shivering. He set up with her last night,

but he and they all say she's much better then she was the second day at Windsor' (Peter Wentworth to Lord Strafford, March 12, 1714.—*Wentworth Papers*, p. 360).

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Baillie's MSS.

<sup>4</sup> The Lord Treasurer's cousin.

belli et pacis, and accounts of Negotiations and Treatyes, &c., and be a perfect Master of the Latin, and be able to learn everything of the Court where you go; and keep correspondence with Mr. Lewis, who if you write Letters worth showing, will make them serviceable to you with L<sup>d</sup> Treas<sup>r</sup>; and take Mr. Lewis's advice in all Things, and do not despise mine, and so God bless you, and make you able to make my Fortunes. I am glad Mr. Pope has made so much despatch. My service to him and the Parnelian.'

Arbuthnot wrote to his 'Dear Brother,' Swift, on the same day: 'I am glad your proud spirit is come down, and that you submit to write to your friends.' He knew little, he said, of the state of Court affairs, to his great ease and comfort; he had not enquired about anything since Lady Masham told the Dragon—Lord Oxford<sup>1</sup>—that she would carry no more messages, nor meddle, nor make. The Bill to prevent the growth of Schism was now being hotly discussed, and he thought the ministry would do mischief to themselves, and good to nobody else. Gay was departing for Hanover on the following Monday, and was dancing attendance on the Lord Treasurer for money to buy shoes, stockings, and linen.

'The Dragon was with us on Saturday night last, after having sent us really a most excellent copy of verses ending

"He that cares not to rule, will be sure to obey,  
When summon'd by Arbuthnot, Pope, Parnell, and Gay<sup>2</sup>."

'My Lord and my Lady Masham, and Lady Fair, remember you kindly; and none with more sincere respect than your affectionate brother and humble servant, Jo: ARBUTHNOTT.'

This was Swift's reply<sup>3</sup>:—

Jun. 16, 1714.

Dear Brother,

My Stomack is prouder than You imagine, and I scorned to

<sup>1</sup> 'So called by the Dean by contraries; for he was the mildest, wisest and best minister that ever served a prince' (Swift).

<sup>2</sup> Pope told Spence that Oxford 'used to send trifling verses from the Court to the Scriblerus Club

almost every day, and come and talk idly every night, when his all was at stake.'

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Baillie's MSS. Printed, with modernized spelling, in Cunningham's edition of *The Lives of the English Poets* (1854), iii. 203.

write till I was writt to. I have already half lost the Ideas of Courts and Ministers. I dine between twelve and one, and the whole house is a bed by ten and up at six. I drink no wine, and see but one dish of meat. I pay a Guinea a week for dieting and lodging my self and man, with an honest Clergyman of my old Acquaintance, and my paying is forced, for he has long invited me : I did not know till last Night that the Princess Sophia was dead, when my Landlord and I chanced to pay a Visit to a Farmer in a neighbouring Village, and was told so over a Mug of Ale, by a brisk young Fellow just come from London, who talked big, and looked on us with great Contempt. I thank you for your kindness to poor Gay. Was the Money paid, or put off till the day after he went ? I reckon by what you tell me that it is now a high Season to be very merry in Lady Fair's lodgings. I heartily pity you in particular. Look after your Mistress and your self, grow rich, and since nothing better can be done, let the world *vadere*. I have a mind to live in Yorkshire for a year in order to get my self out of Memory and Debt. The Fashion of this world passeth away, however I am angry at those who disperse us sooner than there was need. I have a Mind to be very angry, and to let my anger break out in some manner that will not please them, at the end of a Pen. I wish you could get Lady M[asham] to give you those Hints we have often spoke off, and to muster up your own, for the Dragon I despair he will do that, any more than any thing else ; and indeed you are all of you Dragons more or less, for I am sure it is above three years since I have spoke to Ldy M[asham] and you about this. My humble Service to My Lord and Her, whom I love as much as you do, though I have greater Obligations to them, and my humble Service and thanks to the Qu[een] of Prudes for remembering me. You are a Sett of People drawn almost to the dregs ; you must try another Game ; this is at an End. Your Ministry is fourscore and ten years old, and all you can endeavour at is an Euthanasia, or rather it is in a deep Consumption at five and twenty. I approve Ldy M[asham]'s conduct, and think all she can now do in relation to the Dragon, is to be passive ; for the rest, to cultivate her own Credit to the utmost. Writing to you much would make me stark mad ; judge his condition who has nothing to keep him from being miserable but endeavoring to forget those for whom he has the greatest Value, Love, and Friendship. But you are a Philosopher and a Physician, and can over come by your Wisdom and your Faculty those Weak-



nesses which other Men are forced to reduce by not thinking on them. Adieu, and love me half so well as I do you.

Two days later Pope humorously described to Swift the different theories that had been set up to account for his retirement. ‘Dr. Arbuthnot is singular in his opinion, and imagines your only design is to attend at full leisure to the life and adventures of Scriblerus. This indeed must be granted of greater importance than all the rest; and I wish I could promise so well of you. The top of my own ambition is to contribute to that great work, and I shall translate Homer by the by.’

The dissensions in the ministry were now approaching a crisis. Two years earlier Gaultier told Torcy not to mention St. John in letters to Lord Oxford, ‘because the Treasurer does not love him, nor place any confidence in him.’ St. John, too, was never to know that Torcy corresponded with the Treasurer. There were constant differences between the ministers, and Bolingbroke, with Lady Masham’s aid, gradually obtained entire influence over the Queen. The Schism Bill gave Bolingbroke an excellent opportunity of making use of the Queen’s prejudices, for Oxford, whose interests were allied to those of the Low Church and dissenting parties, could not heartily support so retrograde a measure. He temporised, however, as long as possible, and the bill passed the House of Lords by a narrow majority on the 15th of June. Arbuthnot alluded to the state of affairs in his next letter to Swift, and then turned to discuss the *Memoirs of Scriblerus*.

Kensington, June 26, 1714.

Dear Brother,

I had almost resolved not to write to you, for fear of disturbing so happy a state as you describe. On the other hand, a little of the devil, that cannot endure any body should enjoy a paradise, almost provoked me to give you a long and melancholy state of our affairs. For you must know, that it is just my own case. I have with great industry endeavoured

to live in ignorance, but at the same time would enjoy Kensington Garden ; and then some busy discontented body or another comes just across me, and begins a dismal story ; and before I go to supper, I am as full of grievances as the most knowing of them.

I will plague you a little, by telling you the Dragon dies hard. He is now kicking and cuffing about him like the devil : and you know parliamentary management is the *forte*, but no hopes of any settlement between the two champions. The Dragon said last night to my Lady Masham and me, that it is with great industry he keeps his friends, who are very numerous, from pulling all to-pieces. Gay had a hundred pounds in due time, and went away a happy man. I have solicited both Lord Treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke strongly for the Parnelian, and gave them a memorial the other day. Lord Treasurer speaks mighty affectionately of him, which you know is an ill sign in ecclesiastical preferments. Witness some, that you and I know, when the contrary was the best sign in the world. Pray remember Martin, who is an innocent fellow, and will not disturb your solitude. The ridicule of medicine is so copious a subject, that I must only here and there touch it. I have made him study physic from the apothecary's bill, where there is a good plentiful field for a satire upon the present practice. One of his projects was, by a stamp upon blistering plaisters and melilot by the yard, to raise money for the government, and to give it to Radcliffe<sup>1</sup> and others to farm. But there was like to be a petition from the inhabitants of London and Westminster, who had no mind to be flayed. There was a problem about the doses of purging medicines published four years ago, shewing that they ought to be in proportion to the bulk of the patient. From thence Martin endeavours to determine the question about the weight of the ancient men, by the doses of physic that were given them. One of his best inventions was a map of diseases for the three cavities of the body, and one for the external parts ; just like the four quarters of the world. Then the great diseases are like capital cities, with their symptoms all like streets and suburbs, with the roads, that lead to other diseases. It is thicker set with towns than any Flanders map you ever saw. Radcliffe is painted at the corner of the map, contending for

<sup>1</sup> John Radcliffe, M.D., was a celebrated and skilful physieian, but was regarded as an empiric by

many, because he had little knowledge of the literature of his profession.

the universal empire of this world, and the rest of the physicians opposing his ambitious designs, with a project of a Treaty of Partition to settle peace.

There is an excellent subject of ridicule from some of the German physicians, who set up a sensitive soul as a sort of a first minister to the rational. Helmont calls him Archæus. Dolæus calls him Microcosmetor. He has under him several other genii, that reside in the particular parts of the body, particularly prince Cardimelech in the heart; Gasteronax in the stomach; and the plastic prince in the organs of generation. I believe I could make you laugh at the explication of distempers from the wars and alliances of those princes; and how the first minister gets the better of his mistress Anima Rationalis.

The best is, that it is making reprisals upon the politicians, who are sure to allegorise all the animal economy into state affairs. Pope has been collecting high flights of poetry, which are very good; they are to be solemn nonsense.

I thought upon the following the other day, as I was going into my coach, the dust being troublesome:

The dust in smaller particles arose,  
Than those, which fluid bodies do compose;  
Contraries in extremes do often meet;  
'Twas now so dry, that you might call it wet.

I don't give you these hints to divert you, but that you may have your thoughts, and work upon them.

I know you love me heartily, and yet I will not own that you love me better than I love you. My Lord and Lady Masham love you too, and read your letter to me with pleasure. My lady says she will write to you, whether you write to her or not. Dear friend, adieu.

This was Swift's reply<sup>1</sup>:

Jul. 3, 1714.

I reckoned you would have held up for one Letter and so have given over. This is the usuall way I treat my best absent Friends when I am in London. Did I describe my self as in a happy State here? Upon my faith you read wrong: I have no happyness but being so far out of the way of the Dragon and the rest. Lewis reproaches me as one who has still an Itch to the Court, only because I asked him how the *Summa*

<sup>1</sup> First printed in Craik's *Life of Swift*, and now reprinted after col- lation with the MS. in the Forster Collection at South Kensington.

*rerum* went: was not that unjust? and quotes upon me *Quae lucis miseris tam dira cupido*. I do assert that living near a Court with some circumstances is a most happy Life, and would be so still if the Dragon did not spoyl it. I find the Triumvirate of Honest Council<sup>l</sup>rs is at an end. I am gone. Lewis says he lives in Ignorance in his Castle, and you meddle as little as you can. One thing still lyes upon you, which is, to be a constant Adviser to Ldy M[asham]. The Game will of course be playd into her hand. She has very good Sense, but may be imposd upon. And I hrd a whisper, that the Squire<sup>1</sup> pyles there again. 'Tis as you say, if the Dragon speaks kindly of Parnel he is gone. 'Tis the Ossoryes that get the Derrys, & the Chesters the Yorks<sup>2</sup>.

To talk of Martin in any hands but Yours, is a Folly. You every day give better hints than all of us together could do in a twelvemonth: And to say the Truth. Pope who first thought of the Hint has no Genius at all to it, in my mind: Gay is too young; Parnel has some Ideas of it, but is idle; I could putt together, and lard, and strike out well enough, but all that relates to the Sciences must be from you. I am a vexed unsettled Vagabond, and my Thoughts are turned towards some Papers I have, and some other things I would fain get from you and Ldy M[asham], and would have had from the Dragon, but that is impossible till he is out, and then I will go to Herefordshire and make him give me Hints. I have got my History<sup>3</sup> from Sec<sup>try</sup> Bromley; and they shall never have it again, and it shall be an altered thing if I live.

The Hints you mention, relating to Medicine are admirable: I wonder how you can have a mind so *dégagé* in a Court where there are so many million of things to vex you. You must understand, I have writt this Post to the Dragon, but you must not take notice of it, nor I fancy will he. For what I writt is very odd and serious. I think to go and ramble for a month about Herefordshire & those Parts. Ask the Dragon whether he will order his People at his Castle to receive me. Why do you not send your Parlm<sup>t</sup> a grazing? What do you mean by y<sup>r</sup> Proclamations and 5000<sup>l</sup><sup>4</sup>? Till I hear Reasons

<sup>1</sup> Bolingbroke.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Hartstong, Bishop of Ossory, was translated to Derry, and Sir William Dawes, Bishop of Chester, to York.

<sup>3</sup> The History of the Peace of

Utrecht, which was never published.

<sup>4</sup> A proclamation offering £5000 for apprehending the Pretender if he should land in this country, was issued on June 23, a month after

I dislike your Politicks. Why do I talk of it say you? Why did that Puppy Barber write [of] it to me? But the Commons offer 100,000<sup>l</sup>; if I was the Pretender I would come over my self, & take the money to help to pay my Troops. They had better put out a Proclamation that whoever discovers the Pretender or the Longitude<sup>1</sup> shall have 100,000<sup>l</sup>. This Strain is a Sacrifice to Hanover, the Whigs, and the Qu[een]'s state of Health. It will neither satisfy H[ano]ver, silence the Whigs, nor cure the Gout. Give him a Pension, & oblige him to live beyond the Alps. What's become of y<sup>r</sup> Project to make it high Treason to bring over forein Troops? I wish a little care was taken for securing the Kingdom as well as the Succession. But country Politicks are doubly insupportable. and so I have done, and retire to lament with my Neighbors the want of Rain and dryness of Hay. Farmer Tylor says the white Mead at Chawdry has not been so bad in the memory of man and the summer Barley is quite dried up; but we hope to have a pretty good Crop of Wheat. Parson Hunsden tis thought must stick to his Bargain, but all the Neighbors say the Attorney was an arrand Rogue. We cannot gett a Bitt of good Butter for love or money. I could tell you more of the state of our Affairs, but doubt your Tast is not refined enough for it.

A week later Arbuthnot wrote to Swift, endorsing his letter, 'Affairs still worse.'

Kensington, July 10, 1714.

Dear Brother,

I have talked of your affairs to nobody but my Lady Masham. She tells me that she has it very much at heart, and would gladly do it for her own sake, and that of her friends; but thinks it not a fit season to speak about it. We are indeed in such a strange condition as to politics, that nobody can tell

the death of the Electress Sophia; but on the following day the Commons, in passing an address of thanks to the Queen, added a further reward of £100,000.

<sup>1</sup> Whiston, in conjunction with Mr. Ditton, published a new method for discovering the longitude at sea, and after consideration by a committee of the House of Commons an Act was passed offering a reward

for the discovery of a better method than that hitherto used. Whiston, at Sir Isaac Newton's suggestion, proceeded to endeavour to apply his method to the discovery of the longitude on land. Among the pieces published on the subject was a humorous tract which satirized the schemes of other writers, and then described a new chronometer.

now who is for who. It were really worth your while to be here for four and twenty hours only, to consider the oddness of the scene. I am sure it would make you relish your country life the better.

The Dragon holds fast with a dead gripe the little machine<sup>1</sup>. If he would have taken half so much pains to have done other things, as he has of late to exert himself against the Esquire, he might have been a Dragon, instead of a Dagon. I would no more have suffered and done what he has, than I would have sold myself to the galleys. *Hacc inter nos*. However, they have got rid of the parliament, and may have time to think of a scheme: perhaps they may have one already. I know nothing, but it is fit to rally the broken forces under some head or another. They really did very well the last day but one in the House of Lords; but yesterday they were in a flame about the Queen's answer, till the Queen came in, and put an end to it.

The Dragon shewed me your letter<sup>2</sup>, and seemed mightily pleased with it. He has paid ten pounds for the manuscript, of which I believe there are several in town.

It is a history<sup>3</sup> of the last invasion of Scotland, wrote just as plain, though not so well, as another history, which you and I know, with characters of all the men now living, the very names and invitations that were sent to the Pretender. This by a flaming Jacobite, that wonders all the world are not so. Perhaps it may be a whig that personates a Jacobite. I saw two sheets of the beginning, which was treason every line. If it goes on at the same rate of plain-dealing, it's a very extraordinary piece, and worth your while to come up to see it only. Mr. Lockhart, they say, owns it. It is no more his than it is mine. Do not be so dogged; but after the first shower, come up to town for a week or so. It is worth your while. Your friends will be glad to see you, and none more than myself. Adieu.

<sup>1</sup> His treasurer's staff.

<sup>2</sup> Swift's admirable letter to Oxford of the 1st of July.

<sup>3</sup> The curious volume called *Memoirs concerning the Affairs of Scotland* was published surreptitiously on August 27 (*Daily Courant*, August 28,) and is generally attributed to George Lockhart, of Carnwath. The author laments the miscarriage of the Pretender's expedition to Scotland, and hates the Union, as a bar

to the like designs of France for the future. It is plain enough from the preface, what induced Arbuthnot (who had only read the first two sheets of it in manuscript) to say to the Dean, it was 'wrote just as plain, though not so well, as another history, which you and I know.' He meant here the *History of the Peace of Utrecht*, which Swift had then written, and had shown to most of his friends.

On the following day Pope wrote to Arbuthnot<sup>1</sup>:

Sir,

Binfield, July 11<sup>th</sup>, [1714.]

I have been so much afflicted with the Headake in the hot weather, that I have had perpetual Opportunitys of reflecting on those elegant Verses of D<sup>r</sup> Scriblerus which you favoured us with<sup>2</sup>. This is not a Time for us to make others live, when we can hardly live ourselves; so Scriblerus (contrary to other maggotts<sup>3</sup>) must lye dead all the Summer, and wait till Winter shall revive him. This I hope will be no disadvantage to him, for Mankind will be Playing the Fool in all weathers, & affording us materials for That Life, which every mortall contributes his Quota to, and which I hope to see the grand Receptacle of all y<sup>e</sup> oddnesses of y<sup>e</sup> world.

We have paid a Visit to the Dean at 30 miles distance, with whom we stayd some days, & are but just now return'd hither. As I fancy you will be somewhat inquisitive after the manner of his Life & of our Reception, I will couch the particulars in the way of a News Letter.

From Letcomb, near Wantage, July 4<sup>th</sup>.

This day the envoys deputed to Dean S—— on the part of his late Confederates, arrived here during the time of Divine Service. They were receivd at the Back Door, & having paid the usual Compliments on their part, & receivd the usual Chidings on that of the Dean, were introduced to his Landlady<sup>4</sup>, & entertaind with a Pint of the L<sup>d</sup> Bolingbroke's Florence<sup>5</sup>. The Health of that great Minister was drank in this Pint, together with the L<sup>d</sup> Treasurer's (whose wine we also wished for) After which were commemorated Dr. Arbuthnot & Mr. Lewis, in a sort of Cyder, plentiful in these parts, & not altogether unknown in the Taverns of London. There was likewise a Side Board of Coffee which the Dean roasted with his own hands in an Engine for the purpose, his Landlady attending, all the while that office was performing. He talked of politicks over Coffee, with the Air and Style of an Old Statesman, who had known something formerly; but was

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Baillie's MSS.

<sup>4</sup> Mrs. Gery.

<sup>2</sup> See page 65.

<sup>5</sup> Bolingbroke had sent Swift some wine, at the suggestion of Barber, the printer.

<sup>3</sup> There was an old belief that eccentricities were caused by maggots in the brain.

shamefully ignorant of the three last weekes. When we mentiond the wellfare of England he laughd at us, & said Muscovy would become a flourishing Empire very shortly. He seems to have wrong notions of the British Court, but gave us a hint as if he had a correspondence with the king of Sueden.

As for the methods of passing his time, I must tell you one which constantly employs an hour about noone. He has in his window an Orbicular Glass, w<sup>ch</sup> by Contraction of y<sup>e</sup> Solar Beams into a proper Focus, doth burn, singe, or speckle white or printed Paper, in curious little Holes, or various figures. We chanced to find some experiments of this nature upon the Votes of the House of Commons. The name of Tho: Hanmer, Sp<sup>r</sup>, was much singed<sup>1</sup>, and that of John Barber entirely burn'd out<sup>2</sup>; There was a large Gapp at y<sup>e</sup> edge of the Bill of Schisme<sup>3</sup>, and several Specks upon the Proclamation for the Pretender.

I doubt not but these marks of his are mysticall, and that the Figures he makes this way are a significant Cypher to those who have the skill to explain 'em. . . . .

I am w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> truest Esteem, Sir,

Y<sup>r</sup> most oblig'd Serv<sup>t</sup>,

A. POPE.

Arbuthnot's next letter to Swift was written when Bolingbroke's party considered that they had practically triumphed :

London, July 17, 1714.

Dear Brother,

I thought it necessary to speak to Lady Masham about that affair, because I believe it will be necessary to give her majesty the same notion of it, which the memorial does<sup>4</sup>, and not that you are asking a little scandalous salary for a sinecure. Lewis despairs of it, and thinks it quite over since a certain affair. I will not think so. I gave your letter, with the inclosed memorial, *cavalièrement*, to Lord Bolingbroke. He read it, and seemed concerned at some part of it, expressing himself thus :

<sup>1</sup> Sir Thomas Hanmer was elected Speaker in February, 1714, and led a section of the Tories who mistrusted Oxford; Swift was annoyed by his opposition to the ministry.

<sup>2</sup> This is strange; for Barber had printed Swift's *Public Spirit of the Whigs*, and had not betrayed the

author.

<sup>3</sup> This Bill was advocated by Bolingbroke, in order to win the favour of the High Church party, and supersede Oxford.

<sup>4</sup> A memorial to the Queen, desiring her to appoint Swift historiographer.



That it would be amongst the eternal scandals of the government to suffer a man of your character, that had so well deserved of them, to have the least uneasy thought about those matters. As to the fifty pounds, he was ready to pay it; and, if he had had it about him, would have given it to me. The Dragon was all the while walking with the Duke of Shrewsbury. So my Lord Bolingbroke told me, 'I would immediately stir in this matter, but I know not how I stand with some folks'; (for the Duke of Shrewsbury has taken himself to the Dragon in appearance.) 'I know how I stand with that man' (pointing to the Dragon.) 'But as to the other, I cannot tell; however, I will claim his promise'; and so he took the memorial.

Do not think I make you a bare compliment in what I am going to say; for I can assure you I am in earnest. I am in hopes to have two hundred pounds before I go out of town, and you may command all or any part of it you please, as long as you have occasion for it. I know what you will say: To see a scoundrel pretend to offer to lend me money. Our situation at present is in short thus: they have *rompu en visière* with the Dragon, and yet don't know how to do without him. My Lady Masham has in a manner bid him defiance, without any scheme or likeness of it in any form or shape, as far as I can see<sup>1</sup>. Notwithstanding he visits, cringes, flatters, &c. which is beyond my comprehension.

I have a very comical account of Letcombe, and the Dean of St. Patrick's, from Pope, with an episode of the burning-glass. I was going to make an epigram upon the imagination of your burning your own history with a burning-glass. I wish Pope or Parnell would put it into rhyme. The thought is this: Apollo speaks, 'That since he had inspired you to reveal those things which were hid, even from his own light, such as the feeble springs of some great events; and perceiving that a faction, who could not bear their deeds to be brought to light, had condemned it to an ignominious flame; that it might not perish so, he was resolved to consume it with his own, a celestial one.' And then you must conclude with some simile: thus, &c. There are two or three that will fit it.

Whiston has at last published his project of the longitude<sup>2</sup>; the most ridiculous thing that ever was thought on. But a

<sup>1</sup> Lady Masham had quarrelled with Oxford, and told him that he had never done the Queen any service, nor was he capable of doing

any. Oxford supped at her house the same night, but afterwards repeated her words to every one.

<sup>2</sup> See page 67.

pox on him! he has spoiled one of my papers of Scriblerus, which was a proposal for the longitude, not very unlike his, to this purpose; that since there was no pole for east and west, that all the princes of Europe should join and build two prodigious poles, upon high mountains, with a vast lighthouse to serve for a pole-star. I was thinking of a calculation of the time, charges, and dimensions. Now you must understand his project is by lighthouses, and explosion of bombs at a certain hour.

Lewis invited me to dinner to-day, and has disappointed me. I thought to have said something more about you. I have nothing more to add, but, my dear friend, adieu.

The second of the two following letters<sup>1</sup> from Swift was the answer to Arbuthnot's letter of the 17th:

Oxford, July 22<sup>1</sup>, 1714.

How came I here? Why, L<sup>d</sup> [Harle]y writt to me, and so I came to have his Company and his L<sup>dys</sup> 2 or 3 days. They go to morrow, and I return to my country place, where I will not stay a fortnight, and then I will ramble somewhere else. The language spoken to me now is that the Dragon will be out in a few days; and perhaps is already, because L<sup>d</sup> Chancellor was summoned from his Country house 2 days ago by L<sup>d</sup> Bol[ingbroke] in great haste, and they conceive it may be to put a finishing Stroak. I cannot heartily pardon your giving over to advise L<sup>dy</sup> M[asham] who in my Opinion is going on upon a very dangerous Adventure without one creature to direct her. I am told that L<sup>dy</sup> M[asham] is as much luke with the Dragon, as L<sup>d</sup> Bol[ingbroke] and what she s<sup>d</sup> to the Dragon a week ago is of so desperate a Strain, that I cannot think her in a Temper to be at the Head or the Bottom of a Change; nor do I believe a change accompanied with such Passions can ever succeed. For God sake do not leave her to her self: Your Post keeps you allways near her, and she cannot but think you her Friend. I am quite struck with the Accounts given me by those I am now with. What can be your new Schem, what are your new Provocations. Are you sure of a Majority; Will not the Dragon when he is out be able to draw off your Friends. L<sup>d</sup> Bol[ingbroke]'s language to me was quite contrary to his present

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Baillie's MSS. The second of these letters was printed, with modernized spelling, in Cunning-

ham's edition of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, iii. 204.

Proceedings. Therefore I do not approve the last. I know not what to say ; but if I were to be of necessity allways at Court like you, I would never let people run mad without telling and warning them sufficiently : You acted a great part 4 years ago under the first Change ; and will you not hinder men from kicking down all if you can. Pray write to me soon, and excuse y<sup>r</sup> self, and tell me how things are. Adieu.

July 25<sup>t</sup>, 1714.

You are every way too kind ; as to the His[torianographer]'s place, I now hear it has been disposed of these 3 weeks to one Madocks<sup>1</sup>. I wonder L<sup>d</sup> Bol[ingbroke] knew nothing of it. So there is an end of that, and of twenty Reflections one might make upon it. If the Qu[een] is indifferent in those Matters, I may well be so too. I was 3 days last week in Oxford with L<sup>d</sup> and L<sup>dy</sup> H[arley] and Dr Str—d.<sup>2</sup> Our Talk was of the Dragon's being out, as a Thing done. So no more Reflections on that neither. *Qu'est que l'homme*. And so you will lend me all your Money. The mischief is, I never borrow money of a Friend. You are mightily mistaken : All your Honor, Generosity, good Nature, good Sense, Witt, and every other Praiseworthy Quality, will never make one think one Jott the better of you. That time is now some years past, and you will never mend in my Opinion. But really Brother you have a sort of Shuffle in your Gate : and now I have s<sup>d</sup> the worst that your most mortall Enemy could say of you with Truth. I defy Pope and his Burning glasses, a Man cannot amuse himself 50 miles from London after four years jading himself with Ministers of State, but all the Town must hear of it. However if Pope makes the right use of your Hint for an Epigram or a longer Copy, I shall not be angry. It was a malicious Satyr of yours upon Whiston, that what you intended as a Ridicule, should be any way struck upon by him for a Reality. Go on for the sake of Witt and Humor, and cultivate that vein which no man alive possesses but yourself, and which lay like a Mine in the Earth, which the Owner for a long tyme never knew of.

L<sup>dy</sup> M[asha]m who talked of writing to me first has not answered my Letter. Put her not in mind I beg you. I believe she has heard of my Letter to the Dragon, and dislikes it as partiall. I hear he has shown it to every living soul, and I believe has done so in Malice, as the French understand that

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Madocks, or Madox.

<sup>2</sup> Probably Dr. Stratford, Canon of Christ Church.

word. My humble service to L<sup>d</sup> and L<sup>dy</sup> M[asham] and M<sup>rs</sup> Hill. By what I heard at Oxford, L<sup>d</sup> Trevor is fallen off with the rest, and indeed the Circle of the Dragon's Friends seemed very narrow, by the loss they were at for Healths, we came to yours 6 Glasses before the usuall time. Adieu.

Harcourt, the Lord Chancellor, had been sent for to Court in haste on the 20th of July, and on his arrival on the following day he had a conference with the Queen and Bolingbroke. It was immediately reported that Oxford would soon be removed, but that he would be given a higher title and a pension. On the following evening Arbuthnot dined with Erasmus Lewis, and afterwards went with him to Kensington. Two days more passed, and Oxford had a violent quarrel with Harcourt, and everyone agreed that his dismissal must come that night. From Arbuthnot's letter to Swift of this date it appears that he had himself been 'indifferently treated.'

July 24, 1714.

Dear Brother,

I suppose you have received the account of St. Kilda. There is an officer there, who is a sort of *tribunus plebis*, whose office is to represent the grievances of the people to the Laird of M'Leod, who is supposed to be their oppressor. He is bound to contradict the Laird, till he gives him three strokes with a cane over the head, and then he is at liberty to submit<sup>1</sup>. This I have done, and so has your friend Lewis. It has been said, that we and the Dean were the authors of all that has since happened, by keeping the Dragon in, when there was an offer to lay down. I was told to my face that what I said in this case went for nothing; that I did not care if the great person's affairs went to entire ruin, so I could support the interests of the Dragon; that I did not know the half of his proceedings. Particularly it was said, though I am confident it was a mistake, that he had attempted the removing her from the favour of a great person. In short, the fall of the Dragon does not proceed altogether from his old friend, but from the great person, whom I perceive to be highly offended, by little hints that I have

<sup>1</sup> It was from the steward of the Laird of Macleod that this officer was liable to receive castigation.

received. In short, the Dragon has been so ill used, and must serve upon such terms for the future, if he should, that I swear I would not advise Turk, Jew, nor infidel, to be in that state. Come up to town, and I can tell you more. I have been but indifferently treated myself by somebody at court in small concerns. I can tell who it is. But mum for that. Adieu.

Oxford's fall came at last suddenly on the 27th, after a stormy scene in the Queen's hearing, and the difficulties that arose at the consultation held on the same night to decide who was to be his successor greatly agitated Her Majesty. The Cabinet Council was to have met on the 29th, but it was necessary to postpone the meeting owing to the Queen's illness<sup>1</sup>. Those about her hesitated to call a general consultation of the royal physicians, lest Mead, who was a Whig, should hear the words she was constantly murmuring about the Pretender. But Arbuthnot consulted with four of the physicians in ordinary, and it was decided that the Queen should be cupped. The operation was performed in the presence of Arbuthnot and Lady Masham, and the Queen was relieved, and slept; but on the morning of the 30th she had a serious relapse, and Arbuthnot, who had now been obliged to call in other physicians, had her bled. At about ten o'clock there was another attack, and it appeared to those present that the Queen was either dead or dying. The Duchess of Ormond, who was in waiting, sent a messenger to her husband, and the members of the Committee of the Privy Council, who were then assembled at the Cockpit, at once went to Kensington. In the meantime Arbuthnot, Blackmore, and the other doctors present, gave the Queen a vomit, but as this action did not have the desired effect,

<sup>1</sup> On Wednesday, the 28th, Dr. Shadwell was not satisfied with the Queen's pulse, and spoke to the Duke of Shrewsbury, who sent Arbuthnot to the Queen. After dinner Arbuthnot 'brought the

Duke word her pulse was well, and the same thing he made Dr. Slown [Hans Sloane] say, for they had always had a mind to keep the Queen's illness a secret' (*Wentworth Papers*, p. 408).

a medicine recommended by Mead was tried, and the Queen recovered consciousness. The Dukes of Somerset and Argyle had just then suddenly entered the Council room, and their right to be present having been admitted by the advice of the Duke of Shrewsbury, it was decided, after hearing the report of the physicians, that the Queen should be asked to make the Duke of Shrewsbury Lord Treasurer. A deputation at once proceeded to the bedside of the Queen, who gave the Duke the Treasurer's staff, bidding him use it for the good of her people, and desiring him to retain also his position of Lord Chamberlain. In the afternoon the Queen had another relapse, and the doctors, who applied blisters, told the Council that her life was in the utmost danger<sup>1</sup>. Every step was taken by the Duke of Shrewsbury and his party to secure the peaceful accession of the Elector of Hanover, and the Jacobites were completely baffled. The Queen lingered on through Saturday, and Lewis wrote that Arbuthnot thought Swift should come up. Charles Ford<sup>2</sup>, too, sent Swift an account of the Queen's illness, from which it appears that on the previous evening Arbuthnot said he did not think her distemper was desperate, and that on that morning all the doctors agreed she would in all probability hold out till the following day, except Mead, who pronounced several hours before that she

<sup>1</sup> 'I got to Kingsenton about six a clock and whilst I was there her Majesty had the benefit of vomiting thrice by the help of Cardis. Dr. Alburtenhead [Arbuthnot] came out and told the company of it and said 'twas the best symptom they had to day, and that she felt pain in her feet, their being Garlick laid to't weh likewise was well, and was then gone to sleep. 'Tis now nine a clock and I am come home to writ you this, but they tell me there's no judging how the decease will turn till twelve

a clock. I overheard Dr. A—— in a whisper say 'twas ten thousand to one if she recover'd, weh was dismall to me.' (Peter Wentworth to Lord Strafford, July 30, 1714.—*Wentworth Papers*, p. 497.)

<sup>2</sup> Gay's 'joyous Ford' was born in Dublin, and lived sometimes in that city and sometimes in London. He was a friend of Swift, through whose influence he was made gazetteer in 1712. He appears to have been rather too fond of conviviality.

could not live two minutes. 'I did not care to talk much to Arbuthnot, because I heard him cautious in his answers to other people; but, by his manner, I fancy he does not yet utterly despair.' The Queen lived through the night, but death came at seven o'clock on the morning of Saturday, the 1st of August<sup>1</sup>. Everything passed off quietly, and Lords Justices were at once appointed to carry on the government until the arrival of King George. On the 3rd of August Bolingbroke wrote to Swift, in words that have been often quoted, 'The Earl of Oxford was removed on Tuesday; the Queen died on Sunday. What a world is this, and how does fortune banter us!'

## VII.

IMMEDIATELY after the Queen's death Arbuthnot left his rooms in St. James's Palace, and moved to Chelsea. He did not, however, as was expected<sup>2</sup>, settle there, but made, we are told, a short visit to France, where he doubtless saw his brother the banker, in Paris, and on his return, at the end of August, took a house in Dover Street, Piccadilly, where he lived until 1721<sup>3</sup>.

The depth of the friendship between Swift and Arbuthnot may be seen from the following touching letter from Arbuthnot. Swift set out for Ireland on the 16th of August.

August 12, 1714.

My dear Friend,

I thank you for your kind letter, which is very comfortable upon such a melancholy occasion. My dear Mistress's days were numbered even in my imagination, and could not exceed such certain limits, but of that small number a great deal was cut off by the last troublesome scene of this contention among her servants. I believe sleep was never more welcome to a

<sup>1</sup> On the following day Arbuthnot and the other doctors signed a statement giving the result of the post-mortem examination (Sloane MSS. 3984, f. 248).

<sup>2</sup> Erasmus Lewis to Swift, Aug. 7, 1714.

<sup>3</sup> Cunningham's *Handbook of London*, 1850, p. 160.

weary traveller than death was to her ; only it surprized her too suddenly before she had signed her will ; which no doubt her being involved in so much business hindered her from finishing. It is unfortunate that she had been persuaded, as is supposed by Lowndes<sup>1</sup>, that it was necessary to have it under the great seal. I have figured to myself all this melancholy scene ; and even, if it be possible, worse than it has happened twenty times ; so that I was prepared for it. My case is not half so deplorable as poor Lady Masham's and several of the Queen's servants ; some of whom have no chance for their bread but the generosity of his present Majesty, which several people that know him very much commend. So far is plain from what has happened in public affairs, that what one party affirmed of the settlement has proved true, that it was firm : that it was in some measure an advantage to the successor not to have been here, and so obliged to declare himself in several things, in which he is now at liberty. And indeed, never any prince in this respect came to the crown with greater advantage. I can assure you the peaceable scene, that now appears, is a disappointment to more than one set of people.

I have an opportunity calmly and philosophically to consider that treasure of vileness and baseness, that I always believed to be in the heart of man ; and to behold them exert their insolence and baseness : every new instance, instead of surprizing and grieving me, as it does some of my friends, really diverts me, and in a manner improves my theory ; though I think I have not met with it in my own case, except from one man. And he was very far mistaken, for to him I would not abate one grain of my proud spirit. Dear friend, the last sentence of your letter quite kills me. Never repeat that melancholy tender word, that you will endeavour to forget me. I am sure I never can forget you, till I meet with (what is impossible) another, whose conversation I can delight so much in as Dr. Swift's : and yet that is the smallest thing I ought to value you for. That hearty sincere friendship, that plain and open ingenuity in all your commerce, is what I am sure I never can find in another man. I shall want often a faithful monitor, one that would vindicate me behind my back, and tell me my faults to my face. God knows I write this with tears in my eyes. Yet do not be obstinate, but come up for a little time to London ; and if you must needs go, we may concert a manner

<sup>1</sup> William Lowndes, a secretary of the Treasury (Swift's *Journal*, May 21, 1711). Gay addressed some verses to him.



of correspondence wherever we are. I have a letter from Gay just before the Queen's death. Is he not a true poet, who had not one of his own books to give to the princess, that asked for one?

Pleasant testimony of other friendships is furnished by a joint letter from Parnell and Pope to Arbuthnot<sup>1</sup>:

Dear Sir,

Binfield, Sept. 2, 1714.

'Tho we have no business to write upon, yet while we have an intire wish to preserve the friendship you were pleas'd to show us, we have allways an excuse for troubling you with a letter. It is a pleasure to us to recollect the satisfaction we enjoy'd in your company, when we used to meet the Dean and Gay with you; and Greatness it self<sup>2</sup> condescended to look in at the Door to us. Then it was that the immortall Scriblerus smild upon our endeavours, who now hangs his head in an obscure corner. pining for his friends that are scattering over the face of the earth. Yet art thou still if thou art alive O Scriblerus as deserving of our Lucubrations, *tua sectus orbis nomina ducit*. Still shall half of the learned world be called after thy name. Forgive dear Sir this digression, by way of Apostrophe to one whom we so much esteem, and be pleas'd to lett us know whether indeed he be alive, that at least my wishes in learning may not be like Mr. Pope's prayers for the dead. We were lately in Oxford where we mett Mr. Harcourt<sup>3</sup> and drunk your health: we thought too to have seen the Dean but were surpriz'd to hear he was gon for Ireland so suddenly, where I must soon think of following him. But wherever I am, I shall still retain a just Sence of your favours and acknowledge my self allways

Yr Most Aff<sup>te</sup> F<sup>d</sup> and Sert<sup>t</sup>,

THO: PARNELL.

If it be proper to, give my duty to my Lord and Mr. Pope's.

Dr. Sir,

Though Dr. Parnelle has pre-occupy'd the first Part of this Paper, and so seems to lead the way in this Address to you, yet I must tell you I have several times been inspiriting him to joyn with me in a Letter to you; and been prevented by his delays for some posts. And tho' he mentions the name of

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Baillie's MSS.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Oxford.

<sup>3</sup> Son of the ex-Lord Chancellor.

Scriblerus to avoid any Reproaching him, yet is he conscious to himself how much the memory of that learned Phantome which is to be Immortal, is neglected by him at present. But I hope the Revolutions of State will not affect learning, so much as to deprive man kind of the Lucubrations of Martin, to the Encrease of which I will watch all next winter, and grow pale over the midnight Candle. Homer's Image begins already to vanish from before me, The Lesson of the Campaign before Troy is near over, and I rejoyce at the prospect of my Amusements in Winter-Quarters with you in London. Our freind Gay will still continue Secretary, to Martin at least<sup>1</sup>, tho' I could be more glad he had a better Master for his Profit, for his Glory he can have no better. You must not wonder I enlarge upon this head; the remembrance of our agreeable Conferences, as well as our Occasional Honours, on your account<sup>2</sup>, will ever dwell upon my thoughts with that Pleasure which I think one honest and chearful man ought to take in being obliged to another. That we may again enjoy those Satisfactions is heartily my wish, & it is my request to you in the mean time that you will continue to think me what I sincerely am,

Your most affect and most faithful humble Serv<sup>t</sup>,

A. POPE.

This was Arbuthnot's reply :

London, Sept. 7, 1714.

I am extremely obliged to you for taking notice of a poor old distressed courtier, commonly the most despicable thing in the world. This blow has so roused Scriblerus that he has recovered his senses, and thinks and talks like other men. From being frolicsome and gay he is turned grave and morose. His lucubrations lie neglected among old newspapers, cases, petitions, and abundance of unanswerable letters. I wish to God they had been among the papers of a noble lord sealed up<sup>3</sup>. Then might Scriblerus have passed for the Pretender, and it would have been a most excellent and laborious work for the *Flying Post* or some such author to have allegorized all his adventures into a plot, and found out mysteries somewhat

<sup>1</sup> He had lost the secretaryship of the Hanoverian embassy.

<sup>2</sup> The visits of Oxford to meetings of the Scriblerus Club at Arbuthnot's rooms in St. James's Palace.

<sup>3</sup> Seals were placed upon the door of Lord Bolingbroke's office when he was dismissed on the 31st of August.

like the *Key to the Lock*<sup>1</sup>. Martin's office is now the second door on the left hand in Dover Street, where he will be glad to see Dr. Parnell, Mr. Pope, and his old friends, to whom he can still afford a half pint of claret. It is with some pleasure that he contemplates the world still busy, and all mankind at work, for him. I have seen a letter from Dean Swift; he keeps up his noble spirit, and though like a man knocked down, you may behold him still with a stern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adversaries. I will add no more, being in haste, only that I will never forgive you if you don't use my aforesaid house in Dover Street with the same freedom as you did that in St. James's; for as our friendship was not begun upon the relation of a courtier, so I hope it will not end with it. I will always be proud to be reckoned amongst the number of your friends and humble servants.

In October Arbuthnot wrote a characteristic letter to Swift, in which he showed his determination to do what was right, let the consequences be what they might:

Dear Brother,

Oct. 19, 1714.

Even in affliction your letter made me melancholy, and communicated some of the spleen which you had when you wrote it, and made me forfeit some of my reputation of cheerfulness and temper under affliction. However, I have so many subjects amongst my friends and fellow-servants to be grieved for, that I can easily turn it off myself with credit. The Queen's poor servants are like so many poor orphans exposed in the very streets. And those, whose past obligations of gratitude and honour ought to have engaged them to have represented their case, pass by them, like so many abandoned creatures, without the possibility of ever being able to make the least return for a favour, which has added to my theory of human virtue.

I wish I did not only haunt you in the obliging and affectionate sense you are pleased to express it, but were personally present with you; and I think it were hardly in the power of fortune not to make some minutes pleasant. I dine with my Lord and Lady Masham to-day, where we will as usually remember you . . . . .

<sup>1</sup> In this piece Pope showed how the *Rape of the Lock* as a political allegory.

Shadwell<sup>1</sup> says he will have my place at Chelsea. Garth told me his merit was giving intelligence about his mistress's health. I desired he would do me the favour to say, that I valued myself upon quite the contrary; and I hoped to live to see the day when his Majesty would value me the more for it too. I have not seen any thing as yet to make me recant a certain inconvenient opinion I have, that one cannot pay too dear for peace of mind . . . .

Next month Arbuthnot wrote again: 'I send you the scrap of a letter begun to you by the whole society, because I suppose you even value the fragments of your friends . . . I am told that I am to lose my little preferment: however, I hope to be able to keep a little habitation warm in town . . . As for news I never enquire about it. *Fuimus Troes, &c. Sed nunc ferox Jupiter transtulit omnia ad Argos* . . . . The Dragon, I am afraid, will be struck at.'

Bolingbroke fled to France in March, 1715, and in April a Secret Committee was appointed by the House of Commons to enquire into the conduct of the late ministry. The sittings lasted two months, and many Tories who had had dealings with the Pretender or his friends looked forward to the result with anxiety. In May a Mr. Jeffreys, agent to the Bishop of Derry, went over to Ireland, and when his trunks were searched by the custom-house officer two packets were found directed to Swift. Among the contents were several libellous pamphlets, and two anonymous letters, dated May 3, which the Lords Justices thought fit to send the same night to Stanhope<sup>2</sup>. The first of those letters, which were evidently from intimate friends, regretted Swift's absence. 'We have no new favourite nor never can; you have left so sweet a relish by your conversation upon all our pleasures that we can't bear the

<sup>1</sup> Sir John Shadwell, M.D., was the son of Thomas Shadwell, the dramatist. He died in 1747.

<sup>2</sup> Letters from Eustace Budgell to the Lord Lieutenant, May 19,

1715, in the Duke of Marlborough's collection (Hist. MSS. Commission, Eighth Report, vol. i. pp. 58, 59). The Lord Lieutenant contemplated the arrest of Swift (Craig's *Swift*, p. 306).

thoughts of intimacy with any person.' The second letter says: 'Two days before the Captain<sup>1</sup> went abroad he sent for me, and, amongst other things, asked me with great earnestness if there was no possibility of sending a letter safe to your hands. I answered I knew but of one way, and that was to direct to you under cover to Mrs. Vann[homrigh]<sup>2</sup>. He replied, no way by post would do. I then said, tho' I was lame and ill I would go over with it myself if he pleased. He thanked me, and said I should hear from him in a day or two, but I never saw him more . . . We have not lost a man by his going. It was a great surprise to his friends at first, but everybody is now convinced he would have been sacrificed had he staid . . . Mr. P[rio]r is despised by all honest men here for giving up his letters, yours among the rest. Dr. Arb[uthnot] was turned out on that score.'

The report of the Committee<sup>3</sup> was at length presented to the House on the 9th of June, and Bolingbroke and Oxford were immediately impeached of high treason. Ormond was joined with them in the impeachment after considerable debate, and he fled to France, never to return. Acts of attainder were at once passed against him and Bolingbroke. Oxford was committed to the Tower in July, but was released by the House of Lords in 1717, after two years' imprisonment.

It seemed that all danger of a rising was at an end, but the Earl of Mar, after changing sides more than once, summoned a meeting of the clans in the north of Scotland in September, 1715, a step which was followed immediately by an open declaration on behalf of the Pretender. The Prince readily responded, and in October reached St. Malo, from whence it was proposed to despatch an

<sup>1</sup> Bolingbroke.

<sup>2</sup> Esther Vanhomrigh followed Swift to Ireland after the death of her mother.

<sup>3</sup> There are several references in

this report to Robert Arbuthnot, the banker. See *Reports of the House of Commons*, 1715, vol. i. pp. 121, 338-340. There is another allusion in Add. MS. 33006f. 427 (Jan. 1733-4?).

expedition against England under Ormond. But though the Duke made three attempts his efforts were unsuccessful, the Government having taken effective steps against any rising, in this country at least. Matters were more serious in Scotland, but the insurrection was entirely suppressed by the following February. Both of Arbuthnot's brothers seem to have played an active part in the plot to invade England, for on the 18th of October Bolingbroke wrote to the Chevalier de St. George that Campion and Courtney had actually gone, the one from Cherbourg to Cornwall, and the other from Havre to Devonshire. 'At each of these places I have advice that a boat is ready for their transportation, pursuant to the directions which I sent Arbuthnot'—perhaps George—'before I waited on y<sup>r</sup> Majesty . . . The Duke of Ormonde will be ready to go off from hence on Monday night, and by the care of your faithful servant Arbuthnot, everything will be ready for him as soon as he arrives on y<sup>e</sup> coast.' General George Hamilton wrote to Lord Mar on February 13, 1716, 'Mr. Arbuthnot writs me that he has a ship at Diep redy to sail with the first fair wind, and put on board both Burgundie and Champagne, with twenty hogsheads of true Claret, for y<sup>r</sup> Grace, which I hope will come in good season<sup>1</sup>.' But Mar and Prince James had already secretly left Scotland.

Pope, too, told Spence that Marlborough sent the Pretender £5000 at the time of the expedition, 'by Robin Arbuthnot, then a banker at Boulogne'; and Arbuthnot's daughter said, 'The Duke of Marlborough was to advance £30,000 for that expedition: and my uncle, Robin Arbuthnot, actually returned £10,000 for it for him<sup>2</sup>.'

<sup>1</sup> Stuart Papers in Windsor Castle, printed in Mr. P. M. Thornton's *The Stuart Dynasty*, pp. 394, 426. On December 7, 1714, the Duke of Berwick had written to Prince James from St. Germain, 'Last night M. Enis told me of a brother

of Arbuthnot's starting to-morrow for Port Mahon (Minorca), where he is a captain, and at the same time, proposed my writing to try if the fleet could be gained.'

Spence's *Anecdotes* (1858); pp. 237, 238.

To turn again to literary matters, Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, died on the 17th of March, 1715, and a pamphlet was shortly afterwards published with the title *Notes and Memorandums of the Six days preceding the Death of a late Right Reverend* ——. The piece was reprinted in Arbuthnot's *Miscellaneous Works*, but beyond this there is nothing to show who was the author. It is clever and amusing, but the attack was ungenerous, and there is an absence of the kindly humanity which characterises Arbuthnot's writings. Burnet was vain and egotistical, but he was very unfairly attacked by the Tories, including Pope, whose *Memoirs of P. P., Clerk of the Parish*, was intended as a satire upon the bishop's *History of my own Time*. There is a good deal in the *Notes and Memorandums* about Garth, who was in attendance during Burnet's last illness, and as Garth had been knighted and appointed physician to George I, he had to some extent taken Arbuthnot's place. But Garth was on good terms with Arbuthnot and his friends<sup>1</sup>. Probably nothing short of the discovery of some statement from the pen of Arbuthnot, or one of his intimate acquaintances, would enable us to come to any definite conclusion as to the authorship of this pamphlet.

The first volume of Pope's translation of the Iliad appeared in June 1715, and in the same week Tickell's translation of the first Book was published, with a note explaining that it was intended only to bespeak sympathy for an intended translation of the Odyssey. But Pope, who was jealous of Addison's patronage of Philips and Tickell, now quarrelled openly, and said that there had been underhand dealing in the writing of Tickell's version. Gay wrote to Pope, on the 8th of July, that

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Pope's *A Farewell to London*.  
In the year 1715:—

'Farewell, Arbuthnot's raillery  
On every learned sot;

And Garth, the best good Christian he,  
Although he knows it not.'

Garth bade him say that everyone was pleased with Pope's translations, except a few at Button's, and that Steele told him that Addison said the other translation was the best that ever was in any language. Next day Arbuthnot wrote, congratulating Pope upon Tickell's work. 'It does not indeed want its merit; but I was strangely disappointed in my expectation of a translation nicely true to the original; whereas in those parts where the greatest exactness seems to be demanded, he has been the least careful; I mean the history of ancient ceremonies and rites, &c., in which you have with great judgment been exact.' The further history of the estrangement between Pope and Addison is well known, and need not be repeated here.

Arbuthnot replied on the 6th of August, to a letter from Swift, which seems to have been written in a melancholy strain. 'I desired to hear your complaints, and will always share them, when I cannot remove them. I should have the same concern for things as you, were I not convinced that a comet will make much more strange revolutions upon the face of our globe than all the petty changes that can be occasioned by governments and ministries . . . I consider myself as a poor passenger, and that the earth is not to be forsaken, nor the rocks removed for me. But you are certainly some first minister of a great monarch, who, for some misbehaviour, are condemned, in this revolution of things, to govern a chapter and a choir of singing men. I am sure I should think myself happy if I had only such a province as the latter.' Oxford's inactivity was not at all lessened by his confinement, but he had promised to write. 'I say again, come, and you will be far from finding any such dismal scenes as you describe.' In such a state of mutability, what might not happen? Even their brother, Bolingbroke, might return. 'Philosophical as I am, I should be very sad if I did not think that very probable and feasible. As to your friends,



though the world is changed to them, they are not changed to you, and you will be caressed as much as ever, and by some that bore you no good will formerly . . . I wish I could return your compliments as to my wife and bairns . . . I shall be at Bath in a fortnight. Come that way.'

A few days later Arbuthnot formed one of a riding party to Bath, the others being Pope, Jervas, the painter, and (perhaps) Colonel Disney<sup>1</sup>. Jervas had written to Pope, about the end of July, that he had seen Arbuthnot, who 'was ready to mount; but the weather is so extravagant that there must be a day or two of fair for preparation, to make the way tolerable over head and under foot. The Doctor must lie at Windsor for the first night, and take you up next morning,' at Binfield. On the 12th of August Jervas wrote again, saying that he had made the necessary arrangements for starting on the 18th. 'On Thursday next, God willing, Doctor A[rbuthnot], D[uke] Disney<sup>2</sup>, and C. Jervas rendezvous at Hyde Park Corner about noon, and proceed to Mr. Hill's<sup>3</sup> at Egham, to lodge there. Friday, to meet Mr. Pope upon the road, to proceed together to Lord Stawell's<sup>4</sup>, there also to lodge. The

<sup>1</sup> 'I am just setting out for the Bath, in company with Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Jervas' (Pope to Caryll, Aug. 14, 1715). In a letter to Mrs. Martha Blount, dated 'Friday,' and supposed to have been written on July 27 (because of an allusion to the marriage of Mr. Michael Blount, which was again referred to in the letter to Caryll of the 14th August), Pope said, 'In very deed, my rambling associates have deserted me . . . Only Dr. Arbuthnot and I travel soberly and philosophically to Oxford, &c., inquiring into natural causes, and being sometimes wise, sometimes in the spleen.' Jervas was busy with some pictures, and Disney was otherwise occupied. If the date assigned to this letter is

correct, it would seem that Pope was expressing fears about the absence from the party of his friends which—in the case of Jervas at any rate—were not fulfilled.

<sup>2</sup> 'Facetious Disney,' as Gay called him, was Colonel of an Irish regiment, and a strong Tory. He was a Huguenot refugee, and his real name was Desaulnois. Swift afterwards spoke of him as 'not an old man, but an old rake.' He died in 1731.

<sup>3</sup> Probably Mr. Richard Hill (died 1727), who had been a Lord of the Treasury and a Lord of the Admiralty, besides filling various diplomatic posts.

<sup>4</sup> William Stawell, the third Baron, who died in 1742.

next day, Saturday, to Sir William Wyndham's<sup>1</sup>, and to rest there the Lord's day. On Monday forward again towards Bath or Wilton, or as we shall then agree. The Doctor proposes that himself or his man ride my spare horse, and that I leave all equipage to be sent to Bath by the carrier with your portmanteau. The Doctor says he will allow none of us so much as a night-gown or slippers for the road,—so a shirt and cravat in your pocket is all you must think of in his new scheme. His servant may be bribed to find room for that . . . The third day is to be Oxford University, and the Monday following to Sir W. Wyndham's.' Pope afterwards referred with pleasure to these leisurely journeys through the country with a few congenial friends. He seems to have stopped at Bath until October, but there is nothing to show how long Arbuthnot remained with him.

A piece entitled *To the Right Honourable The Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London: The Humble Petition of the Colliers, Cooks, Cook-Maids, Blacksmiths, Jack-makers, Braziers, and others*, is probably rightly attributed to Arbuthnot. It first appeared as a single folio sheet in 1716, and it was included in the additional volume of *Miscellanies* published by Pope in 1732. The petition is an amusing protest against the proposals of certain virtuosi who called themselves Catoptrical Victuallers, and who maintained that all the offices of culinary fires could be performed by making use of sunbeams by the help of burning glasses. It was prayed that the manufacturing of sunbeams for any useful purposes of life should be prohibited, or that a tax should be laid upon them which might answer to both the duty and the price of coals.

Early in the year 1717 a somewhat foolish comedy called *Three Hours after Marriage* was published, with an

<sup>1</sup> Sir William Wyndham was a leading Tory, and a man of pleasure. He died in 1740.

advertisement signed by Gay, in which he acknowledged the assistance he had received from two of his friends, who would not allow him the honour of having their names joined with his. These friends were Pope and Arbuthnot. The play was first acted on the 16th of January, and it ran for seven nights<sup>1</sup>. A Dr. Fossile—intended, it appears, for Dr. Woodward—marries, and the plot relates to the troubles occasioned him by his wife's two lovers. Fossile was an antiquary, and was expecting a mummy and a crocodile, and one of the incidents consists in the lovers getting into the house under the disguise of these curiosities. Fossile has also a niece, given to play-writing, and one of the critics with whom she associates, Sir Tremendous, was intended to represent Dennis. The difficulties are surmounted at the end by the discovery that Fossile's bride is already married to a lieutenant just returned from the Indies. Pope's contempt for the players is shown in this piece, and Cibber, when acting Bayes in the *Rehearsal* on the 7th of February, introduced a 'gag,' in which he ridiculed the play in which Pope had had a part. Pope thereupon went behind the scenes, and a violent quarrel ensued, the ultimate result of which was the setting up of Cibber as the hero of the *Dunciad*.

*Three Hours after Marriage* deservedly failed, and it called forth several attacks. The most important of these was *The Confederates*, by 'Joseph Gay,' that is, Captain John Durant Breval. Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot are the principal characters in this piece, but the most interesting part of the pamphlet is the frontispiece, which represents Arbuthnot in a Highland dress, Pope as a very little man, and Gay with a fool's cap in his hand. Underneath are the following lines from the prologue to the 'Sultanness,' an adaptation from the French by Charles Johnson, first

<sup>1</sup> Genest's *History of the English Stage*, ii. 593-7. The play was re- vived at Drury Lane Theatre on March 15, 1746.

acted on February 25. Pope put both Brevall and Johnson into the *Dunciad*:

‘Such wags have been, who boldly durst adventure,  
To club a farce by tripartite indenture :  
But let them share their dividend of praise,  
And their own fool’s cap<sup>1</sup> wear instead of bays.’

In the prologue there is a reference to ‘The Northern Doctor with his Highland face,’ and in the course of the play Arbuthnot is made to speak of his ‘Glasgow Muse,’ and in a note it is erroneously stated that ‘the Doctor was of that University.’ Pope declares that Arbuthnot (the name is thus spelt in this piece) only contributed some quack terms of art,—‘Fossile’s only thine’; and we may not unreasonably conclude, and hope, that Brevall was correct in this surmise, and that Arbuthnot’s share in the farce was confined to supplying learned and professional dialogue for the pedant Fossile.

In *A Complete Key to the New Farce, called Three Hours after Marriage. With an Account of the Authors*, by ‘E. Parker, Philomath,’ we are told that Pope and Arbuthnot attended the rehearsal of the play, and that on the 21st of January they went with Gay to Lintot’s to see how the piece sold, but they did not find a single customer in the shop. The following lines, in imitation of those in Gay’s own prologue, were printed on the title-page :

‘Why on those authors should the critics fall?  
They’ve writ a farce, but shewn no wit at all.  
The play is damn’d, and Gay would fain evade it,  
He cries, Damn Pope and Arbuthnot who made it;  
But the fool’s cap that on the stage was thrown  
They take by turns, and wear it as their own<sup>2</sup>.’

<sup>1</sup> While speaking the prologue to *Three Hours after Marriage* Wilks threw down a fool’s cap :

‘Our author has it now, for every wit

Of course resigned it to the next that writ :

And thus upon the stage ’tis fairly thrown,

Let him that takes it wear it for his own.’

<sup>2</sup> Another pamphlet, *A Letter to Mr. John Gay, concerning his late Farce, entitled, a Comedy*, by ‘Timothy Drub,’ attacks the play chiefly on the ground of its coarseness. Pope and Arbuthnot are alluded to, but not by name.

Gay wrote thus to Pope upon the failure of the play: 'Too late I see, and confess myself mistaken in relation to the comedy; yet I do not think, had I followed your advice, and only introduced the mummy, that the absence of the crocodile had saved it . . . As to your apprehension that this may do us future injury<sup>1</sup>, do not think of it; the Doctor has a more valuable name than can be hurt by anything of this nature, and yours is doubly safe. I will, if any shame there be, take it all to myself, and indeed I ought, the motion being first mine, and never heartily approved by you.'

## VIII.

ERASMUS LEWIS sent Swift messages from old friends from time to time. In order to help Prior in his difficulties it was arranged that his poems should be published by subscription in a folio volume, at a charge of two guineas a copy. On the 12th of January, 1717, Lewis wrote to Swift: 'He, Arbuthnot, Pope and Gay, are now with me, and remember you. It is our joint request that you will endeavour to procure some subscriptions; . . . the whole matter is to be managed by friends in such a manner as shall be least shocking to the dignity of a plenipotentiary.' Further messages of remembrance from Arbuthnot and other friends were sent by Lewis in June and July: 'I was in hopes we should have seen you ere this. The Doctor says you wait for the Act of Grace. If so, I hope to see you by next winter.' When the Act of Grace came it was found that Prior was specially excepted from its provisions; but he was soon afterwards liberated.

In 1718 Arbuthnot paid a visit of some months to France, and left his two daughters in charge of his

<sup>1</sup> 'Gay's play, among the rest, has cost much time and long-suffering to stem a tide of malice and party that authors have raised against it' (Pope to Parnell).

brother. He gave Swift an account of himself and of various friends in the following letter :

Dear Sir,

London, Oct. 14, 1718.

This serves for an envelope to the enclosed ; for I cannot tell whether you care to hear from any of your friends on this side. In your last, I think, you desired me to let you alone to enjoy your own spleen. Can you purchase your fifty pounds a year in Wales? Yet I can tell you beforehand, Lewis scorns to live with you there. He keeps company with the greatest, and is principal governor in many families. I have been in France ; six weeks at Paris, and as much at Rouen ; where, I can assure you, I hardly heard a word of news or politics, except a little clutter about sending some impertinent presidents du parliament to prison, that had the impudence to talk for the laws and liberties of their country. I was asked for Monsieur Swift by many people, I can assure you ; and particularly by the Duke d'Aumont. I was respectfully and kindly treated by many folks, and even by the great Mr. Law<sup>1</sup>. Among other things, I had the honour to cary an Irish lady<sup>2</sup> to court, that was admired beyond all the ladies in France for her beauty. She had great honours done her. The hussar himself was ordered to bring her the king's cat to kiss. Her name is Bennet. Amongst other folks, I saw your old friend Lord Bolingbroke, who asked for you. He looks just as he did. Your friends here are in good health ; not changed in their sentiments towards you. I left my two girls in France with their uncle, which was my chief business. I don't know that I have any friends on your side, besides Mr. Ford, to whom give my service, and to Dr. Parnell and Mr. Jervoise<sup>3</sup>.

If it be possible for you, obey the contents of the enclosed ; which, I suppose, is a kind invitation. The Dragon is just as

<sup>1</sup> The contriver of the Mississippi scheme.

<sup>2</sup> The celebrated beauty Miss Nelly Bennet, on whom these lines were written, probably by Arbuthnot :  
For when as Nelly came to France,  
(Invited by her cousins)  
Across the Tuilleries, each glance  
Kill'd Frenchmen by whole  
dozens.

The king, as he at dinner sat,  
Did beckon to his hussar,  
And bid him bring his tabby cat,  
For charming Nell to buss her.

But not a man did look employ,  
Except on pretty Nelly ;  
Then said the Duke de Villeroy,  
' Ah ! qu'elle est bien jolie ! '

(Swift's *Works*, vol. xiii. pp. 333-5).

<sup>3</sup> Charles Jervas, the painter.

he was, only all his old habits ten times stronger upon him than ever. Let me beg of you not to forget me, for I can never cease to love and esteem you, being ever your most affectionate and obliged humble servant,

JO : ARBUTHNOTT.

The next letter contains some advice about Swift's attacks of vertigo, and a message from Mrs. Arbuthnot, wishing him well married :

Dear Brother,

London, Dec. 11, 1718.

For so I had called you before, were it not for a certain reverence I pay to deans. I find you wish both me and yourself to live to be old and rich. The second goes in course along with the first ; but you cannot give seven (that is the tith of seventy) good reasons for either. Glad at my heart should I be, if Dr. Helsham<sup>1</sup> or I could do you any good. My service to Dr. Helsham : he does not want my advice in the case. I have done good lately to a patient and a friend, in that complaint of a vertigo, by cinnabar of antimony and castor, made up into boluses with confect. of alkermes. I had no great opinion of the cinnabar ; but, trying it amongst other things, my friend found good of this prescription. I had tried the castor alone before, not with so much success. Small quantities of tinctura sacra, now and then, will do you good. There are twenty lords, I believe, would send you horses, if they knew how. One or two have offered to me, who, I believe, would be as good as their word. Mr. Rowe, the poet laureate, is dead, and has left a damned jade of a Pegasus. I'll answer for it, he won't do as your mare did, having more need of Lucan's present than Sir Richard Blackmore. I would fain have Pope get a patent for life for the place, with a power of putting in Durfey his deputy. . . . The Dragon is come to town, and was entering upon the detail of the reasons of state that kept him from appearing at the beginning, &c. when I did believe, at the same time, it was only a law of nature, to which the Dragon is most subject, *Remanere in statu in quo est, nisi deturbetur ab extrinseco*. Lord Harley and Lady Harley give you their service . . . You say you are ready to resent it as an affront, to say, that a lady, hardly known or observed for her beauty in Ireland, is a curiosity in France. All deans naturally fall into

<sup>1</sup> A great friend of Swift's.

paralogisms. My wife gives you her kind love and service, and, which is the first thing that occurs to all wives, wishes you well married.

Among the pieces attributed to Thomas Gordon, author of the *Independent Whig*, in the Collection of Tracts published by Barron in October, 1750, is *A Dedication to a Great Man, concerning Dedications. Discovering, amongst other wonderful secrets, what will be the present posture of affairs—a thousand years hence*<sup>1</sup>. This pamphlet was originally published in 1718, anonymously, and it was followed by *A Letter to the Reverend Mr. Dean Swift, occasioned by a Satire said to be written by him, entitled, A Dedication, &c. By a Sparkish Pamphleteer of Button's Coffee-house*. This *Letter* is signed 'P. A.,' and dated 'Covent Garden, Jan. 30, 1718-9'; and it was reprinted in Arbuthnot's *Miscellaneous Works*, published in September, 1750, a month before the issue of Gordon's *Tracts*. Both collections were at once noticed in the *Monthly Review*, and in each case the reviewer remarked that the editor had given no authority for the suggested authorship of the pieces included in the respective volumes<sup>2</sup>. In speaking of Arbuthnot's *Works* the writer referred to the *Letter to the Rev. Mr. Dean Swift, occasioned by a Satire, &c.*, and in a note stated that 'this very witty tract was written by the late Mr. Gordon.' If the 'witty tract' thus attributed to Gordon is the *Letter*, the writer was in all probability in error, for if Gordon wrote either of the pieces it was the *Dedication to a Great Man*, which caused the publication of the *Letter*, that was his<sup>3</sup>. But possibly the note referred, in a confused way, not to the *Letter*, but to the 'satire' which was the occasion of its appearance, namely, the *Dedication*. Whatever foundation, however, there

<sup>1</sup> The tract is printed both in *A Cordial for Low Spirits; being an authentic collection of humorous tracts, by the late Thomas Gordon, Esq., 1750*, and in *A Collection of Tracts, by the late John Trenchard, Esq., and Thomas Gordon,*

*Esq., 1751*. Gordon died on the 28th of July, 1750.

<sup>2</sup> *Monthly Review*, vol. iii. pp. 399, 464.

<sup>3</sup> See *Notes and Queries, Sixth Series*, vol. vii. pp. 406, 469.



may or may not be for the claim made on Gordon's behalf, there is no satisfactory evidence for assigning the *Letter* to Arbuthnot, and judging by internal evidence it is very improbable that he was the author.

A controversy among the physicians was raging about this time. Dr. Freind published two books of Hippocrates' *De Morbis Popularibus*, and added a commentary on fevers; but he was attacked by Dr. Woodward, in *The State of Physic and of Diseases*. Freind and Mead recommended purging in certain cases of small-pox, whereas Woodward, who had a hypothesis about the salts in the stomach, advocated the use of emetics. Arbuthnot ridiculed the theories of his old antagonist, and it is possible, though of course far from certain, that two tracts reprinted in the *Miscellaneous Works* are rightly attributed to him. The first of these pieces, dated April 4, 1719, was *An Account of the Sickness and Death of Dr. W-dw-d; as also of what appeared upon opening his body. In a letter to a Friend in the Country. By Dr. Technicum*; and the second was *The Life and Adventures of Don Bilioso de l'Estomac*, which is addressed from Dublin to the College of Physicians in London. In both pamphlets fun is made out of Woodward's 'biliose salts,' but the humour is marred by coarseness. Steele wrote two papers, *The Antidote*, and *The Antidote, No. II*, on behalf of Woodward, who had attended him, and he pointed out that the pamphlets on the other side endeavoured to bring contempt upon their opponents instead of dealing with the matter under discussion, and that they were not really witty or humorous. On the 10th of June there was a personal conflict between Woodward and Mead outside Gresham College, and more pamphlets followed; but Woodward lived quietly until 1728, taking no part in the controversy.

We hear little or nothing of Arbuthnot's private life during this period. The most important event in the

history of the country in 1720 was the mania for speculation, which resulted in widespread ruin<sup>1</sup>, and we find Pope writing to Caryll in December, after the bursting of the South Sea bubble, 'I am much pleased with a thought of Dr. Arbuthnot, who says the Government and South Sea Company have only locked up the money of the people upon conviction of their lunacy, as is usual in the case of lunatics, and intend to restore them as much as is fit for such people, as they see them return more and more to their senses.'

Atterbury wrote to Arbuthnot on July 12, 1721, from Bromley: 'I hope you will make an appointment sometime or other with Mr. Pope to spend a day with me here . . . Whenever you have Inclination and Leysure (for both must concurr) to make such an excursion, you will find an hearty welcome here<sup>2</sup>.' The next three letters<sup>3</sup> were sent to Henry Watkins, Esq., a friend staying in Bath. Henry Watkins, who had held several official posts, and had been a member of the Parliament which met in 1713, died in 1727<sup>4</sup>. By his will, made in

<sup>1</sup> James Craggs, the elder, committed suicide. In October, 1719, he wrote to Pope, asking Pope and Arbuthnot to visit him next day at Battersea.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Baillie's MSS.

<sup>3</sup> For the first and second of these letters I am indebted to Mr. S. G. Perceval. The third is in the possession of Colonel W. F. Prideaux, who printed it (with a plea for a full life of Arbuthnot) in *Notes and Queries*, Seventh Series, iv. 522. The first letter is addressed 'To Henry Watkins, Esq., at Bath,' and the others were obviously sent to the same person.

<sup>4</sup> Henry Watkins, son of the Rev. Richard Watkins, was senior student of Christ Church, Oxford. He took his B.A. degree in 1688, and proceeded to the M.A. degree in 1691. Afterwards he was secretary to the Duke of Ormond, and

Judge Advocate to the army in Flanders. In January, 1712, he was made secretary to the English representatives at the Conference at Utrecht; and he was chosen M.P. for Brackley, Northamptonshire, in the Parliament which met in November, 1713. In March, 1722, he was appointed secretary to the Earl of Arran, in place of Dr. King, Principal of St. Mary Hall, who had offered himself as a candidate for election as member for the University. Watkins died in March, 1727, aged 61, and was buried in the east cloister of Westminster Abbey. The *Evening Post* described him as 'an upright, honest man' (*Luttrell's Diary*, vi. 718; *Hearne's Diary*, March, 22, 1721 2; *Chester's Registers of Westminster Abbey*; *Wentworth Papers*, 190-2, 320; *Bolingbroke's Correspondence*, 1798, vol. ii).

1725, he left £50 each to 'my dear friends Dr. John Freind and Dr. John Arbuthnott, in consideration of their great kindness to and care of me during my frequent illnesses, without fees.'

London, Sep<sup>r</sup>. 4<sup>th</sup>, 1721.

Dear Sir,

I long exceedingly to hear good tidings of you and your fellow traveller & I find ther is no obtaining them but by provoking you to write by way of common form & ceremony. How dos your course of water agree with you this Latter Season? what have you done by way of preparation? have you recoverd your beef stomach? have not you & Mr. Taylour<sup>1</sup> Quarrelled & parted upon some wrong stroeck at ombre? Send me some of your Bath newes for at this season the Bath is the scene of action. Rather than not write send me some of your Bath Lampoons which are tho' commonly the dullest pieces of English poetry; according to Horace, Nulla scribuntur carmina aquae potioribus! Ther is no thing at London but the same eternal question when will S. Sea rise. Your freinds such as I know are well & wish you the good effects of your journey & none more than myself who am with the greatest truth & esteem

Dear Sir,

Your most faithful humble serv<sup>t</sup>

JO: ARBUTHNOTT.

Dear Sir,

I thank you heartily for your most obliging & most agreeable letter. Lady Masham read it over as usual & was glad to find herself in it. I thank you no less for your kind message by Mr. Lawes<sup>2</sup>. The part wher you are interested & myself also shall be punctually observed, that is a corner of the bin<sup>3</sup>, of the best & freshest shall be savd for you and your freinds; but nevertheless make haste. You may remember when Jack Hill<sup>4</sup> heard of my pontack<sup>5</sup> how he landed at the nearest place & run

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps William Taylour, who died at the age of 80 in September, 1732, and was buried in the west cloister of Westminster Abbey. He was Usher of the Long Room in the Custom House, and is described in his will as of St. Clement Danes, Esquire. He was of a Dublin family.

<sup>2</sup> By his will Henry Watkins left to his 'dear and faithful friend John Laws, Esq.,' his repeating watch, and one of his horses.

<sup>3</sup> The MS. has 'Bing,' but 'bin' is evidently intended.

<sup>4</sup> Lady Masham's brother.

<sup>5</sup> Fine claret.

over the field ; & guessed right that it was a going for he found yourself & Sir David Dalrymple<sup>1</sup> at it, but quantum mutatus ab illo, alas you are not as you was then : a man may save claret enough for your own drinking in your little dram box. I can assure you we had a most excellent dinner from Lewis, there was the stewed beef with the usual declaration ; he was disappointed of some of his company, for there was enough for twice as many . . . . I find there is no warning will work upon you Batchelors till the fatal moment come that you are caught. I look upon both you & your fellow traveller to be both men of experience, but alas, there is no Security from thence, there are so many fatal wrecks of your Kind that I say again *Marry speedily*. Give this advice & my humble service to Mr. Taylour. I hope your Beef Stomack will not be like a Bath acquaintance, pass with the water & forsake you at London. I can assure you Mr. Lawes whom I examined very particularly gave me an extraordinary good account of you, that you was *quite a new man*. I am sure I would not have you changed in any thing but your health. I thank you for your kind concern for my Brother, he is pretty well recovered. I was this day with Mr. John Lawes<sup>2</sup> who lodges in my neighbourhood, he told me my Brother was the only man in France that had dealt with him as a man of honour.

As for newes I know of none but what is in the newes papers. You will see the juggle of Knight<sup>3</sup> carry'd on in his escape. The plague is come near Thoulouse : it spreads, but is not near so malignant as it was. The story of my freind Mr<sup>s</sup>. Murray you have read no doubt in *Mist's Paper*, which is pretty near the truth<sup>4</sup>. The King has ordered the Attorney Gen<sup>l</sup> to

<sup>1</sup> Sir David Dalrymple died in the December following the date of this letter. He was uncle of the Earl of Stair, and one of the Scotch Members of Parliament. He held the office of Judge Advocate until a short time before his death.

<sup>2</sup> The famous John Law, having obtained the Royal pardon, reached London on October 21, and on the following day kissed the King's hand.

<sup>3</sup> Robert Knight, late Treasurer of the South Sea Company, had just escaped from the Castle of Antwerp, where he was imprisoned, and there

was much excitement as to what might be his hiding-place. Among other things it was said that he had gone to the Pretender's court.

<sup>4</sup> *Mist's Journal* for October 21 contained an account of an attempted outrage by Arthur Gray, valet to Lord Binny, eldest son of Lord Haddington, upon Mrs. Murray, Lady Binny's sister. The attempt was frustrated by the prolonged resistance made by the lady, and Gray was caught and committed to Newgate. From thence he sent a letter to Mrs. Murray begging her to release him from a place where

prosecute the fellow. I think I have wrote a pretty long letter for a man that was up the most part of the night. Sir Matthew<sup>1</sup> & his Lady & family are well, that is he is so so. The Misfortune of Lord Rochester made him ill again after he was pretty well recovered. A man has a fine time of it, that has his quiet depending upon the fortunes of all his neighbours & acquaintances. I long to see you in town & Remain

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JO: ARBUTHNOTT.

London, Octob : 24, 1721.

My wife gives you her humble service.

Dear Sir,

I went to Duke Street<sup>2</sup> t'other day to enquire about my worthy freind & found no tidings but only a token of two potts which I hope at least is a sign that he remembers good eating and drinking. I enquir'd of a gentleman who is just come to town from Bath, & he says that Mr. Taylour and you live so privately<sup>3</sup> that you are supposed to have Ladys in a corner.

I cannot delay any longer telling you some good news of our Freind Dr. Bridges, to whom Mr. Drake has given a living of 900 ll. a year in Amondesham after the handsomest manner in the world, as the Duke told me. I din'd with his Grace at Lord Carleton's yesterday & he ask'd about your health. I really could give his Grace no particular account, for the last time I heard from you, you had had a return of your bilious vomiting, & I cannot but applaud your design in staying a little

he was compelled to hear blasphemies and execrations not to be endured by one who had the fear of God before his eyes. In December he was sentenced to death for felony and burglary; but he was recommended to mercy by the jury, and was relieved through the intercession of the lady's family. In January the sentence was commuted to transportation for life to the Plantations. Lady M. W. Montagu, who afterwards quarrelled with Mrs. Murray, wrote one, if not both of the two poems on the subject which were printed in the *Additions to Pope's Works*, 1776.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Matthew Decker, of Flemish

descent, but a native of Amsterdam, who settled in London in 1702. He was created a baronet in 1716, and married Henrietta, daughter of the Rev. Richard Watkins, D.D., and sister of Henry Watkins, Arbuthnot's correspondent. He had three daughters, but no son, and the baronetcy therefore became extinct upon his death in 1749.

<sup>2</sup> Henry Watkins lived in Duke Street when in London.

<sup>3</sup> By his will, made in 1725, Watkins left £200 to Mrs. Catherine Hayes, 'in consideration of her tender care of me during my illness at the Bath.'

longer where you are, tho' it is at the expense of the loss of your good company. Sir Matthew Decker is I think a great deal better & passeth his night without that watchfulness. Governour Harrison was coming there to dinner, & like the boys at the university being rich wanted double commons.

There are no newes. There was a little Skirmish in the house of Lords about the debt of the Navy, & they are to proceed further upon it. The words they divided upon were to consider of the debt of the navy & to prevent the like for the future, against the latter clause of which the Court divided, about 3 to 5. The opposers have good courage for they are sure to be beaten. I have letters from France which say that the plague diminishes much there. I suppose that is the reason our Stocks rise for the weather has a great influence now upon them.

You were pleas'd to ask me if I was fee'd for the pains I had taken by the command of the gover<sup>t</sup>. I neither wished nor expected it, for I thank God I proceed upon nobler motives than those are.

Lord and Lady Masham are gone to Langly<sup>1</sup>. Master<sup>2</sup> has had a sharp fever in town but is well recover'd. Lady Fan has stuck close to Langly. They all remember you kindly. My wife and my Bairns send you their best wishes, and so do's

Dear Sir,

Your most faithfull humble Serv<sup>t</sup>

Jo : ARBUTHNOTT.

London, Nov<sup>r</sup>. 14, 1721.

Pope spoke very warmly of Arbuthnot's brother, Robert, the banker, referred to in the first of the two preceding letters, when writing to the Hon. Robert Digby<sup>3</sup> on the 1st of September, 1722 :

Doctor Arbuthnot<sup>4</sup> is going to Bath, and will stay there a fortnight or more : perhaps you would be comforted to have a sight of him, whether you need him or not. I think him as good a doctor as any man for one that is ill, and a better doctor

<sup>1</sup> Lord Masham's seat.

<sup>2</sup> The only surviving son of Lord Masham. He married in 1736.

<sup>3</sup> The second son of William, fifth Lord Digby. He had rooms at Magdalen College, Oxford, of which he was a member. He was very

delicate, and died in 1726. Gay wrote, 'See Digby faints at Southern talking loud.'

<sup>4</sup> The letter begins 'Your doctor,' &c., in the 1735 edition of Pope's letters.

for one that is well. He would do admirably for Mrs. Mary Digby : she needed only to follow his hints, to be in eternal business and amusement of mind, and even as active as she could desire. But indeed I fear she would out-walk him ; for (as Dean Swift observed to me the very first time I saw the Doctor), ‘He is a man that can do everything but walk.’ His brother, who is lately come into England, goes also to the Bath, and is a more extraordinary man than he, worth your going thither on purpose to know him. The spirit of philanthropy, so long dead to our world, is revived in him : he is a philosopher all of fire ; so warmly, nay so wildly in the right, that he forces all others about him to be so too, and draws them into his own vortex. He is a star that looks as if it were all fire, but is all benignity, all gentle and beneficial influence. If there be other men in the world that would serve a friend, yet he is the only one, I believe, that could make even an enemy serve a friend<sup>1</sup>.

A few days later, on the 11th of September, Pope wrote to Gay, who, like Arbuthnot, Congreve, and other friends, was then staying at Bath :

Dr. Arbuthnot is a strange creature ; he goes out of town, and leaves his bastards at other folk’s doors<sup>2</sup>. Pray let him know I made very unfashionable enquiry the other day of the welfare of his wife and family, things that I presume are below the consideration of a wit and an ombre player. They are in perfect health. Though Mrs. A[rbuthnot’s] navel has been

<sup>1</sup> Writing to Caryl from Twickenham in February, 1730, Pope said, ‘The latter part of the holidays I was upon the ramble, and now am here with a friend whom I have great reason to believe you would be pleased to be acquainted with, from a resemblance in a very strong point to your friendship and opinions,—I mean Mr. Robert Arbuthnot, to whose character I think you are not a stranger.’

<sup>2</sup> The allusion is probably to some writings by Arbuthnot which had been attributed to Pope. A pamphlet called *A Supplement to Dean Sw—l’s Miscellanies*. By the Author, bearing the date 1723, was published to-

wards the close of 1722, and it was afterwards reprinted in Arbuthnot’s *Miscellaneous Works*. One piece in this tract, ‘An Essay upon an Apothecary,’ has especially been attributed to Arbuthnot, but there is no satisfactory ground for considering it to be his. It has been suggested (*Notes and Queries*, Sixth Series, vol. vii, p. 498) that as the tract was printed both in London and Dublin, it was probably by Swift or one of his friends ; but the custom of reprinting pamphlets in Dublin was so common that little weight can be attached to this argument.

burnt, I hope the Doctor's own belly is in absolute ease and contentment.

Pray consult with Dr. Arbuthnot and Dr. Cheyne<sup>1</sup>, to what exact pitch your belly may be suffered to swell, not to outgrow theirs, who are, yet, your betters. Tell Dr. Arbuthnot that even pigeon-pies and hog's puddings are thought dangerous by our governors; for those that have been sent to the Bishop of Rochester are opened and profanely pryed into at the Tower<sup>2</sup>: 'Tis the first time dead pigeons have been suspected of carrying intelligence. To be serious, you and Mr. Congreve and the Doctor will be sensible of my concern and surprize at his commitment, whose welfare is as much my concern as any friend's I have . . . . If you apprehend this period to be of any danger in being addressed to you, tell Mr. Congreve, or the Doctor, it is writ to them.

Messages to various friends were sent in other letters from Pope to Gay, written about this time. 'I have been made to expect Dr. Arbuthnot in town this fortnight, or else I had written to him. If he, by never writing to me, seems to forget me, I consider I do the same seemingly to him, and yet I don't believe he has a more sincere friend in the world than I am: therefore I will think him mine.' In January 1723 Swift wrote that he was heartily sorry to hear Gay was suffering from colic<sup>3</sup>. 'I believe our friend Arbuthnot will recommend you to

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Cheyne was a great friend of Pope's. See a letter from Pope to Mr. Gerrard, May 17, 1740.

<sup>2</sup> The Government had been aware for some time of a Jacobite plot which had Atterbury for one of its leaders. At the end of July a Captain Kelly was arrested, and on the 24th of August the Bishop of Rochester was brought before a committee of the Privy Council, and was sent to the Tower on a charge of high treason. He was banished in 1723. Pope wrote to Swift on January 12, 'It is sure my ill fate that all those I most loved must be banished: after both of you [Swift and Bolingbroke] left England, my constant host was the Bishop of Rochester.' There is a

reference to Arbuthnot's brother in one of the papers relating to Atterbury, printed in the Appendix to the Report of the Committee appointed by order of the House of Commons to enquire into the conspiracy. This letter, from which the signature had been torn, is dated Rouen, Jan. 15, 1721-2, and the writer says, 'As I shall pass the winter here, if you are pleased to honour me with your commands, you may address them "À Mons. Wishart, chez Messieurs Arbuthnot & Compagnie à Rouen, en Normandie."'

<sup>3</sup> Gay had told Swift in the preceding month that he was lodging at Burlington House, and had 'received many civilities from many



temperance and exercise. I wish they could have as good an effect upon the giddiness I am subject to, and which this moment I am not free from.' Gay replied on the 3rd of February: 'I was two or three days ago at Dr. Arbuthnot's, who told me he wrote you three letters, but had received no answer. He charged me to send you his advice, which is to come to England and see your friends. This he affirms (abstracted from the desire he has to see you) to be very good for your health. He thinks that your going to Spa, and drinking the waters there, would be of great service to you, if you have resolution enough to take the journey. But he would have you try England first. I like the prescription very much, but I own I have a self-interest in it; for your taking this journey would certainly do me a great deal of good . . . I dined about a fortnight ago with Lord Bathurst<sup>1</sup> and Lewis at Dr. Arbuthnot's. Whenever your old acquaintance meet, they never fail of expressing their want of you. I wish you would come, and be convinced that what I tell you is true.'

Arbuthnot sent the following letter to Pope in September. It bears no date:

Dear Sir,

I have yours, and thank you for the care of my picture. I will not be used like an old good for nothing, by Mrs. Patty<sup>2</sup>. The handsome thing would have been to have taken away my picture and sent me her own; now to return the compliment I must pay for hers. I hope she is well, and if I can make her so, it will be a sensible pleasure to me. I know nobody has a better right to a lady's good looks in a picture than her physician, if he can procure them.

great men, but very few real benefits.' Arbuthnot is reported to have remarked in conversation, 'D'ye see now, I went to visit him, and ordered him a poultice for his swelled face. He said Lord and Lady Burlington were very good to him, but the poor creature eat

his poultice for hunger.'

<sup>1</sup> Allen Apsley, Lord Bathurst (1684-1775), was one of the Tory peers created in 1711. He was kindly and vivacious to the end of his long life.

<sup>2</sup> Martha Blount.

I was with my Lord Peterborough when I received yours. He was spick & span new just come from France. You were the first man he asked for. I dined with him and the Mrs. Robinsons<sup>1</sup> on Tuesday, and supped with him last night with the same company. He had been employed all that day in [removing] the Robinsons' [goods]<sup>2</sup> for them, which he executed with great conduct. I cannot tell how much I am obliged to him, he delivered a memorial from me to the regent with his own hand<sup>3</sup>. He is mightily enamoured of my brother Robert; he is indeed a knight errant like himself. I am just now going

<sup>1</sup> Probably Mrs. Robinson and Anastasia and Margaret Robinson. The father of these young ladies was a portrait painter, who, upon the death of their mother while they were infants, married a Miss Lane, and soon afterwards lost his sight. According to Sir John Hawkins (*History of Music*, 1853, vol. ii. p. 870), Mr. Robinson had two daughters by his first wife, the elder of whom was designed for a singer, and the younger, Margaret, for a miniature painter. But Margaret insisted on learning singing, and was sent to Paris. Her bashfulness and smallness of stature, however, prevented her becoming a public performer; and she ultimately married a Colonel Bowles. In the meantime Anastasia prospered as a singer, and in this manner supported her father until she married Lord Peterborough. The Dowager Duchess of Portland, who had been her patroness, told Sir John Hawkins that Mr. Robinson had also one daughter by his second wife, and that she married Mr. George Arbuthnot, a wine merchant. Dr. Burney, on the other hand (*History of Music*, 1789, vol. iv. p. 248) says that Mrs. Delany, who had been Anastasia Robinson's intimate acquaintance, told him that Anastasia 'had one sister, a very pretty accomplished woman, who married Dr. Arbuthnot's brother.' Which of these accounts is correct we cannot now say with certainty; but the 'sister'

mentioned by Mrs. Delany may, after all, have been only a half-sister, as stated by the Duchess of Portland. If so, however, Mrs. Delany knew nothing, apparently, of the sister who married Colonel Bowles; and there is the difficulty, though that is not insurmountable, that according to this theory Mr. Robinson had two daughters (one by each wife) christened Margaret; for we know that the name of George Arbuthnot's wife was Peggy.

<sup>2</sup> Not clearly decypherable. After Mr. Robinson's death, Lord Peterborough took a house for Mrs. Robinson and his daughters at Parson's Green, near his own villa; and this may be the removal here referred to. According to one version (*Hawkins*, vol. ii. p. 870 seq.) Anastasia retired from the opera about 1723, and went to live with Lord Peterborough at Parson's Green, where she was visited by everyone, though her marriage was not publicly acknowledged until 1735. According to another account (*Burney*, vol. iv. pp. 242-9) she never lived under the same roof with Lord Peterborough, till her husband, who was ill, begged her to attend him at Mount Bevis, his seat near Southampton (see letter from Pope to Arbuthnot, Aug. 25, 1734).

<sup>3</sup> Lord Peterborough was in Paris in August, and the Regent died on the 22nd of November.

to Langley,—not that Master is in any danger, but to order some things after the smallpox. I am heartily glad Mrs. Pope keeps her health this summer.

## IX.

ON the 30th of September, 1723, Arbuthnot was made Second Censor by the College of Physicians. A few days earlier Swift had sent Pope a somewhat melancholy letter upon the loneliness of his own life, and the difficulty of making new friends. 'You must,' he said, 'remember me with great affection to Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Congreve, and Gay.' In November, Arbuthnot sent Swift the following kindly letter, in order to cheer him in his isolation. Arbuthnot himself maintained his spirits in spite of stone in the kidney, and the care of providing for a grown-up family.

[Endorsed, 'Received Nov. 17, 1723.']

Dear Sir,

I have as good a right to invade your solitude as Lord B[olingbroke], Gay, or Pope, and you see I make use of it. I know you wish us all at the devil for robbing a moment from your vapours and vertigo. It is no matter for that; you shall have a sheet of paper every post till you come to yourself. By a paragraph in yours to Mr. Pope, I find you are in the case of the man who held the whole night by a broom-brush, and found when day-light appeared, he was within two inches of the ground. You don't seem to know how well you stand with our great folks. I myself have been at a great man's table, and have heard, out of the mouths of violent Irish whigs, the whole table-talk turn upon your commendation. If it had not been upon the general topic of your good qualities, and the good you did, I should have grown jealous of you. My intention in this is not to expostulate, but to do you good. I know how unhappy a vertigo makes any body, that has the misfortune to be troubled with it. I might have been deep in it myself, if I had a mind, and will propose a cure for you, that I will pawn my reputation upon. I have of late sent several patients in that case to the Spa, to drink there of the

Geronster water, which will not carry from the spot. It has succeeded marvellously with them all. There was indeed one, who relapsed a little this last summer, because he would not take my advice, and return to his course, that had been too short the year before. But, because the instances of eminent men are most conspicuous, Lord Whitworth<sup>1</sup>, our plenipotentiary, had this disease, (which, by the way, is a little disqualifying for that employment); he was so bad, that he was often forced to catch hold of anything to keep him from falling. I know he has recovered by the use of that water, to so great a degree, that he can ride, walk, or do anything as formerly. I leave this to your consideration. Your friends here wish to see you, and none more than myself; but I really don't advise you to such a journey to gratify them or myself; but I am almost confident, it would do you a great deal of good. The Dragon is just the old man, when he is roused. He is a little deaf, but has all his other good and bad qualities just as of old. Lord B[olingbroke] is much improved in knowledge, manners, and every thing else. The shaver<sup>2</sup> is an honest friendly man as before; he has a good deal to do to smother his Welsh fire, which you know he has in a greater degree than some would imagine. He posts himself a good part of the year in some warm house, wins the ladies money at ombre, and convinces them that they are highly obliged to him. Lord and Lady M[asham], Mr. Hill, and Mrs. Hill, often remember you with affection.

As for your humble servant, with a great stone in his right kidney, and a family of men and women to provide for, he is as cheerful as ever in public affairs. He has kept, as Tacitus says, 'Medium iter inter vile servitium et abruptam contumaciam.' He never rails at a great man, but to his face; which, I can assure you, he has had both the opportunity and licence to do. He has some few weak friends, and fewer enemies; if any, he is low enough to be rather despised than pushed at by them. I am faithfully, dear Sir, your affectionate humble servant,

J. ARBUTHNOTT.

In September, 1724, Arbuthnot was with Gay at Bath, and on his way back to London with his brother he visited

<sup>1</sup> Charles Whitworth, a practised diplomatist, was created Baron Whitworth, in the peerage of Ireland, in 1720, but died without

issue in 1725.

<sup>2</sup> Erasmus Lewis; see Dr. Swift's Imitation of Horace, Ep. vii. B. 1, 'This Lewis is an errant shaver.'

Oxford<sup>1</sup>. He is not unreasonably supposed to have written *Reasons humbly offer'd by the Company exercising the trade and mystery of Upholders, against part of the Bill for the better viewing, searching, and examining drugs, medicines, &c.* This satirical piece first appeared, with many others on the subject, in 1724, in the form of a quarto pamphlet, without any printer's name, and it was afterwards included in the additional volume of *Miscellanies* published by Pope in 1732. The College of Physicians had applied to Parliament to prevent apothecaries dispensing medicines without a physician's prescription; and the Act which was passed in due course gave the Censors of the College of Physicians power to visit apothecaries' shops in order to examine the medicines and drugs. In the *Reasons, &c.*, the undertakers are represented as urging that they would be seriously injured by the decrease in the number of deaths that would result from these precautions.

Another piece, *It cannot rain but it pours*, is probably Swift's, though it is sometimes attributed to Arbuthnot. It refers to a wild boy named Peter, who was found in Hanover in 1725, brought to England, and committed for some time to Arbuthnot's care<sup>2</sup>. He died in 1785. Another pamphlet on the same subject, published in 1726 and reprinted in Arbuthnot's *Miscellaneous Works*, may also be Swift's. It was called *The Most Wonderful Wonder that ever appeared to the Wonder of the British Nation*, and contained a satirical dialogue upon the ways of civilised society between the wild boy and his foster mother, an old bear which had been brought to London by Mynheer Veteranus. It was described as 'written by the Copper-Farthing Dean,' in allusion to the con-

<sup>1</sup> *Suffolk Correspondence*, ed. Croker, 1824, vol. i. p. 176. Elwin and Courthope's *Pope*, vol. ix. p. 102.

<sup>2</sup> 'This night I saw the wild boy, whose arrival here hath been the

subject of half our talk this fortnight. He is in the keeping of Dr. Arbuthnot' (Swift to Tickell, April 16, 1726).

troversy over Wood's halfpence, in which Swift had taken so active a part<sup>1</sup>.

Arbuthnot was seriously ill in September, 1725. Pope wrote to Swift on the 14th: 'One of those you mention (and I dare say always will remember), Dr. Arbuthnot, is at this time ill of a very dangerous distemper, an imposthume in the bowels; which is broke, but the event is very uncertain<sup>2</sup>. Whatever that be, he bids me tell you (and I write this by him) he lives or dies your faithful friend; and one reason he has to desire a little longer life is the wish to see you once more. He is gay enough in this circumstance<sup>3</sup> to tell you, he would give you (if he could) such advice as might cure your deafness, but he would not advise you, if you were cured, to quit the pretence of it; because you may by that means hear as much as you will, and answer as little as you please.' Swift, who was now completing *Gulliver's Travels*<sup>4</sup>, answered Pope's letter on the 29th: 'Mr. Lewis sent me an account of Dr. Arbuthnot's illness, which is a very sensible affliction to me, who by living so long out of the world have lost that hardness of heart contracted by years and general conversation. I am daily losing

<sup>1</sup> The doggerel Latin and English verses at the end of this tract, 'Gulielmi Sutherlandi Diploma,' are attributed to William Meston (1688-1745) in his *Poetical Works*, 1767.

<sup>2</sup> On September 23, Gay wrote to Fortescue from Twickenham: 'Dr. Arbuthnot has been at the point of death by a severe fit of illness, an imposthume in the bowels; it hath broke, and he is now pretty well recovered. I have not seen him since my return from Wiltshire, but intend to go to town the latter end of the week.' In a later letter to Pope, dated 'Thursday, 10 at night,' Gay said he had just left Arbuthnot, who was now free from pain. 'He is weak, and very much reduced, but Amiens, whom I found

with him, thinks him out of danger.'

<sup>3</sup> Arbuthnot loved mischief 'the best of any good-natured man in England' (Pope to Swift, Dec. 14, 1725).

<sup>4</sup> Pope said that Swift took his first hints for *Gulliver* from a part of the *Memoirs of Scriblerus*, and added that the design for those *Memoirs* was carried on much farther than has appeared in print (Spence's *Anecdotes*, p. 8). In a sense it is certainly true that *Gulliver's Travels* and the *Dunciad* were the natural result of the discussions among the wits which would have led, but for the interruption caused by Queen Anne's death, to other writings about *Scriblerus*.

friends, and neither seeking nor getting others. Oh! If the world had but a dozen of Arbuthnots in it I would burn my *Travels!* But, however, he is not without fault. There is a passage in Bede, highly commending the piety and learning of the Irish in that age, where, after abundance of praises, he overthrows them all by lamenting that, alas, they kept Easter at a wrong time of the year. So our Doctor has every quality and virtue that can make a man amiable or useful; but, alas, he hath a sort of slouch in his walk. I pray God protect him, for he is an excellent Christian, though not a Catholic, and as fit a man either to die or live as ever I knew.'

Pope answered, on the 15th of October, that Arbuthnot was yet living, recovered from the jaws of death, and 'more pleased with the hope of seeing you again than of re-viewing a world he has long despised every part of, but what is made up of a few men like yourself. He goes abroad again, and is more cheerful than even health can make a man, for he has a good conscience into the bargain, which is the most Catholic of all remedies, though not the most universal. I knew it would be a pleasure to you to hear this, and in truth that made me write so soon to you. . . . . I designed to have left the following page for Dr. Arbuthnot to fill, but he is so touched with the period in yours to me concerning him, that he intends to answer it by a whole letter. He too is busy about a book, which I guess he will tell you of.' This was Arbuthnot's letter:

London, Octob. 17, 1725.

Dear Sir,

I have the vanity to think, that a few friends have a real concern for me, and are uneasy when I am in distress; in consequence of which I ought to communicate to them the joy of my recovery. I did not want a most kind paragraph in your letter to Mr. Pope, to convince me that you are of the number; and I know that I give you a sensible pleasure in telling you, that I think myself at this time almost perfectly

recovered of a most unusual and dangerous distemper, an imposthume in the bowels; such a one, that had it been in the hands of a chirurgeon, in an outward and fleshy part, I should not have been well these three months. Duke Disney, our old friend, is in a fair way to recover of such another. There have been several of them occasioned, as I reckon, by the cold and wet season. People have told me of new impostures (as they call them) every day. Poor Sir William Wyndham is an imposture: I hope the Bath, where he is going, will do him good. The hope of seeing once more the Dean of St. Patrick's revives my spirits. I cannot help imagining some of your old club met together, like mariners after a storm. For God's sake do not tantalize your friends any more. I can prove by twenty unanswerable arguments, that it is absolutely necessary that you should come over to England; that it would be committing the greatest absurdity that ever was, not to do it the next approaching winter. I believe, indeed, it is just possible to save your soul without it, and that is all. As for your book <sup>1</sup> (of which I have framed to myself such an idea, that I am persuaded there is no doing any good upon mankind without it) I will set the letters myself, rather than that it should not be published. But before you put the finishing hand to it, it is really necessary to be acquainted with some new improvements of mankind that have appeared. Mankind has an inexhaustible source of invention in the way of folly and madness. I have only one fear, that when you come over, you will be so much coveted and taken up by the ministry, that, unless your friends meet you at their tables, they will have none of your company. This is really no joke; I am quite in earnest. Your deafness is so necessary a thing, that I almost begin to think it an affectation. I remember you used to reckon dinners. I know of near half a year's dinners, where you are already bespoke. It is worth your while to come to see your old friend Lewis, who is wiser than ever he was, the best of husbands. I am sure I can say from my own experience that he is the best of friends. He was so to me, when he had little hope I should ever live to thank him.

You must acquaint me before you take your journey, that we may provide a convenient lodging for you amongst your friends. I am called away this moment, and have only time

<sup>1</sup> *Gulliver's Travels.*



to add, that I love and long to see you, and am most sincerely,  
 dear Sir, your most faithful humble Servant,

J. ARBUTHNOTT.

The book that was occupying Arbuthnot's attention when Pope wrote to Swift in October was probably the *Tables of Ancient Coins, &c.*, to which we shall have to refer again shortly. A pamphlet called *A Learned Dissertation on Dumpling, its dignity, antiquity, and excellence; with a word upon Pudding*, which reached a fifth edition in the year 1726, and which was afterwards reprinted in Arbuthnot's *Miscellaneous Works*, might, perhaps, judging by internal evidence, have been accepted as Arbuthnot's; but there is reason to believe it was by Thomas Gordon<sup>1</sup>.

Swift came over from Ireland in April, 1726, and was at once introduced by Arbuthnot to the Princess of Wales, who was to become Queen Caroline a year later. Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot were often to be found at the Court kept by the Prince of Wales, and they had for their friend Mrs. Howard, who was the Princess's confidante and was at the same time reputed to be the Prince's mistress. Swift returned to Dublin in August in consequence of the serious illness of Esther Johnson, and on the 3rd of September, Pope wrote to express his satisfaction at hearing of Swift's safe arrival at his journey's end. 'I can't help thinking (when I consider the whole short list of our friends) that none of them except you and I are qualified for the Mountains of Wales<sup>2</sup>. The Doctor [Arbuthnot] goes to cards, Gay to Court; one loses money, one loses his time.' On the 20th,

<sup>1</sup> At the end of the pamphlet were seven pages, 'Namby Pamby; a Panegyric on the new versification, addressed to A[mbrose] P[hilips], Esq.' These satirical verses were also printed as a folio broadside, without place or date, perhaps before the pamphlet appeared; and they are there stated to

be 'by Capt. Gordon, Author of the Apology for Parson Alberony, and the Humourist.' There was also a single folio sheet called 'Namby Pamby's Answer to Captain Gordon.'

<sup>2</sup> An allusion to Erasmus Lewis, who often visited the place of his birth in Caernarthenshire.

Arbuthnot sent Swift the following letter, containing various items of news. His brother Robert had during his visit to England married a lady with a fortune of £900 a year<sup>1</sup>.

London, Sept. 20, 1726.

I have been balancing, dear Sir, these three days, whether I should write to you first. Laying aside the superiority of your dignity, I thought a notification was due to me, as well as to two others of my friends: then I considered, that this was done in the public news, with all the formalities of reception of a Lord Lieutenant. I reflected on the dependency of Ireland; but, said I, what if my friend should dispute this? Then I considered, that letters were always introduced at first from the civilized to the barbarous kingdom. In short, my affection, and the pleasure of corresponding with my dear friend, prevailed; and, since you most disdainfully and barbarously confined me to two lines a month, I was resolved to plague you with twenty times that number, though I think it was a sort of a compliment to be supposed capable of saying anything in two lines. The Gascon asked only to speak one word to the French king, which the king confining him to, he brought a paper, and said, 'signez,' and not a word more. Your negociation with the singing man is in the hands of my daughter Nancy, who, I can assure you, will neglect nothing that concerns you: she has wrote about it. Mr. Pope has been in hazard of his life by drowning. Coming late, two weeks ago, from Lord Bolingbroke's, in his coach and six, a bridge on a little river being broke down, they were obliged to go through the water, which was not too high, but the coach was overturned in it; and the glass being up, which he could not break, nor get down, he was very near drowned; for the footman was stuck in the mud, and could hardly come in time to his assistance. He had that in common with Horace, that it was occasioned by the trunk of a tree; but it was *trunco rheda illapsa, neque Faunus ictum dextra levabat*; for he was wounded in the left hand, but, thank God, without any danger; but by the cutting of a large vessel, lost a great deal

<sup>1</sup> Swift to Dr. Stopford, July 20, 1726. Dr. Sican, to whom Swift had given a letter of introduction to Robert Arbuthnot, wrote on Oct.

20, 1735, that he had been kindly entertained, and that Mr. Arbuthnot had a large share of wit, good humour, sincerity and honesty.

of blood<sup>1</sup>. I have been with Mrs. Howard, who has a most intolerable pain in one side of her head<sup>2</sup>. I had a great deal of discourse with your friend, Her Royal Highness. She insisted upon your wit and good conversation. I told Her Royal Highness, that was not what I valued you for, but for being a sincere honest man, and speaking the truth, when others were afraid to speak it. I have been for near three weeks together every day at the Duchess of Marlborough's, with Mr. Congreve, who has been like to die with a fever, and the gout in his stomach; but he is now better, and like to do well. My brother was like to be cast away going to France: there was a ship lost just by him. I write this in a dull humour, but with most sincere affection, to an ungrateful man as you are, that minds every body more than me, except what concerns my interest. My dear friend, farewell.

Arbuthnot wrote to Swift again immediately after the publication of *Gulliver's Travels*. He more than once procured singers for Swift's choir, and he was himself very fond of music. The words of an anthem ('As pants the hart,' Ps. xlii. vv. 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 9) which he composed are given in a collection made by Dr. Croft—whose name, however, does not appear—which was published in 1712, with the title, 'Divine Harmony; or a new collection of sacred Anthems, used at Her Majesty's Chappels Royal.' Arbuthnot would often meet Handel at Burlington House<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> 'I hear that Dr. Arbuthnot says that Pope's pains are rheumatic, and have no relation to his wound' (Bolingbroke to Swift, Sep. 22, 1726).

<sup>2</sup> Swift wrote to Mrs. Howard: 'Dr. Arbuthnot lately mortified me with an account of a great pain in your head. I believe no head that is good for anything is long without some disorder; at least that is the best argument I had for anything that is good in my own.'

<sup>3</sup> Sir John Hawkins' *History of Music* (ed. 1853), vol. ii. pp. 806 note, 859. In Dr. Burney's *History of Music* (1789), vol. iv. p. 333, it is said

that a letter on the Italian Opera in the *London Journal* for March 23, 1728, had been ascribed to Arbuthnot; but this suggestion is not supported by internal evidence. The writer of the paper in question (who incidentally quotes from Swift) argues that the interest recently shown by the public in Italian Opera was only an affectation, or compliance with fashion; for the people were now quarrelling about two favourite singers, who both had fine voices, though very different; and because neither party could convert the other, they were willing to throw up the whole

London, Nov. 8, 1726.

I take it mighty kindly, that a man of your high post, dear Sir, was pleased to write me so long a letter. I look upon the Captain Tom<sup>1</sup> of a great nation to be a much greater man than the governor of it.

I am sorry your commission about your singer has not been executed sooner. It is not Nanny's fault, who has spoke several times to Dr. Pepusch<sup>2</sup> about it, and wrote three or four letters, and received for answer, that he would write for the young fellow; but still, nothing is done. I will endeavour to get his name and direction, and write to him myself.

Your books shall be sent as directed; they have been printed above a month, but I cannot get my subscribers' names<sup>3</sup>. I will make over all my profits to you for the property of Gulliver's Travels; which I believe, will have as great a run as John Bunyan. Gulliver is a happy man, that, at his age, can write such a merry book.

I made my Lord Archbishop's<sup>4</sup> compliments to Her Royal Highness, who returns his Grace her thanks; at the same time, Mrs. Howard read your letter to herself. The princess immediately seized on your plaid<sup>5</sup> for her own use, and has ordered the young princesses to be clad in the same. When I had the honour to see her, she was reading Gulliver, and was just come to the passage of the hobbling prince, which she laughed at. I tell you freely, the part of the projectors is the least brilliant. Lewis grumbles a little at it, and says he wants the key to it, and is daily refining. I suppose he will be able to publish like Barneveldt<sup>6</sup> in time. I gave your service

entertainment. 'I would not be thought here to speak with any prejudice or ill-will to the *Beggar's Opera*, in which I am willing to allow there is a great deal of true low humour. I only wish this performance had been produced at any other time, when it could not have been capable of doing so much disservice to an entertainment of a better sort.'

<sup>1</sup> The ringleader of a mob.

<sup>2</sup> Johann Christoph Pepusch (1667-1752) was musical director of Lincoln's Inn Field's Theatre. He arranged the airs in the *Beggar's Opera* and *Polly*.

<sup>3</sup> The reference is to the *Tables of ancient Coins, Weights, and Measures, explained and exemplified, in several Dissertations*. Gay told Swift on the 22nd of October that the book was entirely printed off; and would be very soon published.

<sup>4</sup> Probably Archbishop King, of Dublin.

<sup>5</sup> The Dean sent a present of some silk plaids from Ireland, for the Princess of Wales, and the young princesses.

<sup>6</sup> This refers to a pamphlet called '*A Key to the Lock; or, a Treatise proving beyond all Contradiction the dangerous Tendency of a late Poem,*

to Lady Harvey<sup>1</sup>. She is in a little sort of a miff about a ballad, that was wrote on her, to the tune of Molly Mog, and sent to her, in the name of a begging poet. She was bit, and wrote a letter to the begging poet, and desired him to change two double entendres; which the authors, Mr. Pulteney and Lord Chesterfield, changed to single entendres. I was against that, though I had a hand in the first. She is not displeas'd, I believe, with the ballad, but only with being bit. . . .

Gay has had a little fever, but is pretty well recovered: so is Mr. Pope. We shall meet at Lord Bolingbroke's on Thursday, in town, at dinner, and remember you. Gulliver is in every body's hands. Lord Scarborough, who is no inventor of stories, told me, that he fell in company with a master of a ship, who told him that he was very well acquainted with Gulliver; but that the printer had mistaken, that he lived in Wapping, and not at Rotherhithe. I lent the book to an old gentleman, who went immediately to his map to search for Lilliput.

We expect war here. The city of London are all crying out for it, that they shall be undone without it, there being now a total stoppage of all trade. I think one of the best courses will be, to rig out a privateer for the West Indies. Will you be concern'd? We will build her at Bermudas, and get Mr. Dean Berkeley to be our manager.

I had the honour to see Lord Oxford, who asked kindly for you, and said he would write to you. If the project goes on of printing some papers<sup>2</sup>, he has promised to give copies of some things, which I believe cannot be found elsewhere. My brother, Robert, has been very ill of a rheumatism. Wishing you all health and happiness, and not daring to write my paper on the other side, I must remain, dear Sir, your most faithful humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOTT.

Early in 1727 a quarto volume appeared, with the title *Tables of Ancient Coins, Weights, and Measures, explain'd and exemplify'd in several Dissertations*. It was an amplification of the little book Arbuthnot issued in 1705<sup>3</sup>

*intitl'd, the Rape of the Lock, to Government and Religion.* By Esdras Barneveldt, Apothecary, 1715. The piece was really by Pope.

<sup>1</sup> The beautiful Mary Lepelle.

<sup>2</sup> The *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*, published in 1727.

<sup>3</sup> The following note is among the Tonson Papers in the British Museum (Add. MS. 28275 f. 228).

Jan. 20<sup>th</sup>, 1729.

To Mr. Tonson,

My Lord Oxford desires you to give the Bearer twelve of Dr. Ar-

Prefixed to the Tables were verses to the King, by the author's son, Charles, student of Christ Church, Oxon, and in the preface Arbuthnot explained the object of the book: 'I published twenty years ago some Tables, which being out of print, it was suggested to me that if I would give the copy, with some other calculations relating to the same subject, to my son, he might make some profit of them. This interested motive I frankly own had its share in producing the present treatise.' He deprecated attacks from critics, for the book was only a compilation; 'I propose no reputation by it, and I hope I shall lose none.' But the work was of more importance than might be judged by the author's apologetic tone. It seems to have been reprinted at the close of 1728, and what was called the 'second edition' was published in 1754, with an Appendix ('second edition') containing observations on Arbuthnot's dissertations, by Benjamin Langwith, D.D. In 1756, a Latin translation by Dr. Königius was published, and it was reprinted in 1764. This volume was called *Caroli Arbuthnotii Tabulae, &c.*, the mistake arising from the presence in the original edition of the verses to the King signed by Charles Arbuthnot, and from the absence of Dr. Arbuthnot's own name from the title-page. But perhaps the most interesting publication occasioned by Arbuthnot's work was that called *Literae de Re Nummaria*; 'in opposition to the common opinion that the Denarii Romani were never larger than seven in an ounce: with some remarks on Dr. Arbuthnot's Book, and Tables.' This volume was by the Rev. William Smith<sup>1</sup>, Rector of Melsonby, and was published at Newcastle-on-Tyne in July, 1729, when the author was in his seventy-eighth year. Smith said he regretted having to enter into the lists with Arbuthnot,

Arbuthnot's Books, and pray send  
with them, one to me, Y<sup>r</sup> humble  
Serv<sup>t</sup>,

A. POPE.

<sup>1</sup> Author of the well-known *Annals of University College*, proving William of Durham the true Founder (1728).

a known friend and 'an old acquaintance and familiar collegiate for some months, or rather years, in University College, in Oxford.' In 1714, when Smith wrote a long letter about ancient coins, &c., Dr. John Bateman, to whom it was addressed, said the questions contained in it were too hard for him, but that he had seen Arbuthnot, who promised to send an answer to them. This answer, however, never came into Smith's hands; probably more pressing matters at that time caused Arbuthnot to forget the promise. Smith adds that when he heard of the *Tables* some time before Christmas, 1728, he ordered the book from Durham, but the copies were all sold. Then he heard of a second edition, and his nephew bought a copy for 30s., 'the value of it daily increasing.'

A work which was more important from the literary point of view than the *Tables* was, however, to appear in the same year. In February, 1727, Gay wrote to Swift that he and Arbuthnot, with whom he had been dining, were in high delight at information, given by Mr. Stopford, that they would probably see the Dean soon; and on the 1st of May, Pope wrote to Fortescue: 'Dr. Swift is come into England . . . Dr. Arbuthnot has led him a course through the town, with Lord Chesterfield, Mr. Pulteney, &c.' In the autumn the famous *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse* appeared, in three volumes, with a Preface signed by Swift and Pope, and dated May 27, 1727. The second volume contained Arbuthnot's *John Bull* and *Art of Political Lying*, and the third volume the *Art of Sinking in Poetry*, which, however, was probably wholly, or almost wholly, by Pope<sup>1</sup>, against whose opponents it is directed.

<sup>1</sup> Concanen, in 'A Supplement to the Profound, containing several examples, very proper to illustrate the rules laid down in a late treatise called The Art of Sinking in Poetry' (1728), assumed that Pope and Swift were the authors of the *Art of Sinking*; and another reply, 'An Essay on the Art of a Poet's Sinking

in Reputation, being a Supplement to the Art of Sinking in Poetry' (1728), was specially aimed at Pope. In the preface to the 'One Epistle to Mr. Pope' (1730), it is stated that the original idea of the *Art of Sinking* was due to Arbuthnot, who wished the names of the writers satirized not to be printed.

Horatio Walpole wrote to his brother Robert Walpole from Paris, on the 7th of August, respecting the report that Lord Chesterfield was about to be sent as ambassador to the French court: 'I can tell you for certain that Mr. Arbuthnot the Banker here, has lately received from his Brother the Doctor advice that L<sup>rd</sup> Chesterfeild spoke to the Doctor himsefe to write to him, & to tell him that he should want his assistance in settling his family here, & providing things necessary for it, because it would be very large; this the Banker has sayd as what the Doctor had wrote to him more than once<sup>1</sup>.' Lord Chesterfield's expectations were disappointed, but in the following year he was appointed ambassador to the Hague.

On the 5th of October Arbuthnot was chosen an Elect by the College of Physicians, and on the 18th he delivered the Harveian oration, which was at once printed. He dedicated '*Oratiunculam hanc*' to the President—Sir Hans Sloane—and Fellows of the College of Physicians.

Next month Arbuthnot wrote to Swift, who had returned to Dublin.

London, Nov. 30, 1727.

I have heard, dear Sir, with great pleasure, of your safe arrival; and, which is more, of the recovery of your health. I think it will be the best expedient for me to take a journey. You will know who the inclosed comes from; and, I hope, will value mine for what it contains. I think every one of your friends have heard from you, except myself. Either you

<sup>1</sup> Historical MSS. Commission, Eleventh Report, part iv. p. 333. Robert Arbuthnot was always ready to assist his friends in any way in his power. Thus Pope wrote to Caryll on May 10, 1727: 'Mr. Robert Arbuthnot, out of his friendship to me, and his own natural generosity of mind, has been kinder to her [Mrs. Cope] than anybody; nor is it in my power to make him any return, which renders me uneasy. Letters to her must be

directed to him—*Banquier à Paris* is sufficient—and he will faithfully convey to her anything you think fit in the best manner.' In accordance with his habit, he visited England in the summer of this year, 1727, for the Abbé des Fontaines, a converted Jesuit, wrote to Swift on July 4: 'M. Arbuthnot a bien voulu se charger de vous faire tenir cette lettre avec l'exemplaire que j'ai l'honneur de vous envoyer.'



have not done me justice, or they have not done you ; for I have not heard from them of my name being mentioned in any of your letters. If my curiosity wanted only to be gratified, I don't stand in need of a letter from yourself to inform me what you are doing ; for there are people about court, who can tell me every thing that you do or say ; so that you had best take care of your conduct. You see of what importance you are. However, all quarrels aside, I must ask you if you have any interest ? Or do you think that I could have, or procure any with my Lord Lieutenant<sup>1</sup>, to advance a relation of mine, one Captain Innes<sup>2</sup>, I think in Colonel Wilson's regiment, and now in Limerick ? He is an exceeding worthy man, but has stuck long in a low post, for want of friends. Pray tell me which way I shall proceed in this matter.

I was yesterday with all your friends at St. James's. There is certainly a fatality upon poor Gay. As for hope of preferment there by favour, he has laid it aside. He has made a pretty good bargain (that is, a Smithfield one) for a little place in the Custom House, which was to bring him in about an hundred a year. It was done as a favour to an old man, and not at all to Gay. When every thing was concluded, the man repented, and said, he would not part with his place. I have begged Gay not to buy an annuity upon my life ; I am sure I should not live a week. I long to hear of the safe arrival of Dr. Delany<sup>3</sup>. Pray give my humble service to him.

As for news, it was wrote from Spain, to me, from my brother in France, that the preliminaries were ratified, and yet the ministry know nothing of it. Nay, some told me, that the answer was rather surly. Lord Townshend is very ill ; but I think, by the description of his case, it is not mortal. I was with our friend at the back-stairs yesterday, and had the honour to be called in, and prettily chid for leaving off, &c. The first part of the discourse was about you, Mr. Pope, Curll, and myself. My family are well : they, and my brother in France, and one that is here, all give their service to you. If you had been so lucky as to have gone to Paris last summer, you would have had health, honour, and diversion in abundance ; for I will promise you would have recovered of the spleen. I shall add no more, but my kindest wishes, and that I am, with the greatest affection and respect, yours, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Carteret.

clever but impetuous man, wrote a

<sup>2</sup> See pedigree in the Appendix.

vindication of Swift in reply to

<sup>3</sup> Patrick Delany (1685-1768), a

Lord Orrery's 'Remarks.'

## X.

THE new year opened for Gay with the extraordinary success of the *Beggar's Opera*<sup>1</sup>. The piece was produced in January at the Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and was printed on the 14th of February, 1728<sup>2</sup>. On the following day, his benefit-night, Gay wrote to Swift, and among other items of news told him that George Arbuthnot, the Doctor's brother, had married Miss Peggy Robinson<sup>3</sup>. She appears to have been half-sister of the singer who married Lord Peterborough<sup>4</sup>, and her husband had by her one son, who lived until 1797. In February, too, Arbuthnot was one of the Stewards for the Feast of the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy. In another letter Gay told Swift that he met Arbuthnot on the 19th of March, with Mr. Lewis, at Sir William Wyndham's. Arbuthnot had the gout, or he 'would have answered your letter you sent him a year and a half ago. He said this to me a week since, but he is now pretty well again, and so may forget to write; for which reason I ought to do him justice, and tell you that I think him a sincere well-wisher of yours.'

Gay's play was soon followed by another work of great importance in literary history. The first edition of Pope's *Dunciad*, with Theobald as hero, was published in London on May 28, with the imprint, 'Dublin printed, London reprinted, 1728,' but it had been written for some time. An 'authorized' edition appeared in 1729, with Prolegomena and Illustrations by Martinus Scriblerus, besides other introductory matter, and a large body of humorous notes,

<sup>1</sup> Arbuthnot's daughter, Anne, is said to have furnished Gay with the airs for the *Beggar's Opera*, which are all Scotch. This story rests upon the testimony of Mr. Robert Arbuthnot, Secretary to the Board of Trustees, Edinburgh, who was

intimately acquainted with Anne's brother, George.

<sup>2</sup> *Monthly Chronicle*.      <sup>3</sup> See p. 104.

<sup>4</sup> Miss Anastasia Robinson, whose secret marriage with Lord Peterborough was acknowledged in the following year.

which were intended to bring ridicule upon Bentley and other critics. Many of these notes, which are signed 'Bentley' or 'Scriblerus,' are doubtless by Arbuthnot and Swift; but it is now impossible to distinguish the authorship, and therefore, though they are often very witty, none of them have been included in this volume. Indeed, if any attempt had been made in that direction it would almost have been necessary to reprint the whole of the first three books of the *Dunciad*, in order that the notes might be intelligible; and this was, apart from other reasons, undesirable because the poem is already in everyone's hands. Pope frequently revised and added to the notes in subsequent editions; and Warburton annotated the Fourth Book—the *New Dunciad*—which appeared in 1742, and had Cibber in place of Theobald for hero. In November of that year, when Pope was arranging for the first edition of the whole poem, he wrote to Warburton, 'A project has arisen in my head to make you, in some measure, the editor of this new edition of the *Dunciad*, if you have no scruple of owning some of the graver notes, which are now added to those of Dr. Arbuthnot<sup>1</sup>.' Accordingly, in the Advertisement to the complete edition of 1743, Warburton said he had long had a design of giving notes on Pope's Works. There was already a commentary on the *Dunciad*, which had met with general approbation; 'but I still thought some additions were wanting (of a more serious kind) to the humorous notes of Scriblerus, and even to those written by Mr. Cleland, Dr. Arbuthnot, and others.' Arbuthnot probably wrote the short piece, *Virgilius Restauratus*, in ridicule of Bentley, which forms an appendix to the *Dunciad*; but we cannot now say how far he was responsible for the rest of the matter that precedes and follows the poem.

The Queen had a difference with Mrs. Howard in May, 1728, as to the respective duties of a bedchamber-woman

<sup>1</sup> Nichols' *Literary Illustrations*, v. 586.

and a lady of the bedchamber, and she is said to have delighted in making Mrs. Howard perform servile duties, while addressing her as 'my good Howard.' Mrs. Howard had a pension from the King, and was assisted by Gay and Arbuthnot in the negotiations which preceded the formal separation from her husband. She now asked Arbuthnot to enquire from Lady Masham, who had been bedchamber-woman to Queen Anne, as to certain points of etiquette. In reply, Arbuthnot sent various particulars, and added that Mrs. Howard could have whatever further information could be given by Lady Masham, who was quite charmed with her<sup>1</sup>. Next month Arbuthnot was seriously ill with fever, but he was sufficiently recovered to write the following letter to Mrs. Howard on the 4th of July<sup>2</sup>. On the 28th of June, in a letter asking Swift to contribute notes to the *Dunciad*, Pope said that Arbuthnot was vexed with his fever at intervals. 'I am afraid he declines, and we shall lose a worthy man; I am troubled about him very much.'

Tunbridge Wells, July 4, 1728.

Madam,

After I had the honour to see you on the 11<sup>th</sup> June last at St. James's, I fell into a violent fever, which held me about a week, and brought me into some danger, and an extremely languishing condition. I was obliged to come to this place, as the last resource, for recovery of my health. The first week I went on prosperously, but was seized (notwithstanding my having taken the usual precautions) a second time, and confined to my room for near a week. I begin now, like a man come out of a storm, to recollect myself, and inquire about my friends; and there is none of them I am more concerned for than yourself. I remember you told me at St. James's that you were at that time very ill: the weather has been so

<sup>1</sup> *Letters to and from Henrietta, Countess of Suffolk*, 1824, vol. i. p. 291. Mrs. Martha Blount wrote to Swift on the 7th of May, 'Dr. Arbuthnot I am very angry with; he neglects me for those he thinks finer ladies.'

<sup>2</sup> *Ib.* vol. i. p. 294. At the same

time Arbuthnot wrote to Gay, who was at Bath; and on the 6th of July, Gay informed Swift that he had that day received this letter from Arbuthnot, who said he was much better, and intended to go to Bath in August.

variable ever since (just like the diseases with a hot and cold fit) that I am afraid you are not much recovered . . . I would not philosophise to every lady, Madam. By any opportunity be so obliging as to send me word by message, or any other way, how you do ; and to honour me with your commands, which will be a great obligation put upon me.

At the close of 1728, Pope was arranging for another volume of *Miscellanies*, and on the 8th of December he asked Lord Oxford (Robert Harley's son) 'to lend us John Bull, &c., for a good end, in order to put together this winter many scattered pieces of the same kind, which are too good to be lost.' From this it would appear that neither Pope nor Arbuthnot had a copy of the book. The additional volume of *Miscellanies* was not published until 1732. This will be a convenient place to say a few words respecting several pieces, afterwards included in Arbuthnot's *Miscellaneous Works*, which were first published in 1727 and 1728. Some of them—*The Devil to pay at St. James's*<sup>1</sup>, (1727), *The Congress of Bees*, (July 18, 1728<sup>2</sup>), and *The Masquerade, A Poem inscrib'd to C—t H-d-g-r*, by Samuel Gulliver (January 30, 1728<sup>2</sup>),—may be rejected with tolerable confidence ; the last-named piece, indeed, is known to be by Fielding. A Third Part of the *History of John Bull* may with almost equal certainty be pronounced spurious ; though in some places amusing, it is far inferior to the first two Parts. This pamphlet gives the history of the family of the Bulls from 1714 to 1727, but no earlier edition than that of 1744 appears to be known. Another tract, *Gulliver decypher'd: or Remarks on a late Book, intitl'd, &c., Vindicating the Reverend Dean on whom it is maliciously father'd*, was without date, but appeared about 1728, and there was a second edition, with a key. In this piece Swift, Pope, Gay and Arbuthnot are all spoken of in terms which are far from complimentary, and subjects are dwelt upon—such as the unfortunate

<sup>1</sup> See *Mist's Journal*, July 8 to 29, 1727.

<sup>2</sup> *The Monthly Chronicle*.

play of *Three Hours after Marriage*—of which neither Arbuthnot nor his friends would have spoken. It has, indeed, been suggested<sup>1</sup> that the attack on Arbuthnot and Swift was meant only to mystify, and that the pamphlet may after all, have been their joint production; but though it is true that Swift and Pope sometimes adopted such measures in order to throw dust into the eyes of the public, it seems clear that the attack on Arbuthnot and his friends in *Gulliver decypher'd* was a very real one. The last piece of which we have to speak here, *An Account of the State of Learning in the Empire of Lilliput; together with the History and Character of Bullum the Emperor's Library-Keeper* (1728), is chiefly an attack upon Bentley, and may possibly, though it is not of much value, be by Arbuthnot. It will have been noticed that most of the pamphlets just mentioned had their origin in *Gulliver's Travels*; and the compiler of the two volumes of *Miscellaneous Works* attributed to Arbuthnot appears to have been guided in his selection by the ostensible subjects of the pieces, rather than by questions of probability or of style.

Towards the end of November, 1728, Gay had a very severe attack of fever, but on the 2nd of December he told Swift that he hoped that, by the care of their friend Arbuthnot, it had almost left him. He was anxious to be able to go out, to arrange for the production of the new opera *Polly*, the sequel to the *Beggar's Opera*. But *Polly* was not allowed to be acted, and Gay's illness lasted until March, when he wrote to Swift that he had several times been given up by the physicians and everyone that attended him. He was, however, at last recovering, under the careful watchfulness of his kind hosts, the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, who had quarrelled with the Court on account of the treatment of his play, now about to be printed without being acted. 'I cannot omit telling

<sup>1</sup> *Notes and Queries*, Sixth Series, vii. 451.

you that Dr. Arbuthnot's attendance and care of me shewed him the best of friends.' Pope had written several affectionate letters to Gay in January, but could not visit him, because the dangerous illness of his own mother made it impossible for him to leave the house. Arbuthnot, however, gave him daily accounts of Gay's condition. On the 19th of March, Arbuthnot sent Swift further particulars.

London, March 19, 1728 9.

This is the second or third time, dear Sir, that I have wrote to you, without hearing a word of you, or from you ; only, in general, that you are very much out of order ; sometimes of your two old complaints, the vertigo and deafness, which I am very sorry for. The gentleman who carries this hath come better off than I did imagine : I used my little interest as far as it would go in his affair. He will be able to give you some account of your friends, many of whom have been in great distress this winter for John Gay. I may say, without vanity, his life, under God, is due to the unwearied endeavours and care of your humble servant : for a physician, who had not been passionately his friend, could not have saved him. I had, besides my personal concern for him, other motives of my care. He is now become a public person, a little Sacheverell ; and I took the same pleasure in saving him, as Radcliffe did in preserving my lord chief justice Holt's wife, whom he attended out of spite to the husband, who wished her dead.

The inoffensive John Gay is now become one of the obstructions to the peace of Europe, the terror of the ministers, the chief author of the Craftsman, and all the seditious pamphlets which have been published against the government. He has got several turned out of their places ; the greatest ornament of the court banished from it for his sake ; another great lady in danger of being *chassée* likewise ; about seven or eight duchesses pushing forward, like the ancient circumcelliones in the church, who shall suffer martyrdom upon his account first. He is the darling of the city. If he should travel about the country, he would have hecatombs of roasted oxen sacrificed to him, since he became so conspicuous. Will. Pulteney hangs his head, to see himself so much outdone in the career of glory. I hope he will get a good deal of money by printing his play ; but I really believe he would get more by shewing

his person ; and, I can assure you, this is the very identical John Gay, whom you formerly knew, and lodged with in Whitehall two years ago. I have been diverting myself with making an extract out of a history, which will be printed in the year 1948. I wish I had your assistance to go through with it ; for I can assure you, it riseth to a very solemn piece of burlesque.

As to the condition of your little club, it is not quite so desperate as you might imagine ; for Mr. Pope is as high in favour as I am afraid the rest are out of it. The King, upon the perusal of the last edition of his *Dunciad*, declared he was a very honest man. I did not know till this moment, that I had so good an opportunity to send you a letter ; and now I know it, am called away, and am obliged to end with my best wishes and respects, being most sincerely yours, &c.

Dear Sir,

London, May 8, 1729.

I have wrote three times to Mr. Dean of St. Patrick's, without receiving so much as an acknowledgement of the receipt of my letters. At the same time I hear of other letters, which his acquaintances receive from him. I believe I should hardly have brought myself to have written this, were it not to serve you, and a friend at the same time.

I recommended one Mr. Mason, son of Mason, gentleman of the Queen's Chapel, a baritone voice, for the vacancy of a singer in your cathedral. This letter was wrote from Bath last September. The same Mason informs me that there is another vacancy : therefore I renew my request. I believe you will hardly get a better : he has a pleasant mellow voice, and has sung several times in the King's Chapel this winter, to the satisfaction of the audience. I beg at least your answer to this. Your friends in town, such as I know, are well. Mr. Pope is happy again, in having his mother recovered. Mr. Gay is gone to Scotland with the Duke of Queensberry. He has about twenty lawsuits with booksellers for pirating his book. The king goes soon to Hanover. These are all the news I know. I hope you don't imagine I am so little concerned about your health, as not to desire to be informed of the state of it from yourself. I have been tolerably well this winter, I thank God. My brother Robin is here, and longs, as well as I, to know how you do. This, with my best wishes and respects, from, dear Sir, your most faithful, humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOTT.



London, June 9, 1729.

Dear Sir,

This is given you by Mr. Mason, whom I believe you will find answering the character I gave of him, which really was not partial ; for I am not so much as acquainted with his father or himself. I explained every thing to him according to the tenor of the letter which I received from you some time ago, and for which I most heartily thank you. Let him now speak for himself. I have been enquiring about a counter-tenor ; but have, as yet, no intelligence of any.

I am really sensibly touched with the account you give of Ireland. It is not quite so bad here ; but really bad enough : at the same time we are told, that we are in great plenty and happiness.

Your friends, whom you mention in yours, are well. Mr. Gay is returned from Scotland, and has recovered his strength by his journey. Mr. Pope is well ; he has got an injunction in chancery against the printers, who had pirated his *Dunciad* ; it was dissolved again, because the printer could not prove any property, nor did the author appear. That is not Mr. Gay's case ; for he has owned his book. Mr. Pulteney gives you his service. They are all better than myself ; for I am now so bad of a constant convulsion in my heart, that I am like to expire sometimes. We have no news, that I know of. I am apt to believe that in a little time this matter of the provisional treaty will be on or off. The young man waits for my letter. I shall trouble you no more at present, but remain, with my best wishes, and most sincere affection, dear Sir, your most faithful, humble servant,

J. ARBUTHNOTT.

Arbuthnot seems to have moved to Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, in 1728 or 1729. His name first appears in the Rate-books in 1729<sup>1</sup>, and the author of *Gulliver decypher'd* (supposed to have been published in 1728) says, speaking of Arbuthnot, Pope and Swift, 'A man need not be a conjurer to see into some folks, nor deal with the black art to find out who lives in Burlington Gardens, who has a Poetical Villa at Twickenham, and who snores under a canopy once a week in a certain Cathedral in his

<sup>1</sup> Cunningham's *Handbook of London*, 1850.

Majesty's dominions.' Lady Masham also lived in Cork Street, and the Duke of Queensberry was a near neighbour.

In the autumn of 1729, Arbuthnot was in much trouble; his wife was very near death early in October, and 'his two brothers buried their wives within these six weeks,' as Pope told Swift on the 9th of that month. But he added that the Doctor was 'unalterable, both in friendship and Quadrille.' Soon afterwards Swift complained of the quality of some wine that he had obtained through George Arbuthnot, and Pope replied, on the 28th of November, 'I will fully represent to our friend'—the Doctor—'and I doubt not it will touch his heart, what you so feelingly set forth as to the badness of your Burgundy, &c. He is an extreme honest man, and indeed ought to be so, considering how very indiscreet and unreserved he is; but I do not approve this part of his character, and will never join with him in any of his idlenesses in the way of wit. You know my maxim is to keep clear of all offence, as I am clear of all interest in either party,' from which it would appear that Arbuthnot was writing or thinking of writing something of a political nature. In his reply of February 26, Swift said, 'As to my Hermitage misfortune, it is a very afflicting trifle, whereof your abstemiousness is no judge; but I am very serious in telling you that I expect the Doctor will this very summer make his brother give me ample satisfaction. I suppose he is rich, else it would not be contemptible if he got the custom of several persons here, who liked my first Hermitage so well, which was sent by Robin Arbuthnot, that they resolved to send for cargoes if I succeeded in my second; and I tell you that good wine is ninety per cent. in living, in Ireland. But in you I sing to the deaf. I will refer it to our friend Gay, who has writ to me lately, and you must promise my answer.' Accordingly, Swift wrote to Gay on March 19: 'I complain to you as I did to Mr. Pope of the Doctor's

Rouen brother, who sent me 150 bottles of Hermitage, that by the time they got into my cellar cost me £27, and in less than a year all turned sour, though what I had formerly from his brother Robin was not fit to drink till two years, and grew better at seven, as a few left yet show. For this I expect satisfaction. The disappointment is five times more than the loss. But what care you for this, who have left off drinking wine, and would not now think it hard if Mr. Pope should tell us towards the bottom of a pint, "Gentlemen, I will leave you to your wine" . . . My humble service to the Doctor.' Gay replied on March 31: 'I have not seen the Doctor, and am not like to see his Rouen brother very soon, for he is gone to China. Mr. Pope told me he had acquainted the Doctor with the misfortune of the sour Hermitage. My Lord Oxford told me, he at present could match yours, and from the same person. The Doctor was touched with your disappointment, and hath promised to represent the affair to his brother, at his return from China. I assure you, for all your gibes, that I wish you heartily good wine, though I can drink none myself.' On the 18th of April, Pope wrote complainingly to Gay, 'Dr. A. for all that I know may yet remember you and me, but I never hear of it.'

Arbuthnot doubtless could not find time for correspondence, for his wife, who had been dangerously ill in the preceding October, died of a fit of apoplexy on Sunday, the 3rd of May, 1730<sup>1</sup>. Three weeks later it was stated<sup>2</sup> that Arbuthnot had been appointed physician to the Queen, in the room of Dr. Freind, who died on July 26, 1728, and that on the 21st of May he had the honour of kissing Her Majesty's hands on that occasion; but in a letter chiefly consisting of advice as to medicines, which Swift received in November, Arbuthnot says, 'How came you to take it

<sup>1</sup> *Historical Register*, 1730, Chron. Diary, p. 34. *London Journal*, and *Read's Weekly Journal*, May 9, 1730.

<sup>2</sup> *Craftsman*, and *Read's Weekly Journal*, May 23, 1730.

in your head that I was Queen's physician? When I am so you shall be a bishop or anything you have a mind to. Lady Betty Germain<sup>1</sup> complains you have not written to her since she wrote to you. I have showed as much civility to Mrs. Barber as I could, and she likewise to me.' Mrs. Barber was seeking subscribers to her poems, and had been recommended to Swift by Dr. Delany.

A libellous pamphlet, with the title *One Epistle to Mr. A. Pope, occasion'd by Two Epistles, lately published*, appeared early in May. The *Two Epistles* were by Dr. Edward Young, and the *One Epistle* was by James Moore Smyth, or Smythe, assisted, perhaps, by Welsted. Smyth, who had assumed that name in the preceding year, was the son of Arthur Moore, M.P., and was a fashionable man about town. Pope had quarrelled with him, and put him in the *Dunciad*<sup>2</sup>, and the *One Epistle* was his revenge. But Smyth attacked not only Pope, but his friends, and among them Arbuthnot, whom he called a quack, and a 'puzzling, plodding, prating, pedant Scot';

'The grating scribbler! whose untuned Essays  
Mix the Scotch Thistle with the English Bays;  
By either Phoebus preordained to ill,  
The hand prescribing, or the flattering quill,  
Who doubly plagues, and boasts two Arts to kill!'

Retribution appears to have followed within a month, for the *Grub Street Journal* for Thursday, June 11, 1730, contained the following paragraph: 'Last Friday, at the Prince William Tavern, a very modest young gentleman,

<sup>1</sup> Lady Betty Germain, of Drayton, Northamptonshire, was the second daughter of Charles, second Earl of Berkeley, and became the second wife of Sir John Germain, a great gambler, who died in 1718. Swift was once chaplain to her father.

<sup>2</sup> Book ii. v. 50. In a note it is stated that Moore borrowed of

Arbuthnot a paper called an *Historico-physical Account of the South Sea*, and of Pope the *Memoirs of a Parish Clerk*, which he kept for two years and read to various persons as his own. When asked for these papers he said they were lost; but there happening to be another copy of the latter, it came out in the *Miscellanies* of 1727.

alias Moore, alias Smith, who had been concerned in a libel against an eminent physician, had the correction of the cane bestowed upon him by a relation of that physician, which correction he received with exemplary patience and resignation.' It is said that for this and some other satirical allusions, Smyth moved the Court of King's Bench for an information against the publisher of the *Grub Street Journal*, but, after considering better of the matter, dropped the prosecution<sup>1</sup>.

Pope, in the meantime, suspected, or pretended that he suspected, that Lady Mary Wortley Montagu had had a hand in the *One Epistle*. Pope's former friendship for Lady Mary had, for some reason which cannot now be determined with certainty, been converted into bitter hostility; and in an article upon the *One Epistle* in the *Grub Street Journal*, written or inspired by Pope, he referred to 'a lady (supposed to have had some hand in this piece) who has confidently reported he was once whipped.' This relates to a story in *A Pop upon Pope* (1728), which he accused Lady Mary of writing. Among the libels in the *One Epistle* was a scandalous account of Swift's relations with Miss Vanhomrigh, and in October Arbuthnot seems to have told Lady Mary that Pope was charging her with the responsibility of this passage. The following was her reply<sup>2</sup>:

Sr,

I have this minute receiv'd y<sup>r</sup> Letter, & cannot remember I ever was so much surpris'd in my Life, the whole Contents of it being matter of astonishment. I give you sincere & hearty thanks for y<sup>r</sup> Intelligence & the obliging manner of it. I have ever valu'd you, as a Gentleman both of Sense & merit, &

<sup>1</sup> *Memoirs of Grub Street*, i. 124-138. In the number for June 25 was an advertisement offering two guineas reward to anyone who would give notice to Dr. Arbuthnot of a young man, J. M. S., who was supposed to be disordered in his head, and to

have gone away suddenly, in apprehension of falling under the hands of the physician.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Baillie's MSS.; printed in the *Letters and Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu* (1861), ii. 17-20.

will joyn w<sup>th</sup> you in any method you can contrive to prevent or punish y<sup>e</sup> authors of so horrid a villainy.

I am, w<sup>th</sup> much Esteem,

Your Humble Sert,

Oct. 17.

M. WORTLEY M.

In another letter, without date, Lady Mary said, 'I am told Pope has had the surprising impudence to assert he can bring the lampoon when he pleases to produce it, under my own hand; I desire he may be made to keep to this offer.' She had never before heard the name of the lady mentioned by Arbuthnot, and never had any acquaintance with Swift. It was all a contrivance of Pope to blast her reputation. 'I am not more sensible of his injustice than I am, Sir, of your (*sic*) candour, generosity and good sense I have found in you, which has obliged me to be with a very uncommon warmth, your real friend' Some years later Pope again attacked Lady Mary, in his *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, under the name of Sappho. On the 3rd of January, 1735. she wrote to Arbuthnot, 'I have perused the last lampoon of your ingenious friend, and am not surprised you did not find me out under the name of Sappho.' She wished that Arbuthnot could persuade Pope to turn to some more honest livelihood than libelling; and she regretted that Pope had written as he had of James Moore Smyth—who had recently died—and of Congreve. She asked Arbuthnot to show her letter to Pope. Whether he did as she requested we cannot say. He lived only a few weeks longer; but he had already satirized the practice of making personal and scandalous charges, which was so common in controversy.

In February, 1731<sup>1</sup>, Arbuthnot published *A Brief Account of Mr. John Ginglycutt's Treatise concerning the Altercation or Scolding of the Ancients*. Pulteney<sup>2</sup> told

<sup>1</sup> *The Monthly Chronicle*.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Montagu, years afterwards, said that her old friend, Lord Bath (Pulteney's title when he became a

peer), always spoke of Arbuthnot with great affection (*An Account of the Life and Writings of James Beattie*, LL.D., 1807).

Swift on the 9th of February that in consequence of the growing practice on both sides of using the language of Billingsgate in referring to political opponents, Arbuthnot had written a humorous pamphlet, 'which he showed me this morning; wherein he proves from many learned instances that this sort of altercation is ancient, elegant, and classical; and that what the world falsely imagines to be polite, is truly gothic and barbarous. He shows how the gods and goddesses used one another; dog, bitch and whore were pretty common expressions among them: kings, heroes, ambassadors and orators abused one another much in the same way: and he concludes that it is a pity this method of objurgation should be lost. His quotations from Homer, Demosthenes, Æschines and Tully are admirable, and the whole is very humorously conducted. I take it for granted he will send it you himself as soon as it is printed.' This praise is certainly much exaggerated, and many will agree rather with Pope, who told Swift<sup>1</sup>, 'The paper you ask me about is of little value. It might have been a seasonable satire upon the scandalous language and passion with which men of condition have stooped to treat one another; surely they sacrifice too much to the people when they sacrifice their own characters, families, &c., to the diversion of that rabble of readers. I agree with you in my contempt of most popularity, fame, &c.' (!)

Lord Chesterfield wrote several letters to Arbuthnot from the Hague during the early months of 1731<sup>2</sup>. The first (March 23, N. S.) was about a lady who had called Lord Chesterfield mischievous and tale-telling. 'I hope to return soon to my Ark, bearing in my mouth *Ramum felicis Olivae*, and instead of being mischievous prove myself your peace making humble servant. I expect to hear very much from you by next post.' In a second

<sup>1</sup> Gay and Pope to Swift, Dec. 1, 1730.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Baillie's MSS.

letter (April 20, N.S.), Lord Chesterfield said, 'I expect to bring you both a mind and a body that will require a good deal of your attention and skill'; and in a third (June 29, N.S.), he wrote that Lady Murray 'told me . . . that you had been melancholy, ever since you had been most shamefully beaten at cards by the superior good play of a French Spaniel lately brought over . . . I thank God I can now say with some certainty that I shall see you soon.' A week later Arbuthnot wrote to Mrs. Howard, now Countess of Suffolk, who had been appointed Mistress of the Robes by the Queen<sup>1</sup>.

London, July 6, 1731.

Madam,

I have the honour to congratulate your Ladyship on your late honour and preferment, and the obliging manner that I hear the last was conferred—I believe I may likewise add on a sufficient stock of equanimity to bear both. I came to town to meet my brother<sup>2</sup>, who is just arrived from China. He has a little present for your Ladyship, which, as he tells me, consists of some tea, a beautiful Indian pheasant, and some fine lackered thing.

I have been at Tunbridge for some time, and return again. Your Ladyship was a great subject of discourse for some days, which gave your friends very little subject of anxiety, and me a good deal of pleasure to find you had so many who had a just notion of your Ladyship's character. There are at present very few folks at Tunbridge merely for their diversion. The company consists chiefly of *bon-vivants* with decayed stomachs, green-sickness virgins, unfruitful or miscarrying wives. The way your humble servant was used was comical enough. The medicines I prescribed, when they had done good, were prescribed by the patient to others, and so on, till at last the apothecary made gallons of bitters which they took by drams

<sup>1</sup> *Suffolk Papers*, 1824, ii. 4. On the 19th of June Lady Harvey had written, 'I hear Dr. Arbuthnot is gone to Tunbridge: I wish he may not fill his belly more than his pocket; I am sure he will do so if John Dories and quadrille players are plenty this season' (Ib. i. 411).

<sup>2</sup> George Arbuthnot had just returned from China, as super-cargo of four of the East India Company's ships. He had detected some unfair practices by other servants of the Company, which made some noise at the time (*Croker*).



at the shop, and half-pecks of pills which they carried home in boxes. They filled my belly with good dinners at noon, and emptied my pockets at night at quadrille. This is all I shall trouble your Ladyship with at present, being with the utmost respect, &c.

J. ARBUTHNOTT.

## XI.

ARBUTHNOT published a popular but valuable medical work in May, 1731, under the title *An Essay concerning the Nature of Aliments, and the choice of them, according to the different constitutions of human bodies*. The book was, he said, properly speaking only an essay or attempt at a physiology of Aliment, the object being to show that the dietetic part of medicine depended, as much as any of the rest, upon scientific principles. The excuse for any defect must be ill-health, absence from books, and want of leisure afterwards to correct sufficiently. 'I can say but little of the merit of the performance, but a great deal of that of the subject; for surely the choice and measure of the materials of which the whole body is composed, and what we take daily by pounds, is at least of as much importance as of what we take seldom, and only by grains and spoonfuls.' The book could, he believed, be understood by anyone with a very small knowledge of anatomy and mechanics, who would read it with attention. 'I do not presume to instruct the gentlemen of my own profession; and if any of them shall instruct me better, I declare beforehand that I am very willing to be convinced: I will not defend any mistake, and at the same time I do not think myself obliged to answer every frivolous objection.' The volume closes with an admirable series of general inferences as to diet at different ages and for different temperaments. 'All the intentions pursued by medicines may be obtained and enforced by diet,' Arbuthnot says

elsewhere. He promised, when he had leisure, to treat the other parts of Diet, as Air, Rest and Motion, after the same manner. The second edition, published in April, 1732<sup>1</sup>, had a supplementary volume, containing 'Practical Rules of Diet in the various constitutions and diseases of human bodies.'

Gay reported Arbuthnot to be in good health and spirits in April<sup>2</sup>; but in the winter he was again afflicted. On the 1st of December Pope wrote to Swift, with reference to the Dean's verses on his own death<sup>3</sup>, 'I am happy whenever you join our names together; so would Dr. Arbuthnot be, but at this time he can be pleased with nothing, for his darling son is dying in all probability, by the melancholy account I received this morning.' Charles Arbuthnot died at his father's house in Cork Street on the following day, the 2nd of December, when he was twenty-six years of age<sup>4</sup>. He had been admitted into St. Peter's College, Westminster, in 1720, and had proceeded to Oxford in 1724. He took his B.A. degree on May 20, 1728, and the M.A. degree on June 26, 1731, less than six months before his death, and he had recently entered the church. It was with some difficulty, however, that he was able to obtain

<sup>1</sup> *London Magazine*.

<sup>2</sup> Gay to Swift, April 27, 1731.

<sup>3</sup> 'I have no title to aspire;

Yet, when you sink, I seem the  
higher.

In Pope I cannot read a line,  
But with a sigh I wish it  
mine.

Arbuthnot is no more my  
friend,

Who dares to irony pretend;  
Which I was born to introduce,  
Refined it first, and shewed its  
use.

Here shift the scene, to repre-  
sent

How those I love my death  
lament.

Poor Pope will grieve a month,  
and Gay

A week, and Arbuthnot a day.'

(*Verses on the Death of Doctor Swift*, 1739.) These lines do not occur in the pirated edition published in 1733, under the title of *The Life and genuine Character of Doctor Swift*.

<sup>4</sup> *Gentleman's Magazine*, 540; *Political State*, xlii. 655; *Hist. Register*, Chron. Diary, 54 ('A gentleman of excellent accomplishments'); Welch's *Alumni Westmonasterienses*; Foster's *Alumni Oxonienses*. Hearne, in his MS. Diary (vol. cxviii. p. 136), under the date Feb. 28, 1727-8, said, 'Dr. Arbuthnot, the Physician (who hath wrote about ancient Weights, Coins, &c.), is a true Scot, and so is his son of X<sup>t</sup> Church.'

his degree, or take orders, owing to a duel which he had had over a love affair with a Mr. Ferrabee<sup>1</sup>, of his own college—Christ Church, Oxford. Ferrabee seems to have been the aggressor, but Charles Arbuthnot was wounded and was for long in a dangerous condition. Perhaps he never entirely recovered from the effects of the injury he sustained. In 1734, in answering, in the *Essay on Man* (Fourth Epistle), a supposed objection that the good alone are made unhappy by misfortune, Pope said,

‘Tell me, if virtue made the son expire,  
Why, full of days and honours, lives the sire?’

But the manuscript has

‘Not virtue snatched Arbuthnot’s hopeful bloom,  
And sent thee, Craggs, untimely to the tomb.’

Arbuthnot never really recovered from the shock occasioned by the death of his youngest son.

Colonel Francis Chartres, ‘a man infamous for all manner of vices,’ died in Scotland in 1731, at the age of 62, and his funeral was the occasion of a popular riot. He had been twice drummed out of the army for cheating, and afterwards, by gambling, usury, and pandering to all the vices of mankind, he gathered together a great fortune. He had been twice found guilty of rape, but had been pardoned. Such was the man upon whom Arbuthnot wrote the following scathing lines, which were published as an epitaph on Don Francisco in 1732.

Here lieth the body of Colonel  
/ DON FRANCISCO;  
Who, with an indefatigable constancy,  
And inimitable uniformity of life,  
Persisted,  
In spite of age and infirmities,  
In the practice of every human vice,  
Excepting prodigality and hypocrisy:

<sup>1</sup> Michael Ferrabee, who was to Oxford from Westminster in afterwards ordained, was elected 1722.

His insatiable avarice exempting him from the first,  
 His matchless impudence from the second.  
 Nor was he more singular in the undeviating pravity  
 Of his manners, than successful  
 In accumulating wealth :  
 For, without trade or profession,  
 Without trust of public money,  
 And without bribe-worthy service,  
 He acquired, or more properly created  
 A ministerial estate.  
 He was the only person of his time  
 Who could cheat without the mask of honesty,  
 Retain his primeval meanness when possessed of  
 Ten Thousand a year :  
 And having deserved the gibbet for what he did,  
 Was at last condemned to it for what he could not do.  
 Oh indignant reader !  
 Think not his life useless to mankind ;  
 Providence connived at<sup>1</sup> his execrable designs,  
 To give to after-ages a conspicuous  
 Proof and example  
 Of how small estimation is exorbitant wealth  
 In the sight of God, by his bestowing it on  
 The most unworthy of all mortals<sup>2</sup>.

In response to several petitions, a committee of the House of Commons had for some time been considering the actions of the directors of the Charitable Corporation, a body which had been established for the relief of the industrious poor by aiding them with small sums of money at reasonable rates of interest. It was said that the Corporation had in reality lent large sums at exorbitant rates

<sup>1</sup> 'His epitaph upon Chartres (allowing one small alteration, the word *permitted*, instead of *connived at*) is a complete and a masterly composition in its kind' (Lord Orrery's *Remarks on the Life and Writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift*).

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Pope, *Moral Essays*, iii. 15-20 ('Of the Use of Riches'), written a year later :

'Like doctors thus, when much

dispute has passed,  
 We find our tenets just the same  
 at last :  
 Both fairly owning riches, in effect,  
 No grace of Heaven, or token of  
 the elect ;  
 Given to the fool, the mad, the  
 vain, the evil,  
 To Ward, to Waters, Chartres,  
 and the devil.'

to dishonest persons, upon goods taken on credit, and that these persons, after pledging the goods for ready money, sometimes absconded. As the enquiry proceeded, George Robinson, M.P., the cashier, and Thompson, the warehouse-keeper, disappeared, and Sir Robert Sutton, M.P., who, among others, was found guilty of fraudulent practices, was expelled the House. Sir Robert Sutton then produced a letter he had received from Robert Arbuthnot, at Paris, (sent under cover to Dr. Arbuthnot) in which was enclosed a letter from Belloni, a banker at Rome, stating that Belloni had procured the arrest of Thompson, late warehouse-keeper to the Charitable Corporation, who was alleged to have embezzled the pledges in his custody for the use of the Pretender. 'My intentions,' said Robert Arbuthnot, 'are the service of my country and the relief of the sufferers.' Belloni had been his correspondent in Rome for thirty years, and the express he had sent with the papers cost Arbuthnot 2000 livres. It appears that Belloni's action was taken in response to an application from Sir Robert Sutton, transmitted through Dr. Arbuthnot and his brother. Sutton was anxious to clear himself from suspicion of being connected with Thompson, and Belloni, who was the Pretender's agent at Rome, was doubtless glad of the opportunity of representing that his master was indignant at anyone robbing the English people, even in his interest. The arrangements Belloni made with Thompson naturally excited suspicion; for it was settled that Thompson's papers, and orders for delivering up his other effects, were to remain in the hands of Robert Arbuthnot, who was a Jacobite, and served as an agent to the Pretender in Paris, until the House of Commons or the Charitable Corporation acceded to Thompson's proposals. A conference of both Houses was held, and it was unanimously agreed that Belloni's letter was an insolent libel, attempting to impose upon the British nation; that nothing was known as to the contents or value of the

papers referred to, while no offer was made to surrender Thompson; that the conditions demanded on Thompson's behalf were delusive and uncertain, tending to secure indemnity to himself and his accomplices; and that the whole transaction seemed to be a scandalous artifice. It was therefore ordered that the letter should be burnt by the common hangman.

The Duke of Newcastle told Lord Waldegrave, at Paris, to use his endeavours to get Robert Arbuthnot to give up, for the use of the poor sufferers, papers which contained large discoveries of the effects belonging to the Charitable Corporation; this he ought to do, because he had been entrusted with them as the agent of these people, and nothing could justify him in detaining them. 'The Doctor, his brother, writes to him to this purpose, which, it is to be hoped, will have some effect.' But if necessary the French Government was to be applied to for an order to seize the papers. On the 11th of June, Robert Arbuthnot wrote to Lord Waldegrave, 'Your Lordship knows with what zeal and vigour my son and I acted, by your Lordship's directions, to get Thompson arrested in France.' On the 16th, Lord Waldegrave told the Duke of Newcastle that Arbuthnot had gone to Bourbon to drink the waters, but he had explained matters to Arbuthnot's son, John, who promised to write to his father. Robert Arbuthnot at once agreed to give up the papers, and Lord Waldegrave obtained them from the son, through Dr. Arbuthnot, and gave a receipt<sup>1</sup>.

The whole question of these frauds is very involved, but there can be little doubt that Robert Arbuthnot—some of whose letters were unsigned and not in his own handwriting<sup>2</sup>—was working in connection with Belloni in the

<sup>1</sup> Additional MSS. 32777, ff. 59, 86, 88, 90, 96, 139, 141, 274 (Brit. Mus.). A letter to Dr. Arbuthnot from his brother Robert is given in the Journals of the House of Com-

mons, xxi. 930-2.

<sup>2</sup> Was this—it was naturally argued at the time—in order to avoid providing evidence against himself? For 'he is a subject of

interests of the Pretender. We trust that the Doctor, in the correspondence which he had with his brother Robert, was not a conscious party to their schemes; but there is too much doubt surrounding the matter to enable us to say positively, with the writer of the article in the *Biographia Britannica* (1766), that 'the Doctor contributed his mite towards detecting and punishing the scandalous frauds and abuses.' We may, however, be certain, from what we know of their characters, that neither Arbuthnot nor his brother had anything to do with the fraudulent practices which in the first instance gave Belloni an opportunity for scheming.

Gay came to town in November 1732, and on the 16th wrote urging Swift to join his old friends at the New Year. 'If my present project succeeds, you may expect a better account of my own fortune a little while after the holidays; but I promise myself nothing, for I am determined that neither anyone else nor myself shall disappoint me.' On the 4th of the following month Gay died, after an illness of only three days. Pope sent Swift a heart-broken letter on the 5th, with a message from Arbuthnot, 'whose humanity you know.' Arbuthnot himself added the following postscript.

I am sorry that the renewal of our correspondence should be upon such a melancholy occasion. Poor Mr. Gay died of an inflammation, and I believe at last a mortification, of the bowels; it was the most precipitate case I ever knew, having cut him off in three days. He was attended by two physicians besides myself. I believed the distemper mortal from the beginning. I have not had the pleasure of a line from you these two years; I wrote one about your health, to which I had no answer. I wish you all health and happiness, being with great affection and respect, &c.

Gay's death was immediately followed by the serious

Great Britain, a native of Scotland, married a widow in Suffolk, with £600 a year, and usually visits England once a year' (*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1732, p. 784; *London Magazine*, 1732, pp. 116-8). In 1736

the Jacobites are said to have used 'Mr. Arbuthnot' as a secret name for George II (Hist. MSS. Commission, Tenth Report—MSS. of C. F. W. Underwood, Esq., p. 457).

illness of Martha Blount, partly occasioned by the shock. Pope wrote to Caryll, her god-father, on the 14th of December, 'Dr. Arbuthnot, who attended the one, was constantly with the other, and has had better success with her.' He went on to complain, probably with great exaggeration, that during her illness her family were continually having the house cleaned, and furniture moved from place to place, in spite of the doctor's orders that the patient needed warmth and quiet. 'This I saw and heard, and so did Dr. Arbuthnot, who very humorously asked, as he went up and down their stairs, why they did not sell and make money of their sashes, and leave the windows quite open.'

Arbuthnot sent Swift a long letter on the 13th of January, but there is an absence of the natural cheerfulness which marked his earlier correspondence.

London, January 13, 1733.

My dear Friend,

I had the pleasure of receiving one from you by Mr. Pilkington<sup>1</sup>. I thank you for the opportunity it gave me of being acquainted with a very agreeable, ingenious man. I value him very much for his music, which you give yourself an air of contemning: and I think I treated him in that way to a degree of surprise.

I have had but a melancholy, sorrowful life for some time past, having lost my dear child, whose life, if it had so pleased God, I would have willingly redeemed with my own. I thank God for a new lesson of submission to his will, and likewise for what he has left me.

We have all had another loss, of our worthy and dear friend Mr. Gay. It was some alleviation of my grief to see him so universally lamented by almost everybody, even by those who knew him only by reputation. He was interred at Westminster Abbey, as if he had been a peer of the realm; and the good Duke of Queensberry, who lamented him as a brother, will set up a handsome monument upon him. These are little affronts

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. Matthew Pilkington, a young clergyman in Dublin, was, at Swift's recommendation, appointed chaplain to Alderman Barber, who was elected Lord Mayor of London on October 30th, 1732.



put upon vice and injustice, and is all that remains in our power. I believe the 'Beggar's Opera,' and what he had to come upon the stage<sup>1</sup>, will make the sum of the diversions of the town for some time to come. Curll (who is one of the new terrors of death<sup>2</sup>) has been writing letters to everybody for memoirs of his life. I was for sending him some, particularly an account of his disgrace at court, which I am sure might have been made entertaining, by which I should have attained two ends at once, published truth, and got a rascal whipped for it. I was overruled in this. I wish you had been here, though I think you are in a better country. I fancy to myself that you have some virtue and honour left, some small regard for religion. Perhaps Christianity may last with you at least twenty or thirty years longer. You have no companies or stock-jobbing, are yet free of excises<sup>3</sup>; you are not insulted in your poverty, and told with a sneer that you are a rich and a thriving nation. Every man that takes neither place nor pension is not deemed with you a rogue and an enemy to his country.

Your friends of my acquaintance are in tolerable good health. Mr. Pope has his usual complaints of headache and indigestion, I think more than formerly<sup>4</sup>. He really leads sometimes a very irregular life, that is, lives with people of superior health and strength. You will see some new things of his, equal to any of his former productions. He has affixed to the new edition of his 'Dunciad' a royal proclamation against the haberdashers of points and particles assuming the title of critics and restorers, wherein he declares that he has revised carefully this his 'Dunciad,' beginning and ending so and so, consisting of so many lines, and declares this edition to be the true reading: and it is signed by John Barber, *major civitatis Londini*.

I remember you with your friends, who are my neighbours; they all long to see you. As for news, there is nothing here talked of but the new scheme of excise. You may remember that a ministry in the Queen's time, possessed of her Majesty, the parliament, army, fleet, treasury, confederates, &c., put all to the test by an experiment of a silly project in the trial of a

<sup>1</sup> The opera of *Achilles*.

<sup>2</sup> This appears to be the source of the saying that Curll's biographies had added a new terror to death.

<sup>3</sup> Walpole's Excise bill was at

this time being eagerly debated.

<sup>4</sup> In the following month, Pope was ill with fever for a week, but 'recovered by gentle sweats and the care of Dr. Arbuthnot' (Pope to Swift, Feb. 16, 1733).

poor parson<sup>1</sup>. The same game, in my mind, is playing over again, from a wantonness of power. *Miraberis quam pauca sapientia mundus regitur.*

I have considered the grievance of your wine; the friend that designed you good wine was abused by an agent that he intrusted this affair to. It was not this gentleman's brother, whose name is De la Mar<sup>2</sup>, to whom show what friendship you can. My brother<sup>3</sup> is getting money now in China, less and more honestly than his predecessor's supercargoes; but enough to make you satisfaction, which, if he comes home alive, he shall do.

My neighbour the proseman<sup>4</sup> is wiser and more cowardly and despairing than ever. He talks me into a fit of vapours twice or thrice a week. I dream at night of a chain and rowing in the galleys. But, thank God, he has not taken from me the freedom I have been accustomed to in my discourse (even with the greatest persons to whom I have access), in defending the cause of liberty, virtue, and religion; for the last I have the satisfaction of suffering some share of the ignominy that belonged to the first confessors. This has been my lot, from a steady resolution I have taken of giving these ignorant impudent fellows battle upon all occasions. My family send you their best wishes and a happy New Year; and none can do it more heartily than myself, who am, with the most sincere respect, your most faithful humble servant.

Another useful and interesting medical work, published by Arbuthnot in July 1733<sup>5</sup>, was called *An Essay concerning the Effects of Air on Human Bodies*. The physiology of the effects of air had not, he said, been sufficiently considered; 'though abstinence from air is not, the sort of air which they use is in the power of a great many people.' Towards the end of the volume Arbuthnot discussed two recent remarkable instances of the influence of the air in producing epidemical disease;

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Sacheverell.

<sup>2</sup> Robert Arbuthnot sent a letter of introduction to Swift by Mr. De La Mar on the 2nd of January. 'His brother, now dead, has been with you in Ireland, and this gentleman deserves from me all

the kindness my friends can show him.'

<sup>3</sup> George Arbuthnot.

<sup>4</sup> Lord Bathurst called Lewis his proseman, and Prior his verseman.

<sup>5</sup> *London Magazine*.

the first was in 1728, and the second in the latter end of 1732 and the beginning of 1733<sup>1</sup>. Arbuthnot has no claim to two pamphlets which were published in 1733, and were afterwards included in his *Miscellaneous Works*. One of these, *Harmony in an Uproar*: 'A Letter to F—d—k H—d—l, Esq., M—r of the O—a H—e in the Haymarket, from Hurlothrumbo Johnson, Esq.' (i. e. Samuel Johnson, a dancing master), is dated Feb. 21, 1733; the other, *The Freeholder's Political Catechism*, is attributed to Bolingbroke.

The last piece that we can with certainty<sup>2</sup> attribute to Arbuthnot was published anonymously as a quarto pamphlet in 1734, with the title ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕ'ΑΥΤΟΝ, *Know Yourself: A Poem*. Prefixed was an Advertisement stating that the poem had been written several years, and that as it might do good to some, and could not hurt the reputation of the author, though he should be known, he had given it to his bookseller to publish.

<sup>1</sup> Among the Newcastle Papers in the British Museum are three letters (Add. MSS. 33064, ff. 447, 471, 475) written, apparently to the Duchess of Newcastle, between July and October, 1733. They describe the serious illness of a Duchess whom Arbuthnot was attending, but it is not clear who the lady was. Perhaps she was Lady Diana Spencer, who married Lord John Russell in 1731, and became Duchess of Bedford in the following year. She had a son in 1735, but he died in infancy. This suggestion is strengthened by the fact that the Duchess of Marlborough wrote, in September 1731, about the approaching marriage of this lady—her grand-daughter—to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; and a Lady Mary is mentioned in two of these letters of Arbuthnot. But Arbuthnot's patient may have been the second wife of the Duke of Kingston (Lady Isabella Bentinck), Lady Mary Wortley Montagu being the

Duke's daughter by his first wife.

<sup>2</sup> An autograph copy, differing considerably from the published version, is in the British Museum, Add. MSS. 22625, f. 31.—A pamphlet, *Critical Remarks on Capt. Gulliver's Travels*. By Doctor Bentley, published from the author's original MSS., dated Cambridge, Jan. 26, 1734-5, and printed, according to the title-page, in that town, was included in Arbuthnot's *Miscellaneous Works*, and may possibly be by him, though it is not probable that it was really written only a month before his death. The object of the piece is, of course, to throw ridicule upon Bentley, and the writer's chief aim is to show, by a great parade of learning, that such a nation as Swift's Houyhnhnms was well known to the ancients. Commentators, the writer says, should 'be at least as studious to show their own learning as to illustrate their author.'

It contained some thoughts of Pascal, which would not make it less acceptable. In these earnest lines Arbuthnot discussed the question of man's origin, purpose, and destination.

‘Offspring of God, no less thy pedigree,  
What thou once wert, art now, and still may be,  
Thy God alone can tell, alone decree.’

Happiness is to be found, not on earth, but in seeking God. But heaven is not to be attained by vain philosophy;

‘Let humble thoughts thy wary footsteps guide,  
Regain by meekness what you lost by pride.’

## XII.

ARBUTHNOT'S bad state of health is noticed in the following letter from Bolingbroke<sup>1</sup>, the first that we have for the year 1734:—

Dawley Farm, July y<sup>e</sup> 12<sup>th</sup>, 1734.

Dear Sr

It is very true y<sup>t</sup> M. de Chavigny wrote about y<sup>r</sup> Brothers affair as soon as I apprised him of it, and y<sup>t</sup> was y<sup>e</sup> very first time I saw him after y<sup>r</sup> Brother had spoke to me. My wife is now on y<sup>e</sup> spot, informed of y<sup>e</sup> business, and zealous to do all y<sup>e</sup> service she can in it. On Sunday I shall see M. de Chavigny again, and then I will desire him to let me have a letter to send to y<sup>r</sup> Brother, which he may himself present to y<sup>e</sup> Keeper of y<sup>e</sup> Seals. I will mention y<sup>e</sup> affair likewise in my next letter to my wife, tho' I know y<sup>t</sup> she wants no spur upon this occasion. If anything else occurs which I can do let me know it, for I am sincerely y<sup>r</sup> friend and y<sup>r</sup> Brothers, and will never neglect any opportunity of serving you as such. The bad state of y<sup>r</sup> health I lament with all my heart. God restore it, if in y<sup>e</sup> order of his providence y<sup>t</sup> may be. I make you no compliment, I speak as I think; every man of virtue and sense like you, who goes off y<sup>e</sup> stage att this time, is an irreparable loss to our unhappy country, so that a publick consideration joyns itself to all y<sup>e</sup> motives of private friendship in y<sup>e</sup> wishes I form for

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Baillie's MSS.

your preservation. I am Dear S<sup>r</sup>, with true esteem, and a most cordial friendship, y<sup>r</sup> obedient and most humble servant

BOLINGBROKE.

The next letter, from Pope, refers in a similar strain to the illness of Arbuthnot, who had moved to Hampstead for the sake of the air<sup>1</sup>.

Cirencester, July y<sup>e</sup> 15<sup>th</sup>, [1734].

Dear Sir,

The day after I saw you I left the town, & was truly concerned to see you so much out of order. As my journies were long & continued<sup>2</sup>, I bade my Servant send me an account of y<sup>e</sup> state of y<sup>r</sup> health from time to time; for which it is impossible but I must have all the Concern, which many years' Friendship for you, grounded on a long Experience of yours for me, must imprint in any grateful or sensible mind. But finding their accounts but uncertain, I was very uneasy; till Mrs. P. Blount, who never neglects a friend, ill, or absent, took the care of enquiring at y<sup>r</sup> house very punctually ab<sup>t</sup> you, on her own acct, and also writ me word what she learn'd of you. I am very much troubled to find, you are so little recover'd as to be kept out of Town for some time; I hope it will at least be to y<sup>r</sup> advantage; and tho I know you are as fit to Dye as any man, I think no man fitter to Live for that very reason, or more wanted by those who are in this world, both as a comfort, and as an example, to them. I am glad that your Family are with you; and I do sincerely wish you had with you every thing & every Person else, that could be a Consolation to y<sup>u</sup>. I w<sup>d</sup> fain flatter myself, you enjoy more than I fear you do; if I c<sup>d</sup> any way contribute to your Ease or Amusement, I w<sup>d</sup> hasten my Return: but my Engagement to L<sup>d</sup> Peterborow yet stands good, to pass some weeks at Southampton, where he expects me at y<sup>e</sup> end of y<sup>s</sup> month. L<sup>d</sup> Bathurst (with whom I now am) sends y<sup>u</sup> his Services & best wishes: if you care for any Venison, he will send y<sup>u</sup> some whenever you please to order it at any place in Town; It can come twice a week in one day from this place thither. If it be not much trouble to y<sup>u</sup>, pray dear Sir write me a Line: if it be, let your daughter do it, just to acquaint me in w<sup>t</sup> State

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Baillie's MSS.

Lord Bolingbroke's; and was going on to Lord Peterborough's.

<sup>2</sup> Pope had been at Lord Cobham's, Mr. Dormer's, Chiswick, and

you are. God preserve you! if easy to y<sup>r</sup> Self Long to us! to no man more, than to, D<sup>r</sup> Sir

Y<sup>r</sup> faithful Friend,

A. POPE.

The following is Arbuthnot's reply, as printed by Pope:—

Hampstead, July 17, 1734.

I little doubt of your kind concern for me, nor of that of the lady you mention. I have nothing to repay my friends with at present but prayers and good wishes. I have the satisfaction to find that I am as officiously served by my friends as he that has thousands to leave in legacies; besides the assurance of their sincerity. God Almighty has made my bodily distress as easy as a thing of that nature can be. I have found some relief, at least some times, from the air of this place. My nights are bad, but many poor creatures have worse.

As for you, my good friend, I think, since our first acquaintance, there have not been any<sup>1</sup> of those little suspicions or jealousies that often affect the sincerest friendships; I am sure, not on my side. I must be so sincere as to own that though I could not help valuing you for those talents which the world prizes, yet they were not the foundation of my friendship; they were quite of another sort; nor shall I at present offend you by enumerating them: And I make it my last request, that you will continue that noble disdain and abhorrence of vice which you seem naturally endued with, but still with a due regard to your own safety; and study more to reform than chastise, though the one cannot be effected without the other.

Lord Bathurst I have always honoured for every good quality that a person of his rank ought to have<sup>2</sup>: Pray, give my respects and kindest wishes to the family. My venison stomach is gone, but I have those about me, and often with me, who will be very glad of his present. If it is left at my house it will be transmitted safe to me.

A recovery in my case, and at my age, is impossible; the kindest wish of my friends is Euthanasia. Living or dying I shall always be Yours, &c.

The reply to this letter, printed in Pope's Works, is dated July 26, but it is melancholy to have to record that

<sup>1</sup> Arbuthnot really wrote 'scarcely any.' See below.      there were some glaring defects in Lord Bathurst's character.

<sup>2</sup> Others would have said that

with that love of deceit and vanity which characterised him, Pope could not resist the temptation, even when dealing with these last letters to and from a dear friend, to alter them in order that they might reflect greater credit upon himself. Pope's answer to Arbuthnot was in reality written on the 2nd of August, and it differs almost entirely from the printed version. And what is worse, it is evident, from the quotations which Pope makes from his friend's letter, that he altered Arbuthnot's letter as well as his own before publication. The following was what Pope actually wrote<sup>1</sup>:—

Southampton, Aug. 2, (1734).

Dear Sir,

I was rejoiced to see your letter, and I hope it is no trouble to you to write. I would fain hope you grow better, that life may be at least supportable, though not quite healthy or happy. It is but justice that a man, who never delighted to give pain to others, should be compassionated when he feels any himself: and I daresay you have many friends who truly share with you as I do. I can most sincerely say, in a friendship of twenty years I have found no one reason of complaint from you, and hope I have given you as little, abating common human failings. I am almost displeas'd at your expression, '*Scarcely* any of those suspicions or jealousies which affect the truest friendships<sup>2</sup>,' for I know of not one on my part<sup>3</sup>. I thank

<sup>1</sup> This letter was printed in Elwin and Courthope's 'Pope,' from a transcript made by the late Mr. Croker from the MS. then in Mr. Baillie's possession, but which cannot now be found among that gentleman's papers.

<sup>2</sup> As we have seen, Pope omitted the word '*scarcely*,' which displeas'd him, when he printed Arbuthnot's letter.

<sup>3</sup> Pope's printed letter commences thus: 'I thank you for your letter, which has all those genuine marks of a good mind by which I have ever distinguished yours, and for which I have so long loved you. Our friendship has been constant,

because it was grounded on good principles, and therefore not only uninterrupted by any distrust, but by any vanity, much less any interest.' The rest of the long letter consists of an account of his disdain and indignation against vice,—'I thank God, the only disdain and indignation I have,'—and of his fear that it was impossible to reform without chastising, and making examples. Then follow remarks upon the danger to his own safety incurred by his attacks on bad men; 'I will consult my safety so far as I think becomes a prudent man; but not so far as to omit anything which I think

you, dear Sir, for making that your request to me, which I make my pride, nay my duty ;—‘that I should continue my disdain and abhorrence of vice, and manifest it still in my writings<sup>1</sup>.’ I would indeed do it with more restrictions, and less personally ; it is more agreeable to my nature, which those who know it not are greatly mistaken in. But general satire in times of general vice has no force and is no punishment : people have ceased to be ashamed of it when so many are joined with them ; and it is only by hunting one or two from the herd that any examples can be made. If a man writ all his life against the collective body of the banditti, or against lawyers, would it do the least good, or lessen the body ? But if some are hung up, or pilloried, it may prevent others. And in my low station, with no other power than this, I hope to deter, if not to reform.

I left Lord Bathurst a week ago ; I hope he has remembered the venison, as he promised me at parting. My present landlord gave me any account of your condition, which he is really concerned at, as he is really a man of humanity and, like all men of true courage, beneficent. He has often wished you in this air, which is excellent, and our way of life quite easy, and at liberty. I write this from the most beautiful toy of a hill I ever saw<sup>2</sup>, a little house that overlooks the sea, Southampton, and the Isle of Wight ; where I study, write, and have what leisure I please. Pray, if it be not too uneasy to you, write to me now and then, or let some of your family acquaint me how you are. Is your brother with you ? If he is, let me be kindly remembered to him, and to your son and daughters. I wish them sincerely well, and, what is the best wish I can form for them, I wish them the longer life of so good a father.

The poem referred to in the next letters<sup>3</sup> is the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, now generally known as *The Prologue to*

becomes an honest one.’ After allusions to Horace, Virgil, Boileau, Lucan, Juvenal, and others, he proceeds, ‘I would not have said so much, but to show you my whole heart on this subject,’ and hopes that his friend may live to approve his future actions. ‘But if it be the will of God (which, I know, will also be yours) that we must separate, I hope it will be better for you than it can be for

me. You are fitter to live, or to die, than any man I know. Adieu, my dear friend, and may God preserve your life easy, or make your death happy.’

<sup>1</sup> For these last words Pope substituted, in printing Arbuthnot’s letter, ‘which you seem naturally ended with.’

<sup>2</sup> Bevis Mount, Lord Peterborough’s residence.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Baillie’s MSS.



*the Satires*. It was published in January, 1735, with the date 1734 on the title-page, and is in the form of a dialogue between Pope and his friend, though very few words are put into Arbuthnot's mouth<sup>1</sup>. The defence of satire in this poem is upon the lines laid down in the fabricated letter to Arbuthnot of July 26. The *Epistle* is one of the most interesting of the author's works, and contains many of his best-known lines; Arbuthnot would therefore doubtless be pleased that it should be addressed to him in his last illness. There are, too, several affectionate personal allusions, as

'Friend of my life! (which did not you prolong,  
The world had wanted many an idle song)  
What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?'

Or,

'The muse but served to ease some friend, not wife,  
To help me through this long disease, my life,  
To second, Arbuthnot, thy art and care,  
And teach the being you preserved to bear.'

And at the close, after loving reference to his parents,

'On cares like these if length of days attend,  
May heaven, to bless those days, preserve my friend;  
Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,  
And just as rich as when he served a Queen<sup>2</sup>.  
A-Whether that blessing be denied or given,  
Thus far was right, the rest belongs to heaven<sup>3</sup>.'

Southampton, Aug. 25, 1734.

Dear Sir,

I am dissatisfied in hearing nothing further concerning your state of health, since my letter to Miss Arbuthnot. I am bending homewards, though it will be a fortnight first, but wish in the meantime to have just a line from you. Mr Peterborow's will be still the best directions, for he & I are to make some Excursions into Hamshire, but still our Letters

<sup>1</sup> Arbuthnot is made, in accordance with his letter to Pope, to urge prudence:

'No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:

I too could write, and I am twice as tall;

But foes like these—.'

<sup>2</sup> See Arbuthnot's letter to Swift, Aug. 12, 1714.

<sup>3</sup> In the original edition these last two lines were given to Pope, and not to Arbuthnot.

will be sent after us. I am sorry to hear from Mrs. Robinson of y<sup>e</sup> danger of the little Boy<sup>1</sup>, but I hope 'tis over. You have no need to be afflicted by other Illnesses than y<sup>r</sup> own. I have nothing to say more but that no Friend you have more warmly wishes your Recovery, or your Ease, than I do. I took very kindly y<sup>r</sup> Advice, concerning avoiding Ill-will from writing Satyr, and it has worked so much upon me (considering the *time & state* you gave it in) that I determine to address to you one of my Epistles, written by piecemeal many years, & w<sup>ch</sup> I have now made haste to put together; wherein the Question is stated, what were, & are my Motives of writing, the objections to them, & my answers. It pleases me much to take this occasion of testifying (to y<sup>e</sup> public at least, if not to Posterity) my Obligation & Friendship for, & from, you, for so many years; that is all that's in it; for Compliments are fulsome & go for nothing.

I hope in God to find you better much than I left you. For my own part I am rather better, and while I live, believe me, shall always esteem & love you. Dear Sir, adieu.

Your truly affectionate Friend & Ser<sup>t</sup>

A. POPE.

Lord Peterborow & the Lady send y<sup>u</sup> their services. We drink y<sup>r</sup> health daily.

Sept. 3, (1734).

D<sup>r</sup> Sir,

Your Letter is a great Consolation to me in bringing me y<sup>e</sup> account of y<sup>e</sup> more Tolerable State of y<sup>r</sup> health. It is Ease I wish for you, more than Life; and yet knowing how good an use you will make of Life, I cannot but wish you that as long as it can be but as supportable to you, as it will be desirable to others, & to me in particular. I have little to say to you; we have here little news or Company, and I am glad of it because it has given me time to finish the Poem I told you of, which I hope may be y<sup>e</sup> best Memorial I can leave, both of my Friendship to you, & of my own character being such as you need not be ashamed of that Friendship. The Apology is a bold one, but True: and it is Truth and a clear Conscience that I think will set me above all my Enemies, and make no Honest man repent of having been my Friend.

I hope to see you in 9 or 10 days: pray send a line to

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps John, nephew of Miss Robinson and Dr. Arbuthnot.

Twitnam to inform me whether I shall come to you at Hampsted or London? My hearty Services to y<sup>r</sup> family. The Lord and Lady of this place are much yours. As you find benefit by riding, should you care to dine or lye at Dawley<sup>1</sup>, or at my house? Do whatever is most easy to you, and believe me with all truth, Dear Sir, Yours faithfully

A. POPE.

I dine this day at Mr. Conduit's<sup>2</sup>, & will give them y<sup>r</sup> Services. I hear he is much recovered.

A few days later Pope wrote to Martha Blount, 'I saw Dr. Arbuthnot, who was very cheerful. I passed a whole day with him at Hampstead; he is at the Long Room half the morning, and has parties at cards every night. Mrs. Lepelle<sup>3</sup> and Mrs. Saggione the singer, and his son and his two daughters are all with him. He told me he had given the best directions he could to yourself, and to Lady Suffolk separately; that she ought to bleed, and you not.' Cheerful, however, as he seemed, and able to think of the amusements or needs of others, Arbuthnot knew that he was dying; and at the beginning of the following month he sent the following touching letter to Swift:—

Hampstead, October 4, 1734.

My dear and worthy Friend,

You have no reason to put me among the rest of your forgetful friends; for I wrote two long letters to you, to which I never received one word of answer. The first was about your health; the last I sent a great while ago by Mr. De La Mar. I can assure you with great truth that none of your friends or acquaintance has a more warm heart toward you than myself. I am going out of this troublesome world; and you among the rest of my friends shall have my last prayers and good wishes.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Bolingbroke's.

<sup>2</sup> John Conduitt, born 1688, died 1737. He married, in 1717, Catherine Barton, niece of Sir Isaac Newton, who was very clever (see Swift's *Journal*, April 3, 1711). Conduitt

succeeded Newton as Master of the Mint, and was for many years an M.P.

<sup>3</sup> The mother, apparently, of Lady Hervey (Mary Lepelle).

The young man whom you recommended came to this place, and I promised to do him what service my ill state of health would permit. I came out to this place so reduced by a dropsy and an asthma that I could neither sleep, breathe, eat, nor move. I most earnestly desired and begged of God that he would take me. Contrary to my expectation, upon venturing to ride (which I had forborne for some years, because of bloody water) I recovered my strength to a pretty considerable degree, slept, and had my stomach again ; but I expect the return of my symptoms upon my return to London, and the return of the winter. I am not in circumstances to live an idle country life ; and no man at my age ever recovered of such a disease further than by an abatement of the symptoms. What I did, I can assure you, was not for life but ease. For I am at present in the case of a man that was almost in harbour, and then blown back to sea ; who has a reasonable hope of going to a good place, and an absolute certainty of leaving a very bad one. Not that I have any particular disgust at the world ; for I have as great comfort in my own family, and from the kindness of my friends, as any man ; but the world, in the main, displeases me ; and I have too true a presentiment of calamities that are likely to befall my country. However, if I should have the happiness to see you before I die, you will find that I enjoy the comforts of life with my usual cheerfulness. I cannot imagine why you are frightened from a journey to England. The reasons you assign are not sufficient ; the journey I am sure would do you good. In general I recommend riding, of which I have always had a good opinion, and can now confirm it from my own experience.

My family give you their love and service. The great loss I sustained in one of them gave me my first shock ; and the trouble I have with the rest to bring them to a right temper, to bear the loss of a father who loves them, and whom they love, is really a most sensible affliction to me. I am afraid, my dear friend, we shall never see one another more in this world. I shall, to the last moment, preserve my love and esteem for you, being well assured you will never leave the paths of virtue and honour ; for all that is in this world is not worth the least deviation from that way. It will be great pleasure to me to hear from you sometimes ; for none can be with more sincerity than I am, my dear friend, your most faithful friend and humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOTT.

Swift's very interesting reply is without date<sup>1</sup>:—

My dear Friend,

I never once suspected your forgetfulness & want of Friendship, but very often dreaded your want of Health, to which alone I imputed every delay longer than ordinary, in hearing from you. I should be very ungratefull indeed if I acted otherwise to you who were pleased to take such generous constant care of my health<sup>2</sup>, my Interests, and my Reputation; who represented me so favorably to that blessed Queen your Mistress, as well as to her Ministers, and to all your Friends. The Letters you mention which I did not answer, I can not find; and yet I have all that ever came from you, for I constantly endorse yours, and those of a few other friends; and date them; onely if there be anything particular, though of no consequence, when I go to the Country, I send them to some Friends among other Papers; for fear of Accidents in my absence. I thank you kindly for your favor to the young man who was bred in my Quire. The people of skill in Musick represent him to me, as a Lad of Virtue, and hopefull and endeavoring in his way. It is your own fault if I give you Trouble, because you never refused me any thing in your Life. You tear my heart with the ill account of your Health; yet if it should please God to call you away before me, I should not pity you in the least, except on the account of what pains you might feel before you passed into a better Life. I should pity none but your Friends, and among them chiefly my self, although I never can hope to have strength enough to leave this country—till I leave the World. I do not know among Mankind any Person more prepared to part from us than your self, not even the Bishop of Marseilles<sup>3</sup>, if he be still alive. For among all your qualities that have procured you the love and esteem of the World, I ever most valued your moral and Christian Virtues, which were not the Product of years or Sickness, but of reason and Religion; as I can witness after above five and twenty years acquaintance. I except onely the

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Baillie's MSS. This letter was first printed in Cunningham's edition of Johnson's 'Lives,' with modernized spelling, and the mistaken conjecture that it was written in 1733.

<sup>2</sup> 'Poor Dr. Arbuthnot was the only man of the faculty who seemed to understand my case, but could

not remedy it' (Swift to Pulteney, March 7, 1736-7).

<sup>3</sup> 'Marseilles' good bishop' (Pope, *Essay on Man*, iv. 107) was M. de Belsunce, who behaved in a most devoted manner during the plague in 1720. Unfortunately he afterwards joined in the persecution of the Jansenists.

too little care of your Fortune ; upon which I have been so free as some times to examine and to chide you, and the consequence of which hath been to confine you to London when you are under a disorder for which I am told, and know the clear air of the Country is necessary. The great reason that hinders my Journey to England is the same that drives you from Highgate<sup>1</sup> : I am not in Circumstances to keep horses and Servants in London. My Revenues by the miserable oppressions of this Kingdom are sunk 300<sup>l</sup> a year : For Tythes are become a Drug, and I have but little rents from the Deanry lands, which are my onely sure paymts. I have here a large convenient house ; I live at two thirds cheaper here than I could there, I drink a bottle of French wine myself every day, though I love it not ; but it is the onely thing that keeps me out of pain. I ride every fair day a dozen miles, on a large Strand, or Turnpike road ; you in London have no such Advantages. I can buy a Chicken for a Groat, and entertain three or four friends with as many dishes and two or three Bottles of French Wine for 11 shill. When I dine alone, my Pint and Chicken with the Appendixes cost me about 15 pence. I am thrifty in every thing but wine, of which though I be not a constant House-keeper, I spend between five and six hogsheads a year. When I ride to a friend a few miles off, if he be not richer than I, I carry my Bottle, my Bread and Chicken, that he may be no loser. I talk thus foolishly to let you know the reasons which joyned to my ill health make it impossible for me to see you and my other friends. And perhaps this domestick tattle may excuse me, and answer you. I could not live with my L<sup>d</sup> Bo[lingbroke] or Mr. Pope, they are both too temperate and too wise for me, and too profound, and too poor. And how could I afford Horses ? And how could I ride over their cursed roads in Winter, and be turned into a ditch by every carter or Hackney Coach ? Every Parish Minister of this City is Governor of all Carriages, and so are the two Deans, and every carrier, &c., makes way for us at their Peril. Therefore, like Cesar I will be one of the first here rather than the last among you. I forget that I am so near the Bottom. I am now with one of my Prebendies five miles in the country for 5 days. I brought with me 8 Bottles of Wine, with Bread and Meat for 3 days, which is my Club. He is a Bachellor with 300<sup>l</sup> a year. Pray God preserve you my dear Friend. Entirely y<sup>rs</sup>,

J. SWIFT.

<sup>1</sup> Or, rather, Hampstead. Arbuthnot returned to town some time before his death.

Lady Betty Germain told Swift on the 7th of November that she heard that Arbuthnot was out of order again. 'I have not seen him lately, and I fear he is in a very declining way.' In December Pope wrote a letter to Swift which was broken off in the middle by a five days' fever. When he resumed the letter Pope said that he was so far recovered that he hoped to go out next day, 'even by the advice of Dr. Arbuthnot. He himself, poor man, is much broke, though not worse than for these two last months he has been. He took extremely kind your letter. I wish to God we could once meet again, before that separation which yet I would be glad to believe shall reunite us.'

The end came before the new year was much advanced. Arbuthnot died on the 27th of February, 1735, in his sixty-eighth year, at his house in Cork Street<sup>1</sup>, in great pain, but with devout assurance as to the future. He was buried on the 4th of March<sup>2</sup> in St. James's Church, Piccadilly. Pope, who, with Lord Chesterfield, had been with him the evening before his death, sent the following message of sympathy to Arbuthnot's son, George<sup>3</sup>:—

London, March 1<sup>st</sup>, 1734[-5].

Dear Sir,

It is a great Truth, that I can find no words to express the Share I bear in your present Grief and Loss. There can be but one happy of your whole Family at this hour. I doubt not He is so. But my Concern does not end in him, I really dread what may be the Situation of y<sup>r</sup> elder Sister in partic-

<sup>1</sup> *Craftsman*, March 8; *Grub Street Journal*, March 6. Hearne notes in his Diary for March 12, 1734 5, 'Dr. Arbuthnot the Physician, a Scottish man and learned, is dead at London, in the 66<sup>th</sup> year of his age. He hath written and published many books' (MS. Diary, vol. 144, p. 99).

<sup>2</sup> I am indebted for an extract from the Registers of St. James's, giving this date, to the Rev. J. E. Kempe and Mr. Redman, the Clerk.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Baillie's MSS. Pope described Arbuthnot, in the notes on his friends which he made on the fly-leaves of an old Virgil, as 'vir doctissimus, probitate ac pietate insignis.' Writing to Swift in March, 1741, Pope said, 'Death has not used me worse in separating from me for ever poor Gay, Arbuthnot, &c., than disease and absence in separating you so many years.'

ular, & it will be a great Satisfaction to me to know that none of you are more afflicted than you ought to be. If there can be any thing, in w<sup>ch</sup> I can be, any way, of use or service to you, on this melancholy occasion, pray freely command either my purse, or my faculties of any kind, to y<sup>e</sup> utmost of their power. Believe it you will oblige me, & think me to be your Father's Friend belonging to you all.

D<sup>r</sup> Sir, I am yours faithfully,

A. POPE.

On the same day Swift wrote to Alderman Barber, 'The people who read news have struck me to the heart by the account of my dear friend Dr. Arbuthnot's death; although I could expect no less, by a letter I received from him a month or two ago.' On the 11th of March Pulteney wrote to Swift, 'Poor Arbuthnot, who grieved to see the wickedness of mankind, and was particularly ashamed of his own countrymen, is dead. He lived the last six months in a bad state of health, and hoping every night would be his last; not that he endured any bodily pain, but as he was quite weary of the world, and tired with so much bad company.' A few weeks later Swift told Pope that he felt very despondent; 'the death of Mr. Gay and the Doctor have been terrible wounds near my heart. Their living would have been a great comfort to me, although I should never have seen them; like a sum of money in a bank, from which I should receive at least annual interest, as I do from you, and have done from my Lord Bolingbroke.'

### XIII.

ARBUTHNOT'S will, made in 1733, was proved on the 12th of March, 1735, by his son, George<sup>1</sup>. It is a very characteristic document.

I John Arbuthnott Doctor of Physick thus make my last Will and Testament. I recommend my Soul to its mercifull

<sup>1</sup> Prerogative Court of Canterbury, 44 Ducie.



Creator hoping to be saved by the Merits of Jesus Christ, and that I may be found in him not having on my own Righteousness but his which is of ffaith. I leave my body to be decently interred by my ffriends. I leave twenty pounds to each of my two sisters<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth and Anne to Purchase Mourning. I leave my Greek Septuagint and Greek New Testament (the Gift of my late Royal Mistress Queen Anne) to my dear son George. And I leave all the rest of my estate Goods and Chattells to be equally divided amongst my three Children or the Survivors of them immediately after my death in equal parts, reckoning amongst my goods what is owing unto me by my Son George; recommending unto them that mutual love and affection which I thank God I have hitherto observed amongst them. I appoint my Son George my sole Executor of this my last Will and Testament, and earnestly recommend to him the Care and Protection of his dear Sisters, and failing him (which God in his Mercy forbid) the Eldest of my surviving Daughters. I leave to my dearest and most affectionate Brother Robert my Watch<sup>2</sup>. Jo. Arbuthnott. Signed and Sealed the 5th of November 1733 in the presence of Erasmus Lewis, John Bradshaw.

George Arbuthnot, who was in the office of the King's Remembrancer, suffered from melancholy. Lewis, who, it will have been observed, was one of the witnesses to Dr. Arbuthnot's will, wrote to Swift in 1737, 'I regret the loss of Dr. Arbuthnot every hour of the day; he was the best-conditioned creature that ever breathed, and the most cheerful; yet his poor son George is under the utmost dejection of spirits, almost to a degree of delirium; his two sisters give affectionate attendance, and I hope he will grow better'; and again, 'Poor George Arbuthnot is miserable. He is splenetic to a degree of ———. He is going to France to try whether that merry nation will cure him.' Swift, in replying, said, 'I have had my share of affliction sufficient, in the loss of Dr. Arbuthnot, and

<sup>1</sup> The baptisms of three sisters, Katherine, Anne, and Joan, are recorded; it does not appear which of these was known as Elizabeth.

<sup>2</sup> As Arbuthnot's brother George is not mentioned it is to be presumed that he was dead in 1733.

poor Gay, and others.' Lewis, who made his will early in 1743, left legacies of £100 each to Dr. Richard Mead, Pope, and Anne Arbuthnot.

Pope wrote to George Arbuthnot ('Castle Yard, Holborn') in April, 1739, saying that Bolingbroke would sail for France in the following week, and if agreeable would take with him in his yacht George Arbuthnot's good uncle, Robert, whose acquaintance he wished to make. Pope sent his good wishes to George, his sister, Anne<sup>1</sup>, and his uncle. Next month Pope said, in a letter to Swift, 'Dr. Arbuthnot's daughter does not degenerate from the humour and goodness of her father. I love her much. She is like Gay, very idle, very ingenious, and inflexibly honest.' In August Pope asked George Arbuthnot and his sister to visit him at Twickenham. 'Believe no man more truly loves you both, and is with greater warmth your real friend, and most affectionate servant.' And in December Pope told Martha Blount that he had dined at Bath with Anne Arbuthnot, 'who sends you many services.' In 1743 Pope and George Arbuthnot proposed to live together at Mr. Ralph Allen's house at Bathampton, near Bath; but Allen insisted on their staying at his own house, Prior Park. Pope thereupon wrote to George Arbuthnot, that perhaps under these circumstances he would not like to stay so long as they had proposed to be together; but he must come anyhow, or Mr. Allen would be annoyed. Pope sent his hearty service to Arbuthnot's sister; 'no man more earnestly wishes the prosperity of you both.' On the 12th of August Pope told Lord Orrery, who was ill with the gout, that he was upon the point of writing to make enquiries, 'when Mr. Arbuthnot came from London, and insisted on my going with him, as I had engaged, either to a house Mr. Allen had promised to lend him, or to Bristol. The

<sup>1</sup> The second sister (whose name is not recorded) probably died between 1737, when the two sisters are referred to by Lewis, and 1739.

house was denied us, and he did not care to stay longer than four or five days ; so we are both at Bristol.' A week later Pope announced that he was about to set out for home with Mr. Arbuthnot, and would meet Lord Orrery in London. Pope died in the following May, and by his will, made in December 1743, left to Arbuthnot, who was one of the executors, a portrait of Bolingbroke and the watch he had commonly worn ; it had been given by the King of Sardinia to Peterborough, and by Peterborough to Pope. He also bequeathed £200 to Arbuthnot and £200 to his sister Anne, after the death of Martha Blount. He left £5 to Anne Arbuthnot to buy a ring or other memorial. We hear nothing of her after this date.

George Arbuthnot died on the 8th of September, 1779, aged 76. He had for twenty-eight years been first Secretary of the King's Remembrancer's Office<sup>1</sup>. By his will<sup>2</sup>, which was proved by the executrixes on September 17, he left to his cousin John Arbuthnot, of Ravensbury, Mitcham, Surrey, the large silver cup given to his father by Mr. Addison, and to his cousin Alexander Arbuthnot, in France, £2000 Old South Sea Annuity Stock. The rest of the estate was left to his two cousins, Esther and Elizabeth (sisters of Alexander), who were residing with him, and they were appointed executrixes. This will was dated March 15, 1776, but a codicil was added on April 3, 1779, providing that if one of the executrixes should die the whole property was to go to the surviving sister. A duplicate of the will would be found in the testator's house in Cork Street.

Among Mr. Baillie's papers is a letter, in French, written by Esther Arbuthnot to Dr. William Hunter<sup>3</sup> on the 11th

<sup>1</sup> *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1779.

<sup>2</sup> Prerog. Court of Cant., 364 Warburton.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Baillie's grandmother, Dorothea, who married the Rev. J. Baillie, D.D., was a sister of the famous surgeon, John Hunter, and the physician, Dr. William Hunter ;

and she had two children, Dr. Matthew Baillie, a very well-known physician, and Joanna Baillie, the poetess.—A letter, signed 'Al. Henderson, Curzon Street,' appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1817, in which it was stated that the writer was preparing for the

of December, 1779, soon after George Arbuthnot's death. In this letter Miss Arbuthnot asked Dr. Hunter to redeem at once the promise he had made to find out for her means of presenting to the University of Aberdeen the portrait of her uncle, Dr. Arbuthnot. Her respect for her uncle made her seek to immortalise him in the country of his birth, and this portrait was the only trace which remained to them. In a postscript she added that her grandfather, Robert Arbuthnot, was the elder<sup>1</sup> brother of Dr. Arbuthnot, and that it was of him that Pope spoke in a letter to Mr. Digby<sup>2</sup>.

There is no trace of the portrait here referred to having ever reached Aberdeen University<sup>3</sup>; but a painting, reproduced as a frontispiece to this volume, is in the possession of the Royal College of Physicians, by whom it was purchased, in 1864, from the collection of Dr. Turton, Bishop of Ely. It is believed to be by Jervas. Mr. F. F. Arbuthnot, Mr. R. G. Arbuthnot, and Mr. G. Arbuthnot-Leslie, of Warthill, Aberdeenshire, have copies of this painting; and Mrs. James Arbuthnot, of Peterhead, has another portrait. There is an engraving, in an oval, by A. Bell; and Noble, in his 'Continuation of Granger,' mentions also a small engraving by Vertue. There is, too, a

press a new edition of Arbuthnot's Works, freed from the rubbish amidst which they had hitherto appeared, and a request was made for information as to letters to Arbuthnot which were said by Kippis (1778) to be in the possession of the Misses Arbuthnot. These letters are the ones now in Mr. Baillie's possession. Mr. Henderson — probably the Alexander Henderson, M.D., who published some books about 1830 — never brought out his volume upon Arbuthnot.

<sup>1</sup> This is a mistake; Dr. Arbuthnot was the eldest son, Robert the second.

<sup>2</sup> Pope to Digby, Sept. 1, 1722.

<sup>3</sup> Dr. William Hunter died in 1783, and in 1785 Dr. Beattie wrote to Mrs. Montagu, from Aberdeen: 'I am informed that the late Dr. Hunter bequeathed an original picture of Arbuthnot to that University [Aberdeen]; at which it should appear that he had been educated. If this be true, it is the property of the Marischal College. If I knew anything of Dr. Hunter's executors, I would write to them on the subject; as the picture has never appeared.' There is no mention of this picture in Dr. Hunter's will.

small and comparatively modern engraving of 'John Arbuthnot, M.D.' (*sic*) by T. Prescott.

We have seen what Arbuthnot's most intimate friends thought of him; to this we can add the very interesting character written by another friend, Lord Chesterfield<sup>1</sup>. What he says comes with the more weight because, viewing everything entirely from a worldly point of view, he could have no real sympathy with the religious faith which guided Arbuthnot throughout his life.

Dr. Arbuthnot was both my physician and my friend, and in both these capacities I justly placed the utmost confidence in him.

Without any of the craft, he had all the skill of his profession, which he exerted with the most care and pleasure upon those unfortunate patients who could not give him a fee.

To great and various erudition he joined an infinite fund of wit and humour<sup>2</sup>, to which his friends Pope and Swift were more obliged than they have acknowledged themselves to be.

His imagination was almost inexhaustible, and whatever subject he treated, or was consulted upon, he immediately overflowed with all that it could possibly produce. It was at anybody's service, for as soon as he was exonerated he did not care what became of it; insomuch that his sons, when young, have frequently made kites of his scattered papers of hints, which would have furnished good matter for folios.

Not being in the least jealous of his fame as an author, he would neither take the time nor the trouble of separating the best from the worst; he worked out the whole mine, which afterwards, in the hands of skilful refiners, produced a rich vein of ore.

As his imagination was always at work, he was frequently absent and inattentive in company<sup>3</sup>, which made him both say

<sup>1</sup> *Letters of the Earl of Chesterfield*, edited by Lord Mahon, 1845; II. 446.

<sup>2</sup> An anecdote told by Spence upon Mallet's authority may here be repeated. When a lady complained of the sufferings of women, Arbuthnot said, 'Yes, the ladies suffer greatly in some particulars, but there is not one of you that undergoes the torture of being

shaved three times a week.'

<sup>3</sup> 'Your inattention I cannot pardon. . . . Yet Mr. Pope has the same defect, and it is of all others the most mortal to conversation; neither is my Lord Bolingbroke untinged with it: all for want of my rule, *Vive la bagatelle!* But the Doctor is the king of inattention!' (Swift to Gay, July 10, 1732).

and do a thousand inoffensive absurdities ; but which, far from being provoking, as they commonly are, supplied new matter for conversation, and occasioned wit, both in himself and others.

His social character was not more amiable than his private character was pure and exemplary ; charity, benevolence, and a love of mankind appeared unaffectedly in all he said or did. His letter to Pope against personal satire, published in the works of the latter, breathes, in a most distinguished manner, that amiable spirit of humanity.

His good understanding could not get the better of some prejudices of his education and country. For he was convinced that he had twice had the second sight, which in Scotch signifies a degree of nocturnal inspiration, but in English only a dream. He was also a Jacobite by prejudice, and a Republican by reflection and reasoning.

He indulged his palate to excess, I might have said to gluttony, which gave a gross plethoric habit of body, that was the cause of his death.

He lived and died a devout and sincere Christian. Pope and I were with him the evening before he died, when he suffered racking pains from an inflammation in his bowels, but his head was clear to the last. He took leave of us with tenderness, without weakness, and told us that he died not only with the comfort, but even the devout assurance, of a Christian.

By all those who were not much acquainted with him he was considered infinitely below his level ; he put no price upon himself, and consequently went at an undervalue ; for the world is complaisant or dupe enough to give every man the price he sets upon himself, provided it be not insolently and overbearingly demanded. It turns upon the manner of asking.

Lord Orrery wrote in a similar strain :—

Although he was justly celebrated for wit and learning, there was an excellence in his character more amiable than all his other qualifications. I mean the excellence of his heart. He has shewed himself equal to any of his cotemporaries in humour and vivacity ; and he was superior to most men in acts of humanity and benevolence ; his very sarcasms are the satirical strokes of good nature : they are like flaps of the face given in jest, the effects of which may raise blushes, but no blackness after the blows . . . He is seldom serious, except in

his attacks upon vice, and then his spirit rises with a manly strength and a noble indignation . . . No man exceeded him in the moral duties of life<sup>1</sup>.

Later writers, who had not the advantage of personal acquaintance, could add little to these testimonies. But a few sentences may be given from some critics who have felt the attractiveness of Arbuthnot's character. Dr. Johnson said he was 'a man estimable for his learning, amiable for his life, and venerable for his piety. Arbuthnot was a man of great comprehension, skilful in his profession, versed in the sciences, acquainted with ancient literature, and able to animate his mass of knowledge by a bright and active imagination; a scholar with great brilliance of wit; a wit who, in the crowd of life, retained and discovered a noble ardour of religious zeal.' He wrote 'like one who lets thoughts drop from his pen as they rise into his mind<sup>2</sup>.' Cowper, speaking of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, expressed the exaggerated opinion that 'one might search these eight volumes with a candle to find a man, and not find one, unless perhaps Arbuthnot were he.'

There is no need to say more of the man whom Thackeray—in words which might well be applied to himself—described as 'one of the wisest, wittiest, most accomplished, gentlest of mankind.' Arbuthnot's attachment to Swift and Pope was of the most intimate nature, and those who knew them best maintained that he was their equal at least in gifts. He understood Swift's cynicism, and their correspondence shows the unequalled sympathy that existed between the two. Gay, Congreve, Prior, Berkeley, Parnell, were among Arbuth-

<sup>1</sup> *Remarks on the Life and Writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift*, Letter XX.

<sup>2</sup> Speaking to Boswell of the writers of Queen Anne's time, Johnson said, 'I think Dr. Arbuthnot the first man among them. He was the most universal genius,

being an excellent physician, a man of deep learning, and a man of much humour.' See, too, Beattie's *Essay on Truth*, 1773, p. 89; and Lord Kames's *Elements of Criticism*, 1774, i. 370.

not's constant friends, and all of them were indebted to him for kindnesses freely rendered. He was on terms of intimacy with Bolingbroke and Oxford, Chesterfield, Peterborough, and Pulteney, and among the ladies with whom he mixed were Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Lady Betty Germain, Mrs. Howard, Lady Masham, and Mrs. Martha Blount. He was, too, the trusted friend and physician of Queen Anne. Most of the eminent men of science of the time, including some who were opposed to him in politics, were in frequent intercourse with him; and it is pleasant to know that at least one of the greatest of the wits who were most closely allied to the Whig party—Addison—had friendly relations with him. Enough has been already said of his wit and learning, and of the indifference which caused him to give of his best to his friends, without any regard to his own fame. As a physician he was held in high esteem by his patients and by other doctors, and the value of his medical and scientific writings was increased by the popular form in which most of them were written. It has been said that he originated the science of vital statistics. Although he lost his place at court upon the death of Queen Anne, it is evident that he retained his practice among the great; and he was always ready to attend those who could not reward him for his services. In his last illness he said he must go back to London, because he could not afford to live in idleness at Hampstead, though he knew that the winter in town would bring about a return of his symptoms.

Arbuthnot's favourite amusements were card-playing and music; and his weakness, which he shared with so many of his contemporaries, was the habit of eating in excess. The good nature and kindness which were such marked characteristics are reflected in his writings, with one or two exceptions; and in one of these cases—the attack on the late Bishop Burnet—there is nothing



but tradition to lead us to attribute the pamphlet to Arbuthnot.

The few glimpses that we have of his domestic life make it clear that, as might be expected, his home was very happy. When his children were young we have occasional allusions to his wife and 'bairns,' and when his wife and younger son had died, we have touching evidence of the love between the father and the household of young people who, in his last illness, found it so hard to reconcile themselves to the coming separation. He lived a happy Christian, and his death was, as he had hoped, a euthanasia. Such a story—even if we had not the lives of Addison, of Steele, of Berkeley, and of others of less note—ought to show how many reservations must be made when we speak of the materialism and hardness of the eighteenth century.



## APPENDICES.



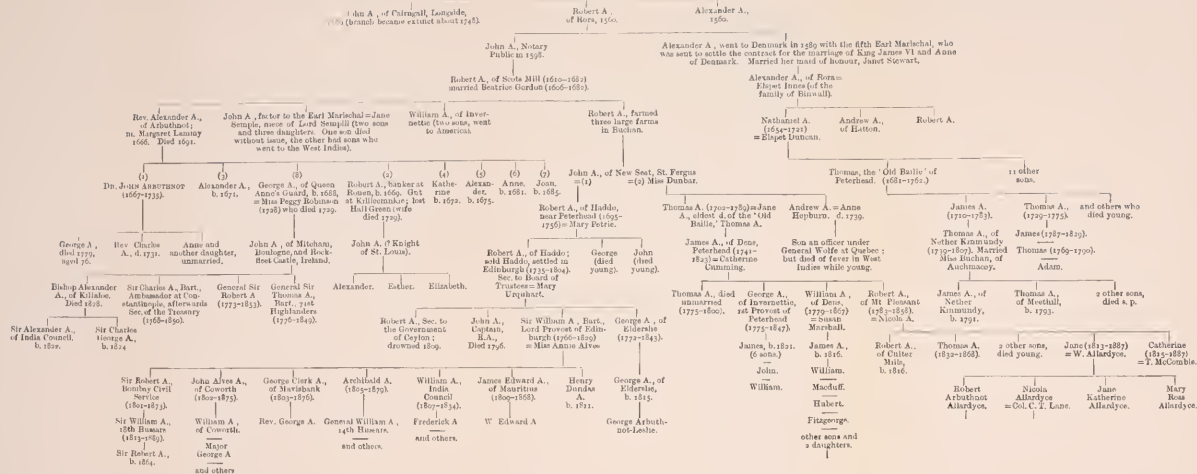
- I. GENEALOGICAL NOTES.
- II. BIBLIOGRAPHY.





## ARBUTHNOT PEDIGREE.

JAMES ARBUTHNOT, of Lenthie, Kinross-shire, 1540.



## I.

### GENEALOGICAL NOTES.

THE following are the entries of the baptisms of Dr. Arbuthnot and his brothers and sisters, in the registers of Arbuthnott:—

Aprile 29, 1667. Alexander Arbuthnott Parson of Arbuthnott had ane Sone baptized named Johne.

June 3, 1669, a Sone named Robert.

June 27, 1671, a Sone named Alexander.

Dec. 1, 1672, a daughter named Katheren.

Decr. 7, 1675, a Son named Alexander.

Augt. 24, 1681, a daughter Anne.

March 17, 1685, a daughter Joan.

Febv. 15, 1688, a Son George.

The pedigree facing this page shows as fully as possible Arbuthnot's descent, and his relationship with other branches of the family. I am indebted for much of the information contained in it to notes compiled by Robert Arbuthnot of Mount Pleasant, Peterhead, who was born in 1783; to Colonel Allardyce and the Misses Allardyce; to Mr. Arbuthnot-Leslie; and to Mrs. James Arbuthnot, of Peterhead, who have carefully studied the family history; but it is hardly probable that the table is entirely free from errors.

Most of the following notes in illustration of the pedigree are taken from a manuscript account made by John Moir, of Edinburgh, in 1815. Mr. Moir obtained his information in 1809, chiefly from his father, John Moir, an intelligent man who was born about 1730, and who had discussed the family history with his aunt Janet Arbuthnot, cousin-german of Dr. Arbuthnot, and granddaughter of Robert Arbuthnot and Beatrix Gordon. John Moir, too, married Mary Arbuthnot,

daughter of James Arbuthnot of West Rora, who was only fourth in descent from one of the three brothers who settled in Buchan about 1560.

Almost all the Arbuthnots in Buchan, if not rich, have been true gentlemen, possessed of suavity of manners, benevolence of heart, and singular cheerfulness.

Robert, the second of the three brothers who went to Buchan, settled with his younger brother at Rora, in the parish of Longside, and had a son John, a notary-public, who seems to have been factor to the Earl Marischal. He left one son, Robert, who settled at Scotsmill, near the Castle of Inverugie, and had four sons, the eldest of whom, the Rev. Alexander Arbuthnot, was Dr. Arbuthnot's father. Mr. Robert Arbuthnot, Secretary to the Board of Trustees, used to say that Mr. Cadenhead, or Aikenhead, who married the Rev. Alexander Arbuthnot's daughter, maintained that his father-in-law possessed more learning than any of his sons.

Dr. Arbuthnot's brother Robert settled at Rouen as a banker, and was known as 'the philanthropic Robert of Rouen.' There he lived in great magnificence, the friend of all the unfortunate adherents of the son of James II, and of every one else<sup>1</sup>. He afterwards removed to Paris, and left a son, Sir John Arbuthnot, said to have been a knight of the order of St. Louis, none of whose descendants are supposed to be living.

Dr. Arbuthnot's brother George was an officer in Queen Anne's Guards; but on the death of the Queen his attachment to the House of Stuart induced him to retire to France, and he afterwards died in the service of the English East India Company. The Company valued him so highly that after his death they gave £1000 to his son.

John, second son of Robert Arbuthnot and Beatrix Gordon, had two sons, Robert and William, the latter of whom had, besides other children, a daughter Margaret, who married John Moir, father to the John Moir who dictated these notes.

Robert Arbuthnot, of Haddo (1735-1804), settled at Edinburgh as a Banker, and afterwards became Secretary to the Board of Trustees. He was a pleasant companion and an

<sup>1</sup> Prior wrote to Bolingbroke from Paris on Sept. 5, 1713 (N. S.): 'Arthburnet's real zeal for Her Majesty's service and knowledge of mercantile affairs, are sufficient ar-

guments for your Lordship doing him your best offices, and honouring him with your favour' (Bolingbroke's Works, vol. 7, 1798, p. 486. See also pp. 249, 353).



upright man, and was an intimate friend of Dr. Beattie, Sir William Forbes, &c. Boswell says, 'I presented to him [Dr. Johnson] Mr. Robert Arbuthnot, a relation of the celebrated Dr. Arbuthnot, and a man of literature and taste.' His son, Sir William Arbuthnot, Bart., was Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and Sir Walter Scott observes that 'both father and son were accomplished gentlemen, and elegant scholars.'

Ann, the wife of Andrew Arbuthnot, third son of John Arbuthnot of New Seat, was the correspondent of Mrs. Montagu and Dr. Beattie.

Turning to the third branch, we come to the principal point upon which the various accounts of the family differ. According to some statements—which we have followed in the pedigree—the youngest of the brothers who went to Buchan in 1560 had no children, or if he had his descendants soon died out; but other versions represent the Alexander, who is here shown as the son of Robert Arbuthnot and younger brother of John, the notary-public, as son of Alexander, the youngest of the three brothers who went to Buchan. However this may be, we may notice the following among the children of Nathaniel Arbuthnot and Elspet Duncan.

(1) Thomas, the 'Old Bailie.'

(2) Andrew, joint factor with his brother Thomas for the Countess Mary Errol. He had no children.

(3) Alexander; married, first, Miss Ogilvie, of the family of the Boyne; and secondly, Mary, daughter of Alexander Scott, Esq.

(4) James, of West Rora, a well-educated man, who in his benevolence, piety and good-will resembled Dr. Arbuthnot. He was a very intelligent farmer, and in 1736 published a small volume on the modes of farming adapted to Buchan. He died in 1770. Of the twelve children that he had by his wife Margaret Gordon it is sufficient to name, (i) James, of Middletown of Rora, none of whose children survived him; (ii) Nathaniel, who died unmarried; (iii) Thomas, a merchant; (iv) Charles, Abbot and President of the Scots Monastery and College of St. James, at Ratisbon, who was esteemed for his piety and learning. When 80, he was, like his father, remarkable for the dignity of his person and the benevolent openness of his countenance; (v) Mary, who married John Moir, and whose eldest son, James, was Prior of the Scots College at Ratisbon.

Dr. Beattie<sup>1</sup> obtained the chair of Philosophy at the Marischal College in 1760, through the help of Robert Arbuthnot, secretary to the Board of Trustees for fisheries and manufactures at Edinburgh, and formerly a merchant, living at Peterhead and Aberdeen. Beattie used to lodge at the house of Mrs. Anne Arbuthnot, at Peterhead, and through him Mrs. Montagu settled an annuity upon her in 1784. Mrs. Anne Arbuthnot was the daughter of the Rev. Alexander Hepburn; she was a woman of great intelligence, and was in the habit of reading over Beattie's pieces before publication. She married in 1737, when 28, but her husband, Captain Andrew Arbuthnot—second cousin to Dr. Arbuthnot—died in America two years later. She died in 1795, aged 86.

As regards the ancestors of Viscount Arbuthnot, it may be noted that Arbuthnot's father, in his MS. account of the family, states that the 'good laird' Robert (the third), who died in 1579, had eighteen children, to whom he left large patrimonies, without lessening his old estate. His first wife was Lady Christian Keith, and his second, Dame Helen Clepan, whose initials, together with those of her husband, are on the old communion cup at the Church at Arbuthnott. The date on the cup, 1638, doubtless indicates the year when the cup, existent before, became 'the Communion Coup of the Kirk.' The 'good laird' was interred in the aisle built by his grandfather. His eldest son, Andrew, was an upright man, who augmented the estates. He married, first, Elizabeth Carnegie, daughter of the Laird of Kinnaird (afterwards Earls of Southesk); and, secondly, Margaret Pringle, daughter of an ancient baron in Fife. His third son, Patrick, married a daughter of the Laird of Halgreen.

Other notices of Arbuthnots will be found in *Miscellanea Genealogica et Heraldica*, New Series, iv. 72; *The Genealogist* (Register of Morden, Surrey); Brayley's *History of Surrey; Selections from the Records of the Kirk Session, Presbytery and Synod of Aberdeen*, 1846, and *Fasti Aberdonenses*, 1854, published by the Spalding Club; Wills in the Probate Court of Canterbury (493 Caesar, 318 Stevens, 182 and 330 St. Eloy,

<sup>1</sup> A William Beattie, late Bailie, was member for Bervie in the Scotch Parliament from 1685 to 1702. Alexander Arbuthnot, of Knox, was member for Kincar

dineshire from 1689 to 1702, and Alexander Arbuthnot, advocate and Provost, was member for Bervie from 1703 to 1707.

&c.); and elsewhere. The deaths of the following persons are recorded in the *Gentleman's* or *London Magazine*: Alexander Arbuthnot, Commissioner for Customs in Scotland, 1764; George Arbuthnot, J. P., Middlesex, 1762; James Arbuthnot, Collector of Customs, Antigua, 1732; Rev. John Arbuthnot, of Trinity College, Cambridge, 1745; Joshua Arbuthnot ('a near relation of the celebrated Dr. Arbuthnot'), 1773; and William Arbuthnot, a Captain in the Navy, 1761.

In the ballad of 'Sir Hugh le Blond,' printed in *The Book of Scottish Ballads*, edited by Alexander Whitelaw, an account is given of the knight to whom Arbattle—afterwards called Arbuthnot—was first granted. When the Queen's honour was called in question, Sir Hugh le Blond came forward as her champion, and vindicated her by killing her false accuser in single combat. When the dying man had confessed,

The queen then said unto the king,  
 'Arbattle's near the sea,  
 Give it unto the northern knight  
 That this day fought for me.'  
 Then said the king, 'Come here, Sir Knight,  
 And drink a glass of wine;  
 And if Arbattle's not enough  
 To it we'll Fordoun join.'

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separately noticed below, and are distinguished by an  
asterisk.]

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Appendix, and a complete Key.')

— Londres, 1753. 12°. ('Le Procès sans Fin, ou l'Histoire  
de John Bull. Par le Docteur Swift.')

— Glasgow, 1766. 8°. ('Law is a Bottomless-Pit, or the  
History of John Bull.')

— 1883. 8°. ('English Garner,' ed. Edward Arber,  
vol. 6.)

— 1889. 12°. (Cassell's 'National Library,' ed. Henry  
Morley, vol. 204.)

[The 'History of John Bull' first appeared in 1712, in a  
series of pamphlets, each of which is fully described  
under its own title, viz. :

1. Law is a Bottomless-Pit.
2. John Bull in his Senses.
3. John Bull still in his Senses.
4. An Appendix to John Bull still in his Senses.
5. Lewis Baboon turned Honest, and John Bull  
Politician.]

- A History of Music. By Sir John Hawkins. 1853. 8°.  
 [In vol. II. 872, is given a burlesque—taken from Harl. MS. 7316, f. 149, where it is attributed to Arbuthnot—of lines written by Pope for Signora Margarita Durastanti to recite upon her formal retirement from the English operatic stage in 1723. Pope's lines end, 'Happy soil, adieu, adieu'; Arbuthnot's, 'Bubbles all, adieu, adieu.' These lines are also given in the 'Annual Register' for 1775, and in the 'Additions to Pope's Works,' 1776.]
- John Bull in His Senses : Being the Second Part of Law is a Bottomless-Pit. Printed from a Manuscript found in the Cabinet of the famous Sir Humphry Polesworth. (March 13-20) 1712. 8°. (Anon.)  
 — second ed. (March 21) 1712. 8°.  
 — third ed. 1712. 8°.  
 — fourth ed. 1712. 8°.  
 — Edinburgh. 1712. 8°.
- John Bull Still in His Senses ; Being the Third Part of Law is a Bottomless-Pit. Printed from a Manuscript found in the Cabinet of the famous Sir Humphry Polesworth. And publish'd (as well as the two former Parts) by the Author of the New Atalantis. (March 15-17) 1712. 8°. (Anon.)  
 — second ed. (April 17-24) 1712.  
 — third ed. (April 24-May 1) 1712. 8°.
- Law is a Bottomless-Pit. Exemplify'd in the case of the Lord Strutt, John Bull, Nicholas Frog, and Lewis Baboon, Who spent all they had in a Law-Suit. Printed from a Manuscript found in the Cabinet of the famous Sir Humphry Polesworth. (Feb. 28-March 6) 1712. 8°. (Anon.)  
 — second ed. (March 13) 1712. 8°.  
 — third ed. (March 20-27) 1712. 8°.  
 — fourth ed. 1712. 8°.  
 — fifth ed. 1712. 8°.  
 — sixth ed. 1712. 8°.  
 — Edinburgh, 1712. 8°.
- Letters to and from Henrietta, Countess of Suffolk. Edited by Croker. 2 vols. 1824. 8°. [Letters from Arbuthnot.]

Letters written by eminent persons in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. 3 vols. 1813. 8°.

[Letters from Arbuthnot to Dr. Charlett, I. 176, 178.]

Lewis Baboon turned Honest, And John Bull Politician. Being the Fourth Part of Law is a Bottomless-Pit. Printed from a Manuscript found in the Cabinet of the famous Sir Humphry Polesworth: And Publish'd (as well as the Three former Parts and Appendix) by the Author of the New Atalantis. (July 31) 1712. 8°. (Anon.)

— second ed. (Sept. 11-18) 1712. 8°.

— Edinburgh, 1712. 8°.

Literary Relics. Edited by George Monck Berkeley. 1789. 8°.

[Letter from Berkeley to Arbuthnot, pp. 83-92.]

Lives of the Queens of England. By Agnes Strickland. 1852. 8°.

[Vol. VIII contains Letters to Arbuthnot.]

The London Magazine. April 1732. 8°. [Contains Arbuthnot's 'Epitaph on Don Francisco,' i. e. Francis Chartres.]

Memoirs of the extraordinary Life, Works, and Discoveries of Martinus Scriblerus. (See 'The Works of Mr. Alexander Pope. In Prose. Vol. II.')

Miscellanies in Prose and Verse. (Preface signed by Swift and Pope.) 3 vols. 1727. 8°.

[Vol. II. contains 'The History of John Bull' and the 'Art of Political Lying.'

— 4 vols. 1727-32. 8°.

[Vol. III. contains 'The Humble Petition of the Colliers,' &c., 'An Essay concerning the Origin of Sciences,' and 'It cannot rain but it pours.']

Miscellanies in Prose and Verse. By the Rev. Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Pope, &c. 3 vols. (Oct.) 1730. 12°.

Miscellanies in Prose and Verse. The Third Volume. To which are added several Poems, and other Curious Tracts not in the English Edition. Second ed. London printed, and reprinted in Dublin. 1733. 8°. (Anon.)

Miscellanies. Containing [pieces as in 'A Supplement to Dr. Swift's and Mr. Pope's Works,' Dublin, 1739, q. v.]. By



Dr. Arbuthnot. Now first collected in one Volume. To which is added, All the Pieces in Verse and Prose published in Dr. Swift's and Mr. Pope's Miscellanies, which are not printed in their separate Works. Dublin, 1746. 12<sup>o</sup>.

\*Of the Laws of Chance. 1692. 12<sup>o</sup>. (Anon.) (Printed in the *Miscellaneous Works* as 'Huygens de Ratiociniis in Ludo Aleae : Translated into English by Dr. Arbuthnot.')

— second ed. 1714. 8<sup>o</sup>. (Anon.)

— fourth ed. Revised by John Ham. 1738. 8<sup>o</sup>. (Anon.)

Oratio Anniversaria Harvæana, habita in Theatro Collegii Regalis Medicor. Lond. Die XVIII Octobris, A.D. 1727. 4<sup>o</sup>.

Proposals for printing a very Curious Discourse, in Two Volumes in Quarto, Intituled, ΨΕΥΔΟΛΟΓΙΑ ΠΟΛΙΤΙΚΗΉ; or, A Treatise of the Art of Political Lying, with an Abstract of the First Volume of the said Treatise. (Oct. 9-16) 1712. 8<sup>o</sup>. (Anon.)

— second ed. (Dec.) 1712. 8<sup>o</sup>.

— Edinburgh, 1746. 8<sup>o</sup>.

Reasons humbly offer'd by the Company exercising the Trade and Mystery of Upholders, against part of the Bill, For the better Viewing, Searching, and Examining Drugs, Medicines, &c. 1724. 4<sup>o</sup>. (Anon.)

\*A Sermon preach'd to the People at the Mercat-Cross of Edinburgh; on the Subject of the Union. Eccles. Chap. 10. Ver. 27. Printed in the Year 1706 (Edinburgh). 4<sup>o</sup>. (Anon.)

— (Edinburgh? 1707?). 8<sup>o</sup>. (Anon.)

— Dublin (1706). 8<sup>o</sup>. (Anon.)

— London 1707. 4<sup>o</sup>. (Dec. 1706, according to 'History of the Works of the Learned.')

— 1745 (?). (With a Preface—reprinted in the *Miscellaneous Works*—which is attributed to Duncombe, 'setting forth the advantages which had accrued to Scotland by the Union.' See Nichols' *Literary Anecdotes*, VIII. 269).

A Supplement to Dr. Swift's and Mr. Pope's Works . . . Now first collected into one Volume. Dublin, 1739. 12<sup>o</sup>.

[The following pieces are ascribed to Arbuthnot in the Table

of Contents:—‘History of John Bull.’ ‘A Wonderful Prophecy.’ ‘Memoirs of P. P.’ ‘The Country Post.’ ‘Stradling v. Styles.’ ‘Proposals for Printing the Art of Political Lying.’ ‘Relation of the Circumcision of E. Curll.’ ‘God’s Revenge against Punning.’ ‘Petition of the Colliers, &c.’ ‘The Upholders’ Reasons.’ ‘Annus Mirabilis.’ ‘Essay concerning the origin of Sciences.’ ‘Virgilius Restauratus.’ ‘It cannot rain but it pours.’ ‘True Narrative of what passed in London.’ ‘Art of Sinking in Poetry.’ ‘Epitaph on Fr—s Ch—is.’]

Tables of Ancient Coins, Weights and Measures, explain’d and exemplify’d in several Dissertations (Name not given, but prefixed are verses to the King by the author’s son, Charles Arbuthnot). 1727. 4°.

— second ed. ‘To which is added, An Appendix, containing Observations on Dr. Arbuthnot’s Dissertations on Coins, Weights and Measures. By Benjamin Langwith, D.D.’ 1754. 4°.

— Caroli Arbuthnotii Tabulae (Notes by D. Konigius, M.D.) Trajecti ad Rhenum. 1756. 4°.

— Do. Ludg. Bat. 1764. 4°.

Tables of the Grecian, Roman and Jewish Measures, Weights and Coins; reduc’d to the English Standard. (1705.) 8°.

Theses Medicae de Secretione Animalis, . . . . pro Gradu Doctoratus in Medicina Consequendo, Publico Examini subjeit Joannes Arbuthnot Auct. et Resp. . . . . Ex Officinâ Georgii Mosman [St. Andrews]. 1696. 4°.

Three Hours after Marriage. A Comedy. By John Gay. 1717. 8°. [Gay was assisted by Pope and Arbuthnot.]

To the Right Honourable The Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London: The Humble Petition of the Colliers, Cooks, Cook-Maids, Blacksmiths, Jack-makers, Brasiers, and others. s. sh. fol. 1716. (Anon.)

*Virgilius Restauratus*: seu Martini Scribleri Summi Critici Castigationum in Aeneidem Specimen.

[See ‘Dunciad,’ second edition; and ‘Works of Mr. Alexander Pope, in Prose,’ vol. II.]

- The Works of Mr. Alexander Pope, In Prose. Vol. II. 1741.  
4<sup>o</sup> and fol.  
[Contains 'Memoirs of Scriblerus,' 'Virgilius Restauratus,'  
and 'Essay on the Origin of Sciences'].
- The Works of Alexander Pope. Edited by the Rev. W. Elwin  
and W. J. Courthope. 10 vols. 1871-1889. 8<sup>o</sup>.  
[Letters to and from Arbuthnot. 'Memoirs of Martinus  
Scriblerus,' 'Essay concerning the Origin of Sciences,'  
and 'Virgilius Restauratus'].
- The Works of Jonathan Swift, D.D. Edited by Sir Walter  
Scott, Bart. 19 vols. 1824. 8<sup>o</sup>.  
[Letters to and from Arbuthnot, and prose tracts.]

## III.

## OTHER WORKS THAT HAVE BEEN ATTRIBUTED TO ARBUTHNOT.

- \*An Account of the Sickness and Death of Dr. W—dw—d ; As  
also of what appeared upon opening his body. In a letter  
to a Friend in the Country. By Dr. Technicum (pseud.).  
1719. 4<sup>o</sup>. (Dated April 4, 1719.)
- \*An Account of the State of Learning in the Empire of Lilliput ;  
together with the History and Character of Bullum the  
Emperor's Library-Keeper. 1728. 8<sup>o</sup>.
- \*The Congress of Bees : or, Political Remarks on the Bees  
swarming at St. James's. With a Prognostication on  
that Occasion, from the Smyrna Coffee-house. (Anon.)  
(Published July 18, 1728, without date.) 8<sup>o</sup>.
- \*Critical Remarks on Capt. Gulliver's Travels. By Dr. Bantley.  
Published from the Author's Original MSS. Cambridge,  
1735. 8<sup>o</sup>. (Dated Cambridge, Jan. 26, 1734-5 ; Dedi-  
cation signed 'R.B.')
- third ed. 1735. Cambridge, London, reprinted. 8<sup>o</sup>.
- \*The Devil to pay at St. James's ; or a full and true Account  
of a most horrid and bloody Battle between Madam  
Faustina and Madam Cuzzoni, &c. 1727. 4<sup>o</sup>.
- \*An Epitaph on a Greyhound.
- \*The Freeholder's Political Catechism. 1733. 8<sup>o</sup>.  
— Written by Dr. Arbuthnot. First Printed in MDCCXXXIII,  
and reprinted in MDCCLXIX. N.P. 8<sup>o</sup>.

- \*Gulliver Decypher'd: or Remarks on a late Book, intitl'd, Travels into Several Remote Nations of the World. By Capt. Lemuel Gulliver. Vindicating the Reverend Dean on whom it is maliciously father'd. With some probable Conjectures concerning the Real Author. Second ed., with a complete Key. [1728?]. 8°.
- \*Harmony in an Uproar: A Letter to F—d—k H—d—l, Esq., M—r of the O—a H—e in the Hay-Market, from Hurlothrumbo Johnson, Esq.; Composer Extraordinary to all the Theatres in G—t B—t—n, excepting that of the Hay-Market. (Dated Feb. 12, 1733.)
- \*The History of John Bull. Part III. Containing among other curious Particulars, A Faithful Narrative of the most Secret and Important Transactions of the Worshipful and Antient Family of the Bulls, from Aug. 1, 1714 to June 11, 1727. By Nathan Polesworth, Sir Humphry's Nephew, and sole Executor. 1744. 12°.

An Invitation to Peace; or Toby's Preliminaries to Nestor Ironside. 1713. 8°.

It cannot rain but it pours: Or, London strow'd with Rarities. Being an Account of the arrival of a White Bear at the House of Mr. Ratcliff in Bishopsgate Street; As also of the Faustina, the celebrated Italian Singing Woman; and of the Copper Farthing Dean from Ireland. And lastly, of the wonderful Wild Man that was nursed in the Woods of Germany by a Wild Beast; &c. 1726. (Anon.)

\*Kiss my A—— is no Treason: Or, an Historical and Critical Dissertation upon the Art of Selling Bargains. (Anon.) 1728. 8°.

\*A Learned Dissertation on Dumpling, its Dignity, Antiquity, and Excellence. With a Word upon Pudding, &c. Fourth ed. 1726. 8°. (By T. Gordon.)

—— fifth ed. 1726. 8°

—— seventh ed. 1727. 8°.

A Letter from the famous Sir Humphry Polesworth to the Author of the Examiner; with A Dialogue between Nic Frog, Tom Frog, his Brother, and Dick Frog his kinsman. [Printed in the *Examiner* for May 8 to 15, 1712.]

- \*A Letter to the Reverend Mr. Dean Swift, occasioned by a Satyre said to be written by him, entitled, A Dedication to a Great Man, concerning Dedications, &c. (Signed P. A., Jan. 30, 1718-9.)
- \*The Life and Adventures of Don Bilioso de L'Estomac. Translated from the original Spanish into French; done from the French into English. With a Letter to the College of Physicians. 1719. 8°. (Anon.)
- \*The Longitude Examin'd . . . By Jeremy Thacker, of Beverley in Yorkshire. 1714. 8°.
- \*The Manifesto of Lord Peter (Signed Solomon Audrian).
- \*The Masquerade. A Poem. Inscríb'd to C—t H—d—g—r. By Lemuel Gulliver, Poet Laureat to the King of Lilliput. Jan. 30, 1728. 8°. (By Henry Fielding.)
- \*The Most Wonderful Wonder that ever appeared to the Wonder of the British Nation. Being an Account of the Travels of Mynheer Veteranus through the Woods of Germany. And an Account of his taking a most monstrous She Bear, who had nursed up the Wild Boy; &c. Written by the Copper-Farthing Dean. Second ed. 1726. 4°.
- [The verses upon William Sutherland given at the end of this tract are claimed for William Meston, in his 'Poetical Works,' 1767.)
- \*Notes and Memorandums of the Six Days preceding the Death of a late Right Reverend ——. Containing many remarkable Passages, with an Inscription design'd for his Monument. 1715. 8°. (Anon.)
- second ed. 1715. 8°.
- \*The State Quacks, or the Political Butchers. 1715. 8°.
- The Story of the St. Alb—ns Ghost, or the Apparition of Mother Haggy. Collected from the best Manuscripts. (Feb. 16-19) 1712. 8°.
- fifth ed. (July 17-19) 1712. 8°.
- \*A Supplement to Dean Sw—t's Miscellanies: By the Author. Containing, I. A Letter to the Students of both Universities, relating to the new Discoveries in Religion and

the Sciences, and the principal Inventors of them.—II. An Essay upon an Apothecary.—III. An Account of a surprising Apparition, October 20, 1722. 1723. 8°.

## IV.

## WORKS RELATING TO ARBUTHNOT AND HIS WRITINGS.

- Biographia Britannica, edited by Kippis. Vol. I. 1778. fol.
- A Complete Key to the New Farce, called Three Hours after Marriage. With an Account of the Authors. By E. Parker, Philomath. (pseud.) 1717. 8°.
- A Complete Key to the Three Parts of Law is a Bottomless-Pit, and the Story of the St. Alb—ns Ghost. N. P. 1712. 8°. (Anon.)
- second ed. Corrected. N. P. 1712. 8°. (Anon.)
- third ed. N. P. 1712. 8°. (Key to 'Four Parts,' &c.)
- A complete Key to Law is a Bottomless-Pit, the Story of the St. Albans Ghost, and Prince Mirabel, &c. Sixth edition, enlarged. 1713. 8°.
- The Confederates. By Joseph Gay (i. e. Capt. Breal.) 1717. 8°.
- The Cornhill Magazine, vol. XXXIX. 91.
- Dictionary of National Biography (Article on Arbuthnot by Mr. Leslie Stephen).
- An Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot (by Pope). 1734. folio. (Jan. 1735.)
- Gulliveriana: Or, a Fourth Volume of Miscellanies. Being a Sequel to the Three Volumes published by Pope and Swift. 1728. 8°.
- Law not a Bottomless-Pit: or Arguments against Peace, and some Queries Pro and Con. London, J. Baker. 1712. (4 pp.) folio.
- The Leisure Hour. Vol. XV. 390.
- Letters and Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. 1861. [Vol. II. 17-20. Three letters to Arbuthnot.]

- Letters of Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield.  
 Edited by Lord Mahon. 1845. 8°.  
 [Vol. II. contains a character of Dr. Arbuthnot.]
- A Letter to Mr. John Gay concerning his late Farce, entitled.  
 A Comedy. By Timothy Drub (pseud.). 1717. 8°.
- Literæ de Re Nummaria*; in opposition to the Common Opinion  
 that the Denarii Romani were never larger than seven  
 in an ounce: With some Remarks on Dr. Arbuthnot's  
 Book and Tables. By the Rev. William Smith, Rector  
 of Melsonby, Newcastle-on-Tyne. (July) 1729. 8°.
- London Magazine. I. 48, 117; II. 374; VI. 112; X. 364;  
 XX. 96.
- The Monthly Review, September, 1750. (Notice of the *Miscellane-  
 ous Works*.)
- Notes and Queries. First Series, vol. 12; third Series, vols.  
 1, 2, 6; fourth Series, vols. 6, 7; fifth Series, vol. 12;  
 sixth Series, vols. 1, 7, 8.
- Observations on Dr. Arbuthnot's Dissertation on Coins, &c.  
 By B. Langwith. 1747. 4°.
- The Retrospective Review, vol. VIII.

## V.

## SOME IMITATIONS OF THE 'HISTORY OF JOHN BULL.'

- A Fragment of the History of that Illustrious Personage, John  
 Bull, Esq. . . . By Peregrine Pinfold of Grub-Hatch,  
 Esq. (pseud.) (1785.) 8°.  
 [Gives what purports to be Parts IV and V of the 'History  
 of John Bull.']
- \*The History of John Bull, Part III. (See § III.)
- The History of John Bull, with the Birth, Parentage, Education  
 and Humours of Jack Radical. By Horace Hombergh,  
 Esq. 1820. 8°.
- The History of the Proceedings in the Case of Margaret, com-  
 monly called Peg, only lawful Sister to John Bull, Esq.  
 (By Adam Ferguson.) 1761. 8°.  
 — second ed. 1761. 8°.

- John Bull's Bible; or, Memoirs of the Stewardship and Stewards of John Bull's Manor of Great Albion. By Democritus Publicola. 2 vols. 1816. 8°.
- John Bull's last Will and Testament, as it was drawn by a Welsh Attorney in the Temple. London printed, Edinburgh reprinted. s. sh. fol. 1713. (Tory piece.)
- John Bull's Last Will and Testament, as it was drawn by a Welsh Attorney. With a Preface to the Ar—p of C—ry. By an Eminent Lawyer of the Temple. 1713. 8°.
- second ed., corrected by the Author's own hand. 1713. 8°.
- Letters to John Bull, Esq., on affairs connected with his landed property, and the persons who live thereon. By Lord Lytton. 1851. 8°. [And various pamphlets in reply.]
- A Postscript to John Bull, containing the History of the Crown-Inn, with the Death of the Widow, and what happened thereupon. (1714.) 8°.—Second ed. (1714.) 8°.—Third ed. (1714.) 8°.—Sixth ed. (1714.) 8°.
- A Continuation of the History of the Crown-Inn. Part II. (1714.) 8°.—Second ed. (1714.) 8°.—Third ed. (1714.) 8°.
- A Farther Continuation of the History of the Crown-Inn: Part III. (1714.) 8°.—Second ed. (1714.) 8°.—Third ed. (1714.) 8°.
- The Fourth and Last Part of the History of the Crown-Inn. With the character of John Bull, and other Novels. Part IV. (1714.) 8°.—Second ed. (1714.) 8°.
- An Appendix to the History of the Crown-Inn: With a Key to the whole. (1714.) 8°.
- The Present State of the Crown-Inn, for the first Three Years under the New Landlord. . . . By the Author of the History of the Crown-Inn. 1717. 8°.
- second ed. 1717. 8°.
- A Supplement to the History of the Crown-Inn. (1717?). 8°.
- A Review of the State of John Bull's Family, ever since the Probat of his Last Will and Testament. With some account of the two Trumpeters, the hirelings of Roger Bold. 1713. 8°.



WORKS OF DR. ARBUTHNOT.



THE  
HISTORY OF JOHN BULL

[*See pages 44-48.*]



## PREFACE<sup>1</sup>.

WHEN I was first called to the office of historiographer to John Bull, he expressed himself to this purpose: 'Sir Humphry Polesworth<sup>2</sup>, I know you are a plain dealer; it is for that reason I have chosen you for this important trust; speak the truth, and spare not.' That I might fulfil those his honourable intentions, I obtained leave to repair to and attend him in his most secret retirements; and I put the journals of all transactions into a strong box, to be opened at a fitting occasion, after the manner of the historiographers of some eastern monarchs. This I thought was the safest way; though I declare I was never afraid to be chopped<sup>3</sup> by my master for telling the truth. It is from those journals that my memoirs are compiled: therefore let not posterity a thousand years hence look for truth in the voluminous annals of pedants, who are entirely ignorant of the secret springs of great actions; if they do, let me tell them they will be nebused<sup>4</sup>.

With incredible pains have I endeavoured to copy the several beauties of the ancient and modern historians<sup>5</sup>; the impartial temper of Herodotus; the gravity, austerity, and strict morals of Thucydides, the extensive knowledge of Xenophon, the sublimity and grandeur of Titus Livius; and, to avoid the careless style of Polybius, I have borrowed considerable ornaments from Dionysius Halicarnasseus and Diodorus Siculus. The specious gilding of Tacitus I have endeavoured to shun.

<sup>1</sup> Originally printed in the last of the pamphlets which form the *History of John Bull*.

<sup>2</sup> A member of parliament, eminent for a certain cant in his conversation; of which there is a good

deal in this book.

<sup>3</sup> A cant word of Sir Humphry's.

<sup>4</sup> Another cant word, signifying deceived.

<sup>5</sup> A parody on Boyer's preface to his *History of Queen Anne*.

Mariana, Davila, and Fra. Paulo, are those amongst the moderns whom I thought most worthy of imitation; but I cannot be so disingenuous, as not to own the infinite obligations I have to the Pilgrim's Progress of John Bunyan, and the Tenter Belly of the Reverend Joseph Hall.

From such encouragement and helps, it is easy to guess to what a degree of perfection I might have brought this great work, had it not been nipt in the bud by some illiterate people in both Houses of Parliament, who, envying the great figure I was to make in future ages, under pretence of raising money for the war, have padlocked<sup>1</sup> all those very pens that were to celebrate the actions of their heroes, by silencing at once the whole university of Grub Street. I am persuaded that nothing but the prospect of an approaching peace<sup>2</sup> could have encouraged them to make so bold a step. But suffer me, in the name of the rest of the matriculates of that famous university, to ask them some plain questions: Do they think that peace will bring along with it the golden age? Will there be never a dying speech of a traitor? Are Cethegus and Catiline turned so tame, that there will be no opportunity to cry about the streets, 'A dangerous plot?' Will peace bring such plenty, that no gentleman will have occasion to go upon the highway, or break into a house? I am sorry that the world should be so much imposed upon by the dreams of a false prophet as to imagine the Millennium is at hand. O Grub Street! thou fruitful nursery of towering geniuses! How do I lament thy downfall! Thy ruin could never be meditated by any who meant well to English liberty: no modern Lyceum will ever equal thy glory; whether in soft pastorals thou didst sing the flames of pampered apprentices and coy cook-maids; or mournful ditties of departing lovers; or if to Mæonian strains thou raisedst thy voice, to record the stratagems, the arduous exploits, and the nocturnal scalade of needy heroes, the terror of our peaceful citizens, describing the powerful Betty or the artful Picklock, or the secret caverns and grottoes of Vulcan sweating at his forge, and stamping the Queen's image on viler metals, which he retails for beef, and pots of ale; or, if thou wert content in simple narrative to relate the cruel acts of implacable revenge, or the complaints of ravished virgins blushing to tell

<sup>1</sup> Act restraining the liberty of the press, &c., which was passed

in 1712.

<sup>2</sup> The peace of Utrecht, 1713.

their adventures before the listening crowd of city damsels; whilst in thy faithful history thou interminglest the gravest counsels and the purest morals. Nor less acute and piercing wert thou in thy search and pompous description of the works of nature; whether in proper and emphatic terms thou didst paint the blazing comet's fiery tail, the stupendous force of dreadful thunder and earthquakes, and the unrelenting inundations. Sometimes, with Machiavelian sagacity, thou unravelledst intrigues of state, and the traitorous conspiracies of rebels, giving wise counsel to monarchs. How didst thou move our terror and our pity with thy passionate scenes between Jack Catch and the heroes of the Old Bailey! How didst thou describe their intrepid march up Holborn-hill! Nor didst thou shine less in thy theological capacity, when thou gavest ghostly counsel to dying felons, and didst record the guilty pangs of sabbath-breakers. How will the noble arts of John Overton's<sup>1</sup> painting and sculpture now languish! where rich invention, proper expression, correct design, divine attitudes and artful contrast, heightened with the beauties of clare-obscure, embellished thy celebrated pieces, to the delight and astonishment of the judicious multitude! Adieu, persuasive eloquence! the quaint metaphor, the poignant irony, the proper epithet, and the lively simile, are fled for ever! Instead of these, we shall have, I know not what!—The illiterate will tell the rest with pleasure<sup>2</sup>.

I hope the reader will excuse this digression, due by way of condolence to my worthy brethren of Grub Street, for the approaching barbarity that is likely to overspread all its regions, by this oppressive and exorbitant tax. It has been my good fortune to receive my education there; and, so long as I preserved some figure and rank amongst the learned of that society, I scorned to take my degree either at Utrecht or Leyden, though I was offered it gratis by the professors in those universities<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> The engraver of the cuts before the Grub Street papers.

<sup>2</sup> Vid. the preface to four sermons by William Fleetwood, Bishop of St. Asaph, printed in 1712; where having displayed the beautiful and pleasing prospect which was opened by the war, he complains that the spirit of discord had given us in its

stead—'I know not what—Our enemies will tell the rest with pleasure.' This preface was by order of the House of Commons burnt by the hangman in Palace-yard, Westminster.

<sup>3</sup> Here the Preface, as originally printed, ended.

And now, that posterity may not be ignorant in what age so excellent a history was written (which would otherwise, no doubt, be the subject of its inquiries) I think it proper to inform the learned of future times that it was compiled when Lewis the XIVth was king of France, and Philip his grandson of Spain ; when England and Holland, in conjunction with the emperor and the allies, entered into a war against these two princes, which lasted ten years under the management of the Duke of Marlborough, and was put to a conclusion by the treaty of Utrecht under the ministry of the Earl of Oxford in the year 1713.

Many at that time did imagine the history of John Bull, and the personages mentioned in it, to be allegorical, which the author would never own. Notwithstanding, to indulge the reader's fancy and curiosity, I have printed at the bottom of the page the supposed allusions of the most obscure parts of the story.



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# THE HISTORY OF JOHN BULL.

## CHAPTER I<sup>1</sup>,

### THE OCCASION OF THE LAWSUIT.

I NEED not tell you of the great quarrels that happened in our neighbourhood since the death of the late Lord Strutt<sup>2</sup>; how the parson<sup>3</sup>, and a cunning attorney<sup>4</sup>, got him to settle his estate upon his cousin Philip Baboon, to the great disappointment of his cousin Esquire South<sup>5</sup>. Some stieck not to say,

<sup>1</sup> The first portion of the *History* appeared originally as a pamphlet, *Law is a Bottomless-Pit*.

<sup>2</sup> Charles II of Spain, who died without issue in 1700.

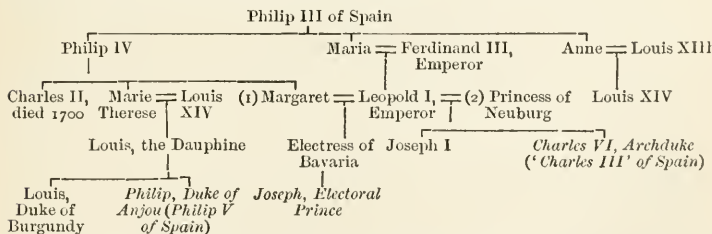
<sup>3</sup> Cardinal Portocarrero.

<sup>4</sup> The Marshal of Harcourt.

<sup>5</sup> Charles II was prevailed upon

to make a will, by which he settled the succession of the Spanish monarchy upon Philip Bourbon, Duke of Anjou, though his right had by the most solemn renunciations been barred in favour of the Archduke Charles of Austria<sup>a</sup>.

<sup>a</sup> The following pedigree (taken from Dr. Bright's 'English History') shows the relationship of the various claimants to the Spanish throne.



By the first Partition Treaty (1698) the bulk of the Spanish dominions was to go to the Electoral Prince; but his death, in 1699, necessitated a second Treaty, according to which the Archduke Charles was to succeed. But Charles II privately made a new will, leaving Philip, Duke of Anjou, his heir; and on the death of the King of Spain, Louis XIV, in defiance of the Treaty, accepted the Spanish kingdom for his grandson. In 1701 an alliance was formed between England, Holland, and the Emperor, and war was declared in 1702.

that the parson and the attorney forged a will, for which they were well paid by the family of the Baboons : let that be as it will, it is matter of fact, that the honour and estate have continued ever since in the person of Philip Baboon.

You know that the Lord Strutts have for many years been possessed of a very great landed estate, well conditioned, wooded, watered, with coal, salt, tin, copper, iron, &c., all within themselves ; that it has been the misfortune of that family to be the property of their stewards, tradesmen, and inferior servants, which has brought great incumbrances upon them ; at the same time, their not abating of their expensive way of living has forced them to mortgage their best manors. It is credibly reported, that the butcher's and baker's bill of a Lord Strutt, that lived two hundred years ago, are not yet paid.

When Philip Baboon came first to the possession of the Lord Strutt's estate, his tradesmen, as is usual upon such occasions, waited upon him to wish him joy and bespeak his custom. The two chief were John Bull<sup>1</sup> the clothier, and Nic. Frog<sup>2</sup> the linen-draper : they told him, that the Bulls and Frogs had served the Lord Strutts with drapery-ware for many years ; that they were honest and fair dealers ; that their bills had never been questioned ; that the Lord Strutts lived generously, and never used to dirty their fingers with pen, ink, and counters ; that his lordship might depend upon their honesty ; that they would use him as kindly, as they had done his predecessors. The young lord seemed to take all in good part and dismissed them with a deal of seeming content, assuring them he did not intend to change any of the honourable maxims of his predecessors.

## CHAPTER II.

HOW BULL AND FROG GREW JEALOUS THAT THE LORD STRUTT INTENDED TO GIVE ALL HIS CUSTOM TO HIS GRANDFATHER LEWIS BABOON<sup>3</sup>.

It happened unfortunately for the peace of our neighbourhood, that this young lord had an old cunning rogue, or (as the Scots call it) a false loon, of a grandfather, that one might justly call a Jack of all trades<sup>4</sup> ; sometimes you would see him behind his

<sup>1</sup> The English.

<sup>2</sup> The Dutch.

<sup>3</sup> Lewis XIV.

<sup>4</sup> The character and trade of the French.

counter selling broad-cloth, sometimes measuring linen ; next day he would be dealing in mercery-ware ; high heads, ribbons, gloves, fans, and lace, he understood to a nicety ; Charles Mather<sup>1</sup> could not bubble a young beau better with a toy ; nay, he would descend even to the selling of tape, garters, and shoebuckles ; when shop was shut up, he would go about the neighbourhood, and earn half a crown by teaching the young men and maids to dance. By these methods he had acquired immense riches, which he used to squander away at back-sword, quarter-staff, and cudgel-play, in which he took great pleasure, and challenged all the country. You will say it is no wonder if Bull and Frog should be jealous of this fellow<sup>2</sup>. 'It is not impossible,' says Frog to Bull, 'but this old rogue will take the management of the young lord's business into his hands ; besides, the rascal has good ware, and will serve him as cheap as any body. In that case, I leave you to judge what must become of us and our families ; we must starve, or turn journeymen to old Lewis Baboon ; therefore, neighbour, I hold it advisable that we write to young Lord Strutt to know the bottom of this matter.'

## CHAPTER III.

## A COPY OF BULL AND FROG'S LETTER TO LORD STRUTT.

MY LORD,

I suppose your lordship knows, that the Bulls and the Frogs have served the Lord Strutts with all sorts of drapery-ware time out of mind ; and whereas we are jealous, not without reason, that your lordship intends henceforth to buy of your grandsire old Lewis Baboon, this is to inform your lordship, that this proceeding does not suit with the circumstances of our families, who have lived and made a good figure in the world by the generosity of the Lord Strutts. Therefore we think fit to acquaint your lordship, that you must find sufficient security to us, our heirs and assigns, that you will not employ Lewis Baboon ; or else we will take our remedy at law, clap an action upon you of £20,000 for old debts, seize

<sup>1</sup> A famous toyman. See *Spectator*, No. 570.

<sup>2</sup> An alliance was formed to procure a reasonable satisfaction to the House of Austria for its pretensions to the Spanish succession, and suffi-

cient security to England and Holland for their dominions, navigation, and commerce, and to prevent the union of the two kingdoms of France and Spain.

and distrain your goods and chattels, which, considering your lordship's circumstances, will plunge you into difficulties, from which it will not be easy to extricate yourself; therefore we hope, when your lordship has better considered on it, you will comply with the desire of

Your loving friends,

JOHN BULL,

NIC. FROG.

Some of Bull's friends advised him to take gentler methods with the young lord: but John naturally loved rough play. It is impossible to express the surprise of the Lord Strutt upon the receipt of this letter; he was not flush in ready, either to go to law, or clear old debts, neither could he find good bail: he offered to bring matters to a friendly accommodation; and promised upon his word of honour, that he would not change his drapers; but all to no purpose, for Bull and Frog saw clearly that old Lewis would have the cheating of him.

#### CHAPTER IV.

HOW BULL AND FROG WENT TO LAW WITH LORD STRUTT ABOUT THE PREMISES, AND WERE JOINED BY THE REST OF THE TRADESMEN.

All endeavours of accommodation between Lord Strutt and his drapers proved vain; jealousies increased, and indeed it was rumoured abroad that Lord Strutt had bespoke his new liveries of old Lewis Baboon. This coming to Mrs. Bull's<sup>1</sup> ears, when John Bull came home, he found all his family in an uproar. Mrs. Bull, you must know, was very apt to be choleric. 'You sot,' says she, 'you loiter about ale-houses and taverns, spend your time at billiards, ninepins, or puppet-shows, or flaunt about the streets in your new gilt chariot, never minding me nor your numerous family. Don't you hear how Lord Strutt has bespoke his liveries at Lewis Baboon's shop? Don't you see how that old fox steals away your customers, and turns you out of your business every day, and you sit like an idle drone with your hands in your pockets? Fie upon it! up man, rouse thyself; I'll sell to my shift, before I'll be so used by that knave.' You must think Mrs. Bull had been pretty well tuned up by Frog, who chimed in with her learned harangue. No further

<sup>1</sup> The late Ministry.

delay now, but to council learned in the law they go, who unanimously assured them both of the justice and infallible success of their lawsuit.

I told you before, that old Lewis Baboon was a sort of a Jack of all trades, which made the rest of the tradesmen jealous, as well as Bull and Frog; they hearing of the quarrel were glad of an opportunity of joining against old Lewis Baboon, provided that Bull and Frog would bear the charges of the suit; even lying Ned<sup>1</sup>, the chimney-sweeper of Savoy, and Tom<sup>2</sup> the Portugal dustman, put in their claims; and the cause was put into the hands of Humphry Hocus<sup>3</sup> the attorney.

A declaration was drawn up to shew 'that Bull and Frog had undoubted right by prescription to be drapers to the Lord Strutts; that there were several old contracts to that purpose; that Lewis Baboon had taken up the trade of clothier and draper, without serving his time or purchasing his freedom; that he sold goods, that were not marketable, without the stamp; that he himself was more fit for a bully than a tradesman, and went about through all the country fairs challenging people to fight prizes, wrestling and cudgel-play;' and abundance more to this purpose.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE TRUE CHARACTER OF JOHN BULL, NIC. FROG, AND HOCUS.

For the better understanding the following history, the reader ought to know that Bull, in the main, was an honest plain-dealing fellow, choleric, bold, and of a very unconstant temper; he dreaded not old Lewis either at back-sword, single falchion, or cudgel-play; but then he was very apt to quarrel with his best friends, especially if they pretended to govern him: if you flattered him, you might lead him like a child. John's temper depended very much upon the air; his spirits rose and fell with the weather-glass. John was quick, and understood his business very well; but no man alive was more careless in looking into his accounts, or more cheated by partners, apprentices, and servants. This was occasioned by his being a boon companion, loving his bottle and his diversion; for, to say truth, no man kept a better house than John, nor spent his money more

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Savoy.

<sup>2</sup> The King of Portugal.

<sup>3</sup> John Churchill, Duke of Marl-

borough, was appointed general-in-chief of the confederate army.

generously. By plain and fair dealing John had acquired some plums, and might have kept them, had it not been for his unhappy law-suit.

Nic. Frog was a cunning sly whoreson, quite the reverse of John in many particulars; covetous, frugal; minded domestic affairs; would pinch his belly to save his pocket; never lost a farthing by careless servants, or bad debtors. He did not care much for any sort of diversions, except tricks of high German artists, and legerdemain: no man exceeded Nic. in these; yet it must be owned that Nic. was a fair dealer, and in that way acquired immense riches.

Hocus was an old cunning attorney; and, though this was the first considerable suit that ever he was engaged in, he shewed himself superior in address to most of his profession; he kept always good clerks, he loved money, was smooth-tongued, gave good words, and seldom lost his temper; he was not worse than an infidel, for he provided plentifully for his family; but he loved himself better than them all. The neighbours reported that he was hen-pecked; which was impossible by such a mild-spirited woman<sup>1</sup> as his wife was.

## CHAPTER VI.

### OF THE VARIOUS SUCCESS OF THE LAWSUIT.

Law is a bottomless pit; it is a cormorant, a harpy that devours every thing. John Bull was flattered by the lawyers, that his suit would not last above a year or two at most; that before that time he would be in quiet possession of his business: yet ten long years did Hocus steer his cause through all the meanders of the law, and all the courts. No skill, no address was wanting; and, to say truth, John did not starve his cause; there wanted not yellow-boys<sup>2</sup> to fee counsel, hire witnesses, and bribe juries: Lord Strutt was generally cast, never had one verdict in his favour; and John was promised that the next, and the next, would be the final determination; but alas! that final determination and happy conclusion was like an enchanted island, the nearer John came to it, the further it went from him: new trials upon new points still arose; new doubts, new matters to be cleared<sup>3</sup>; in short, lawyers seldom

<sup>1</sup> Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough.

<sup>2</sup> Gold.

<sup>3</sup> The war was carried on against France and Spain with great success, and a peace might have been con-



part with so good a cause, till they have got the oyster, and their clients the shell. John's ready money, book-debts, bonds, mortgages, all went into the lawyers' pockets; then John began to borrow money upon Bank stock and East-India bonds; now and then a farm went to pot; at last<sup>1</sup> it was thought a good expedient to set up Esquire South's title, to prove the will forged, and dispossess Philip Lord Strutt at once. Here again was a new field for the lawyers, and the cause grew more intricate than ever. John grew madder and madder; wherever he met any of Lord Strutt's servants, he tore off their clothes; now and then you would see them come home naked, without shoes, stockings, and linen. As for old Lewis Baboon, he was reduced to his last shirt, though he had as many as any other; his children were reduced from rich silks to Doily<sup>2</sup> stuffs, his servants in rags, and bare-footed; instead of good victuals, they now lived upon neck-beef, and bullock's liver; in short, nobody got much by the matter but the men of law.

## CHAPTER VII.

HOW JOHN BULL WAS SO MIGHTILY PLEASED WITH HIS SUCCESS,  
THAT HE WAS GOING TO LEAVE OFF HIS TRADE, AND TURN  
LAWYER.

It is wisely observed by a great philosopher, that habit is a second nature; this was verified in the case of John Bull, who, from an honest and plain tradesman, had got such a haunt about the courts of justice, and such a jargon of law words, that he concluded himself as able a lawyer as any that pleaded at the bar, or sat on the bench. He was overheard one day talking to himself after this manner: 'How capriciously does fate or chance dispose of mankind? how seldom is that business allotted to a man, for which he is fitted by nature? It is plain I was intended for a man of law; how did my guardians mistake my genius in placing me, like a mean slave, behind a counter? Bless me! what immense estates these

cluded upon the principles of the alliance; but a partition of the Spanish dominions in favour of the house of Austria, and an engagement that the same person should never be king of France and Spain, were not now thought sufficient.

<sup>1</sup> It was insisted that the will in favour of Philip was contrary to

treaty; and there was a parliamentary declaration for continuing the war, till he should be dethroned.

<sup>2</sup> Doily was a draper, who introduced a cheap but genteel material that was named after him. See *Spectator*, Nos. 283, 319.

fellows raise by the law ! Besides, it is the profession of a gentleman. What a pleasure is it to be victorious in a cause, to swagger at the bar ! What a fool am I to drudge any more in this woollen trade ! for a lawyer I was born, and a lawyer I will be ; one is never too old to learn.' All this while John had conned over such a catalogue of hard words, as were enough to conjure up the devil ; these he used to babble indifferently in all companies, especially at coffee-houses ; so that his neighbour tradesmen began to shun his company as a man that was cracked. Instead of the affairs at Blackwell-hall<sup>1</sup>, and price of broad cloth, wool and baizes, he talks of nothing but actions upon the case, returns, *capias*, *alias capias*, demurrers, *venire facias*, *replevins*, *supersedeases*, *certioraris*, writs of error, actions of *trover* and *conversion*, *trespasses*, *precipes* and *dedimus*. This was matter of jest to the learned in law ; however, Hocus, and the rest of the tribe, encouraged John in his fancy, assuring him that he had a great genius for law ; that they questioned not but in time he might raise money enough by it to reimburse him all his charges ; that, if he studied, he would undoubtedly arrive to the dignity of a lord chief justice<sup>2</sup> : as for the advice of honest friends and neighbours, John despised it ; he looked upon them as fellows of a low genius, poor groveling mechanics ; John reckoned it more honour to have got one favourable verdict, than to have sold a bale of broad-cloth. As for Nic. Frog, to say the truth, he was more prudent ; for, though he followed his lawsuit closely, he neglected not his ordinary business, but was both in court and in his shop at the proper hours.

## CHAPTER VIII.

HOW JOHN DISCOVERED THAT HOCUS HAD AN INTRIGUE WITH HIS WIFE ; AND WHAT FOLLOWED THEREUPON.

John had not run on a madding so long, had it not been for an extravagant bitch of a wife, whom Hocus perceiving John to be fond of, was resolved to win over to his side. It is a true saying, that the last man of the parish that knows of his cuckoldom is himself. It was observed by all the neighbour-

<sup>1</sup> Bakewell or Blackwell Hall was a market-place used weekly for the sale of woollen goods, in Basinghall

Street. It was pulled down in 1820.

<sup>2</sup> Hold the balance of power.

hood that Hocus had dealings with John's wife<sup>1</sup> that were not so much for his honour; but this was perceived by John a little too late. She was a luxurious jade, loved splendid equipages, plays, treats and balls, differing very much from the sober manners of her ancestors, and by no means fit for a tradesman's wife. Hocus fed her extravagancy (what was still more shameful) with John's own money. Every body said that Hocus had a month's mind to her body; be that as it will, it is matter of fact that upon all occasions she ran out extravagantly on the praise of Hocus. When John used to be finding fault with his bills, she used to reproach him as ungrateful to his greatest benefactor; one that had taken so much pains in his lawsuit, and retrieved his family from the oppression of old Lewis Baboon. A good swinging sum of John's readiest cash went towards building of Hocus's country-house<sup>2</sup>. This affair between Hocus and Mrs. Bull was now so open that all the world were scandalized at it; John was not so clod-pated, but at last he took the hint. The parson of the parish<sup>3</sup> preaching one day with more zeal than sense against adultery, Mrs. Bull told her husband, that he was a very uncivil fellow to use such coarse language before people of condition; that Hocus was of the same mind; and that they would join to have him turned out of his living for using personal reflections<sup>4</sup>. 'How do you mean,' says John, 'by personal reflections? I hope in God, wife, he did not reflect upon you?' 'No thank God, my reputation is too well established in the world to receive any hurt from such a foul-mouthed scoundrel as he; his doctrine tends only to make husbands tyrants, and wives slaves; must we be shut up, and husbands left to their liberty? Very pretty indeed! a wife must never go abroad with a Platonic to see a play or a ball; she must never stir without her husband; nor walk in Spring-

<sup>1</sup> It was believed that the General tampered with the parliament.

<sup>2</sup> Parliament settled upon him the manor of Woodstock, and afterwards entailed that, with £5000 per annum, payable out of the Post Office, to descend with his honours; over and above this an immense sum was expended in building Blenheim House.

<sup>3</sup> In Nov., 1709, Dr. Henry Sacheverell preached a sermon against

popular resistance of regal authority.

<sup>4</sup> The House of Commons voted this sermon a libel on Her Majesty and her government, the revolution, the protestant succession, and the parliament; they impeached Sacheverell of high crimes and misdemeanours; and he was silenced for three years, and the sermon burnt by the hangman.

garden with a cousin. I do say, husband, and I will stand by it, that, without the innocent freedoms of life, matrimony would be a most intolerable state; and that a wife's virtue ought to be the result of her own reason, and not of her husband's government; for my part, I would scorn a husband that would be jealous, if he saw a fellow a-bed with me.' All this while John's blood boiled in his veins; he was now confirmed in all his suspicions; jade, bitch, and whore were the best words, that John gave her<sup>1</sup>. Things went from better to worse, till Mrs. Bull aimed a knife at John, though John threw a bottle at her head very brutally indeed<sup>2</sup>, and, after this, there was nothing but confusion: bottles, glasses, spoons, plates, knives, forks, and dishes flew about like dust; the result of which was that Mrs. Bull received a bruise in her right side, of which she died half a year after. The bruise imposthumated, and afterwards turned to a stinking ulcer, which made every body shy to come near her; yet she wanted not the help of many able physicians, who attended very diligently, and did what men of skill could do; but all to no purpose, for her condition was now quite desperate, all regular physicians, and her nearest relations, having given her over.

## CHAPTER IX.

### HOW SOME QUACKS<sup>3</sup> UNDERTOOK TO CURE MRS. BULL OF HER ULCER.

There is nothing so impossible in nature, but mountebanks will undertake; nothing so incredible, but they will affirm: Mrs. Bull's condition was looked upon as desperate by all the men of art; but<sup>4</sup> there were those, that bragged they had an infallible ointment and plaister, which, being applied to the sore, would cure it in a few days; at the same time they would give her a pill that would purge off all her bad humours, sweeten her blood, and rectify her disturbed imagination. In spite of

<sup>1</sup> The House complained of being aspersed and vilified; opprobrious terms were used by both parties.

<sup>2</sup> The confusion every day increased: the whig or low church party in the House of Commons began to decline; after much contention and debate the parliament was prorogued.

<sup>3</sup> As first published, this chapter was called 'How Signior Cavallo, an Italian Quack,' &c. [The Duke of Somerset, Master of the Horse.]

<sup>4</sup> 'Then Signior Cavallo judged it was high time for him to interpose; he bragged that he had an infallible,' &c. (*Law is a Bottomless Pit*).

all applications, the patient grew worse every day; she stunk so, nobody durst come within a stone's throw of her, except<sup>1</sup> those quacks who attended her close, and apprehended no danger. If one asked them how Mrs. Bull did? 'Better and better,' said they; 'the parts heal, and her constitution mends; if she submits to our government, she will be abroad in a little time.' Nay, it is reported that they wrote to her friends in the country, that she would dance a jig next October in Westminster-Hall, and that her illness had been chiefly owing to bad physicians. At last<sup>2</sup>, one of them was sent for in great haste, his patient grew worse and worse: when he came, he affirmed that it was a gross mistake, and that she was never in a fairer way: 'bring hither the salve,' says he, 'and give a plentiful draught of my cordial.' As he was applying his ointments, and administering the cordial, the patient gave up the ghost, to the great confusion of the quack, and the great joy of Bull and his friends. The quack flung away out of the house in great disorder, and swore there was foul play, for he was sure his medicines were infallible. Mrs. Bull having died without any signs of repentance or devotion, the clergy would hardly allow her a christian burial. The relations had once resolved to sue John for the murder, but considering better of it, and that such a trial would rip up old sores, and discover things not so much to the reputation of the deceased, they dropt their design. She left no will, only there was found in her strong box the following words wrote on a scrip of paper, 'My curse on John Bull, and all my posterity, if ever they come to any composition with the Lord Strutt<sup>3</sup>.'

She left him three daughters, whose names were Polemia, Discordia, and Usuria<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> 'Except Signior Cavallo and his wife, whom he sent every day to dress her, she having a very gentle soft hand. All this while Signior apprehended no danger' (*Law is a Bottomless-Pit*).

<sup>2</sup> Parliament was dissolved on the 21st of Sept. 1710.

<sup>3</sup> The original pamphlet continues: 'There were many epitaphs

writ upon her; one was as follows:

Here lies John's wife,  
Plague of his life;  
She spent his wealth,  
She wronged his health,  
And left him daughters three  
As bad as she.

The daughters' names were Polemia, Discordia, and Usuria.'

<sup>4</sup> War, faction, and usury.

## CHAPTER X.

OF JOHN BULL'S SECOND WIFE<sup>1</sup>, AND THE GOOD ADVICE  
THAT SHE GAVE HIM.

John quickly got the better of his grief, and seeing that neither his constitution nor the affairs of his family could permit him to live in an unmarried state, he resolved to get him another wife ; a cousin of his last wife's was proposed, but John would have no more of the breed : in short, he wedded a sober country gentlewoman, of a good family, and a plentiful fortune, the reverse of the other in her temper ; not but that she loved money, for she was saving, and applied her fortune to pay John's clamorous debts, that the unfrugal methods of his last wife, and this ruinous lawsuit, had brought him into. One day, as she had got her husband in a good humour, she talked to him after the following manner : ' My dear, since I have been your wife, I have observed great abuses and disorders in your family ; your servants are mutinous and quarrelsome, and cheat you most abominably ; your cook-maid is in a combination with your butcher, poulterer, and fishmonger ; your butler purloins your liquor, and the brewer sells you hogwash ; your baker cheats both in weight and in tale ; even your milk-woman and your nursery-maid have a fellow-feeling ; your tailor, instead of shreds, cabbages whole yards of cloth ; besides, leaving such long scores, and not going to market with ready money, forces us to take bad ware of the tradesmen at their own price. You have not posted your books these ten years ; how is it possible for a man of business to keep his affairs even in the world at this rate ? Pray God this Hocus be honest ; would to God you would look over his bills, and see how matters stand between Frog and you ; prodigious sums are spent in this lawsuit, and more must be borrowed of scriveners and usurers at heavy interest. Besides, my dear, let me beg of you to lay aside that wild project of leaving your business to turn lawyer, for which, let me tell you, nature never designed you. Believe me, these rogues do but flatter,

<sup>1</sup> The new parliament, which was averse to the war, made a representation of the mismanagement in the several offices, par-

ticularly those for victualling and clothing the navy and army ; and of the sums that had been expended on the war.

that they may pick your pocket ; observe<sup>1</sup> what a parcel of hungry ragged fellows live by your cause ; to be sure they will never make an end on it ; I foresee this haunt you have got about the courts will one day or other bring your family to beggary. Consider, my dear, how indecent it is to abandon your shop, and follow pettifoggers ; the habit is so strong upon you, that there is hardly a plea between two country esquires about a barren acre upon a common, but you draw yourself in as bail, surety or solicitor<sup>2</sup>.' John heard her all this while with patience, till she pricked his maggot, and touched him in the tender point ; then he broke out into a violent passion, 'What, I not fit for a lawyer ! let me tell you, my clodpated relations spoiled the greatest genius in the world when they bred me a mechanic. Lord Strutt, and his old rogue of a grandsire, have found to their cost, that I can manage a law-suit as well as another.' 'I don't deny what you say,' says Mrs. Bull, 'nor do I call in question your parts ; but I say it does not suit with your circumstances : you and your predecessors have lived in good reputation among your neighbours by this same clothing-trade, and it were madness to leave it off. Besides, there are few that know all the tricks and cheats of these lawyers ; does not your own experience teach you, how they have drawn you on from one term to another, and how you have danced the round of all the courts, still flattering you with a final issue, and, for aught I can see, your cause is not a bit clearer than it was seven years ago ?' 'I will be damned.' says John, 'if I accept of any composition from Strutt or his grandfather ; I'll rather wheel about the streets an engine to grind knives and scissars ; however, I'll take your advice, and look over my accounts.'

## CHAPTER XI.

## HOW JOHN LOOKED OVER HIS ATTORNEY'S BILL.

When John first brought out the bills, the surprise of all the family was inexpressible at the prodigious dimensions of them ; they would have measured with the best bale of cloth in John's shop. Fees to judges, puisni-judges, clerks, prothonotaries, filacers, chirographers, under-clerks, proclamators, council,

<sup>1</sup> The remainder of the speech is not in the original pamphlet.

<sup>2</sup> The war was still popular with the people.

witnesses, jurymen, marshals, tipstuffs, criers, porters; for enrollings, exemplifications, bails, vouchers, returns, caveats, examinations, filings of writs, entries, declarations, replications, recordats, *noli prosequis*, *certioraris*, *mittimus*, demurrers, special verdicts, informations, *seire facias*, *supersedeas*, *habeas corpus*, coach-hire, treating of witnesses, &c. ‘Verily,’ says John, ‘there are a prodigious number of learned words in this law; what a pretty science it is!’ ‘Ay! but husband, you have paid for every syllable and letter of these fine words; bless me, what immense sums are at the bottom of the account!’ John spent several weeks in looking over his bills, and by comparing and stating his accounts he discovered that, besides the extravagance of every article, he had been egregiously cheated; that he had paid for counsel that were never feed<sup>1</sup>, for writs that were never drawn, for dinners that were never dressed, and journeys that were never made: in short, that<sup>2</sup> the tradesmen, lawyers and Frog had agreed to throw the burden of the lawsuit upon his shoulders.

## CHAPTER XII.

HOW JOHN GREW ANGRY, AND RESOLVED TO ACCEPT A COMPOSITION; AND WHAT METHODS WERE PRACTISED BY THE LAWYERS FOR KEEPING HIM FROM IT.

Well might the learned Daniel Burgess<sup>3</sup> say, that a lawsuit is a suit for life. He that sows his grain upon marble, will have many a hungry belly before harvest. This John felt by woful experience. John’s cause was a good milch cow, and many a man subsisted his family out of it. However John began to think it high time to look about him. He had a cousin in the country, one Sir Roger Bold<sup>4</sup>, whose predecessors had been bred up to the law, and knew as much of it as any body; but, having left off the profession for some time, they took great pleasure in compounding lawsuits among their neighbours, for which they were the aversion of the gentlemen of the long robe, and at perpetual war with all the country

<sup>1</sup> Troops on the roll, but not in the field.

<sup>2</sup> ‘That Hocus and Frog’ (*Law is a Bottomless-Pit*).

<sup>3</sup> A dissenting minister, whose meeting-house was wrecked during

the riots which occurred at the time of Dr. Sacheverell’s trial.

<sup>4</sup> Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, was made Treasurer in place of Lord Godolphin.



attorneys. John put his cause in Sir Roger's hands, desiring him to make the best of it: the news had no sooner reached the ears of the lawyers, but they were all in an uproar. They brought all the rest of the tradesmen upon John<sup>1</sup>: 'Squire South swore he was betrayed, that he would starve before he compounded; Frog said he was highly wronged; even lying Ned the chimney-sweeper, and Tom the dustman complained that their interest was sacrificed. The<sup>2</sup> lawyers, solicitors, Hocus, and his clerks, were all up in arms at the news of the composition; they abused him and his wife most shamefully. 'You silly, awkward, ill-bred, country sow,' quoth one, 'have you no more manners than to rail at Hocus, that has saved that clod-pated numskulled ninny-hammer of yours from ruin, and all his family? It is well known, how he has rose early and sat up late to make him easy, when he was sopping at every ale-house in town. I knew his last wife; she was a woman of breeding, good humour, and complaisance; knew how to live in the world: as for you, you look like a puppet moved by clock-work; your clothes hang upon you as they were upon tenter-hooks, and you come into a room as if you were going to steal away a piss-pot: get you gone into the country to look after your mother's poultry, to milk the cows, churn the butter, and dress up nosegays for a holiday, and not meddle with matters which you know no more of than the sign-post before your door. It is well known that Hocus had an established reputation; he never swore an oath, nor told a lie in all his life; he is grateful to his benefactors, faithful to his friends, liberal to his dependants, and dutiful to his superiors; he values not your money more than the dust under his feet, but he hates to be abused. Once for all, Mrs. Minx, leave off talking of Hocus, or I will pull out those saucer eyes of yours, and make that redstreak country face look as raw as an ox-cheek upon a butcher's stall: remember, I say, that there are pillories and ducking-stools.' With this away they flung, leaving Mrs. Bull no time to reply. No stone was left unturned to fright John from his composition: sometimes they spread reports at coffee-houses, that John and his wife were run mad; that they intended to give up house, and make over all their estate to

<sup>1</sup> The measure was opposed by the allies and the general.

<sup>2</sup> 'As for Hocus's wife, she took a hackney chair and came to John's

house immediately, and fell a scolding at his wife, like the mother of Beelzebub, "You," &c. (*Law is a Bottomless-Pit*).

Lewis Baboon; that John had been often heard talking to himself, and seen in the streets without shoes or stockings; that he did nothing from morning till night but beat his servants, after having been the best master alive; as for his wife, she was a mere natural. Sometimes John's house was beset with a whole regiment of attorney's clerks, bailiffs, and bailiffs' followers, and other small retainers of the law, who threw stones at his windows, and dirt at himself, as he went along the street. When John complained of want of ready money to carry on his suit, they advised him to pawn his plate and jewels, and that Mrs. Bull should sell her linen and wearing-clothes<sup>1</sup>.

### CHAPTER XIII<sup>2</sup>.

MRS. BULL'S VINDICATION OF THE INDISPENSABLE DUTY OF CUCKOLDOM INCUMBENT UPON WIVES IN CASE OF THE TYRANNY, INFIDELITY, OR INSUFFICIENCY OF HUSBANDS: BEING A FULL ANSWER TO THE DOCTOR'S SERMON AGAINST ADULTERY<sup>3</sup>.

John found daily fresh proofs of the infidelity and bad designs of his deceased wife; amongst other things, one day looking over his cabinet, he found the following paper:—

<sup>1</sup> The original pamphlet ended with the following 'Chap. XIII,' which was not afterwards reprinted.

*How the lawyers agreed to send Don Diego Disnallo, the conjurer, to John Bull, to dissuade him from making an end of his law-suit; and what passed between them.*

*Bull.* How does my good friend Don Diego?

*Don.* Never worse. Who can be easy when their friends are playing the fool?

*Bull.* But then you may be easy, for I am resolved to play the fool no longer: I wish I had hearkened to your advice, and compounded this law-suit sooner.

*Don.* It is true; I was then against the ruinous ways of this law-suit, but looking over my scheme since, I find there is an error in my calculation. Sol and

Jupiter were in a wrong house, but I have now discovered their true places: I tell you I find that the stars are unanimously of opinion that you will be successful in this cause; that Lewis will come to an untimely end, and Strutt will be turned out of doors by his wife and children.

Then he went on with a torrent of Ecliptics, Cycles, Epicycles, Ascendants, Trines, Quadrants, Conjunctions, Bulls, Bears, Goats, and Rams, and abundance of hard words, which being put together signified nothing. John all this while stood gaping and staring, like a man in a trance.

<sup>2</sup> Here the second pamphlet in the original series commenced,—*John Bull in his Senses.*

<sup>3</sup> The Tories' representation of the speeches at Sacheverell's trial.

It is evident that matrimony is founded upon an original contract, whereby the wife makes over the right she has by the law of nature to the *concubitus vagus*, in favour of the husband; by which he acquires the property of all her posterity. But then the obligation is mutual; and where the contract is broken on one side it ceases to bind on the other. Where there is a right, there must be a power to maintain it, and to punish the offending party. This power I affirm to be that original right, or rather that indispensable duty of cuckoldom, lodged in all wives in the cases above-mentioned. No wife is bound by any law to which herself has not consented: all economical government is lodged originally in the husband and wife, the executive part being in the husband; both have their privileges secured to them by law and reason: but will any man infer from the husband's being invested with the executive power, that the wife is deprived of her share, and that which is the principal branch of it, the original right of cuckoldom? And that she has no remedy left, but *preces et lachrymæ*, or an appeal to a supreme court of judicature? No less frivolous are the arguments that are drawn from the general appellations and terms of husband and wife. A husband denotes several sorts of magistracy, according to the usages and customs of different climates and countries. In some eastern nations it signifies a tyrant, with the absolute power of life and death; in Turkey it denotes an arbitrary governor, with power of perpetual imprisonment; in Italy it gives the husband the power of poison and padlocks; in the countries of England, France, and Holland, it has quite a different meaning, implying a free and equal government, securing to the wife in certain cases the liberty of cuckoldom, and the property of pin-money, and separate maintenance. So that the arguments drawn from the terms of husband and wife are fallacious, and by no means fit to support a tyrannical doctrine, as that of absolute unlimited chastity<sup>1</sup> and conjugal fidelity.

The general exhortations to chastity in wives are meant only for rules in ordinary cases, but they naturally suppose three conditions of ability, justice, and fidelity in the husband: such an unlimited, unconditioned fidelity in the wife could never

<sup>1</sup> Passive obedience.

be supposed by reasonable men ; it seems a reflection upon the ch[ur]ch, to charge her with doctrines that countenance oppression.

This doctrine of the original right of cuckoldom is congruous to the law of nature, which is superior to all human laws, and for that I dare appeal to all wives : it is much to the honour of our English wives that they have never given up that fundamental point ; and that though in former ages they were muffled up in darkness and superstition, yet that notion seemed engraven on their minds, and the impression so strong that nothing could impair it.

To assert the illegality of cuckoldom upon any pretence whatsoever, were to cast odious colours upon the married state, to blacken the necessary means of perpetuating families : such laws can never be supposed to have been designed to defeat the very end of matrimony, the propagation of mankind. I call them necessary means ; for in many cases what other means are left ? Such a doctrine wounds the honour of families ; unsettles the titles to kingdoms, honours, and estates ; for, if the actions from which such settlements spring were illegal, all that is built upon them must be so too : but the last is absurd, therefore the first must be so likewise. What is the cause that Europe groans at present under the heavy load of a cruel and expensive war, but the tyrannical custom of a certain nation, and the scrupulous nicety of a silly Queen<sup>1</sup>, in not exercising this indispensable duty of cuckoldom, whereby the kingdom might have had an heir, and a controverted succession might have been avoided ? These are the effects of the narrow maxims of your clergy, that one must not do evil, that good may come of it.

The assertors of this indefeasible right, and *jus divinum* of matrimony, do all in their hearts favour gallants, and the pretenders to married women ; for if the true legal foundation of the married state be once sapped, and instead thereof tyrannical maxims introduced, what must follow but elopements instead of secret and peaceable cuckoldom ?

From all that has been said, one may clearly perceive the absurdity of the doctrine of this seditious, discontented, hot-headed, ungifted, unedifying preacher, asserting that the

<sup>1</sup> The Queen of Charles II of Spain, upon whose death without issue the war broke out.

grand security of the matrimonial state, and the pillar upon which it stands, is founded upon the wife's belief of an absolute unconditional fidelity to the husband's bed: by which bold assertion he strikes at the root, digs the foundation, and removes the basis upon which the happiness of a married state is built. As for his personal reflections, I would gladly know who are those wanton wives he speaks of? who are those ladies of high stations that he so boldly traduces in his sermon? It is pretty plain who these aspersions are aimed at, for which he deserves the pillory or something worse.

In confirmation of this doctrine of the indispensable duty of cuckoldom, I could bring the example of the wisest wives in all ages, who by these means have preserved their husbands' families from ruin and oblivion by want of posterity; but what has been said, is a sufficient ground for punishing this pragmatical parson.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### THE TWO GREAT PARTIES OF WIVES, THE DEVOTOS AND THE HITTS<sup>1</sup>.

The doctrine of unlimited chastity and fidelity in wives was universally espoused by all husbands, who went about the country, and made the wives sign papers, signifying their utter detestation and abhorrence of Mrs. Bull's wicked doctrine of the indispensable duty of cuckoldom. Some yielded, others refused to part with their native liberty; which gave rise to two great parties amongst the wives, the Devotos and the Hitts. Though it must be owned, the distinction was more nominal than real; for the Devotos would abuse freedoms sometimes; and those who were distinguished by the name of Hitts, were often very honest. At the same time there came out an ingenious treatise with the title of 'Good Advice to Husbands'; in which they are counselled not to trust too much to their wives' owning the doctrine of unlimited conjugal fidelity, and so to neglect family duty, and a due watchfulness over the manners of their wives; that the greatest security to husbands was a vigorous constitution, good usage of their wives, and keeping them from temptation; many husbands having been sufferers by their trusting too much to general

<sup>1</sup> Those who were for and against the doctrine of non-resistance.

professions, as was exemplified in the case of a foolish and negligent husband, who, trusting to the efficacy of this principle, was undone by his wife's elopement from him<sup>1</sup>.

## CHAPTER XV.

### AN ACCOUNT OF THE CONFERENCE BETWEEN MRS. BULL AND DON DIEGO.

The<sup>2</sup> lawyers, as their last effort to put off the composition, sent Don Diego<sup>3</sup> to John. Don Diego was a very worthy gentleman, a friend to John, his mother, and present wife; and therefore supposed to have some influence over her: he had been illused himself by John's lawyers, but, because of some animosity<sup>4</sup> to Sir Roger, was against the composition<sup>5</sup>. The conference between him and Mrs. Bull was word for word as follows:—

*Don Diego.* Is it possible, cousin Bull, that you can forget the honourable maxims of the family you are come of, and break your word with three of the honestest best-meaning persons in the world, Esquire South, Frog, and Hocus, that have sacrificed their interests to yours? It is base to take advantage of their simplicity and credulity, and leave them in the lurch at last.

*Mrs. Bull.* I am sure they have left my family in a bad condition; we have hardly money to go to market, and nobody will take our words for sixpence. A very fine spark this Esquire South! My husband took him in, a dirty, snotty-nosed boy; it was the business of half the servants to attend him, the rogue did bawl and make such a noise<sup>6</sup>: sometimes he fell in the fire and burnt his face, sometimes broke his shins clambering over the benches, often . . . , and always came in so dirty, as if he had been dragged through the kennel at a boarding-school. He lost his money at chuck-farthing,

<sup>1</sup> An allusion to the Revolution, when James II lost his kingdom.

<sup>2</sup> This opening paragraph was not in the original pamphlet.

<sup>3</sup> Amongst other obstacles to the treaty was the opposition of the Earl of Nottingham, a tory nobleman, who had great influence in the House of Commons.

<sup>4</sup> The cause of his animosity, from which this conduct is sup-

posed to proceed, was Harley's being chosen to succeed him as principal Secretary of State, when he was removed from that office in the year 1704.

<sup>5</sup> He expostulated against the peace with great warmth in the house, when the Queen was present *incognita*.

<sup>6</sup> Superstition, love of operas, shows, &c.

shuffle-cap, and all fours; sold his books, pawned his linen, which we were always forced to redeem. Then the whole generation of him are so in love with bagpipes and puppet-shows! I wish you knew what my husband has paid at the pastry-cook's and confectioner's for Naples biscuit, tarts, custards, and sweetmeats. All this while my husband considered him as a gentleman of a good family that had fallen into decay, gave him good education, and has settled him in a good creditable way of living, having procured him, by his interest, one of the best places of the country; and what return, think you, does this fine gentleman make us? He will hardly give me or my husband a good word or a civil expression: instead of Sir and Madam (which, though I say it, is our due) he calls us goody and gaffer such a one: says, he did us a great deal of honour to board with us; huffs and dings at such a rate, because we will not spend the little we have left to get him the title and estate of Lord Strutt; and then, forsooth, we shall have the honour to be his woollen-drapers<sup>1</sup>. Besides, Esquire South will be Esquire South still; fickle, proud, and ungrateful. If he behaves himself so when he depends on us for his daily bread, can any man say what he will do when he is got above the world?

*D. Diego.* And would you lose the honour of so noble and generous an undertaking? Would you rather accept this scandalous composition, and trust that old rogue, Lewis Baboon?

*Mrs. Bull.* Look you, friend Diego, if we law it on, till Lewis turns honest, I am afraid our credit will run low at Blackwell Hall<sup>2</sup>. I wish every man had his own; but I still say that Lord Strutt's money shines as bright and chinks as well as Esquire South's. I don't know any other hold that we tradesmen have of these great folks but their interest; buy dear and sell cheap, and I'll warrant ye you will keep your customer. The worst is, that Lord Strutt's servants have got such a haunt about that old rogue's shop, that it will cost us many a firkin of strong beer to bring them back again; and the longer they are in a bad road, the harder it will be to get them out of it.

*D. Diego.* But poor Frog, what has he done! On my

<sup>1</sup> Here the paragraph ends, in the original pamphlet.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 206, note 1.

conscience, if there be an honest, sincere man in the world, it is that Frog.

*Mrs. Bull.* I think I need not tell you how much Frog has been obliged to our family from his childhood ; he carries his head high now, but he had never been the man he is, without our help. Ever since the commencement of this lawsuit it has been the business of Hocus, in sharing our expenses, to plead for Frog. ‘Poor Frog,’ says he, ‘is in hard circumstances, he has a numerous family, and lives from hand to mouth ; his children don’t eat a bit of good victuals from one year’s end to the other, but live upon salt herring, sour curd, and borecole ; he does his utmost, poor fellow, to keep things even in the world, and has exerted himself beyond his ability in this lawsuit ; but he really has not wherewithal to go on. What signifies this hundred pounds ? place it upon your side of the account ; it is a great deal to poor Frog, and a trifle to you.’ This has been Hocus’s constant language, and I am sure he has had obligations enough to us to have acted another part.

*D. Diego.* No doubt Hocus meant all this for the best, but he is a tender-hearted, charitable man ; Frog is indeed in hard circumstances.

*Mrs. Bull.* Hard circumstances ! I swear this is provoking to the last degree. All the time of the lawsuit, as fast as I have mortgaged, Frog has purchased<sup>1</sup> ; from a plain tradesman with a shop, warehouse, and a country hut with a dirty fish-pond at the end of it, he is now grown a very rich country gentleman, with a noble landed estate, noble palaces, manors, parks, gardens, and farms, finer than any we were ever master of. Is it not strange, when my husband disbursed great sums every term, Frog should be purchasing some new farm or manor ? So that, if this lawsuit lasts, he will be far the richest man in his country. What is worse than all this, he steals away my customers every day ; twelve of the richest and the best have left my shop by his persuasion, and whom, to my certain knowledge, he has under bonds never to return again : judge you if this be neighbourly dealing.

*D. Diego.* Frog is indeed pretty close in his dealings, but very honest ; you are so touchy, and take things so hotly, I am sure there must be some mistake in this.

<sup>1</sup> Complaint was made of the acquisitions of the Dutch in Flanders.



*Mrs. Bull.* A plaguy one indeed! You know, and have often told me of it, how Hocus and those rogues kept my husband John Bull drunk for five years together with punch and strong waters; I am sure he never went one night sober to bed, till they got him to sign the strangest deed that ever you saw in your life. The methods they took to manage him I'll tell you another time; at present I'll read only the writing.

## ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT

BETWIXT

JOHN BULL, *Clothier,*

AND

NICHOLAS FROG, *Linen-draper*<sup>1</sup>.

I. THAT, for maintaining the ancient good correspondence and friendship between the said parties, I Nicholas Frog do solemnly engage and promise to keep peace in John Bull's family; that neither his wife, children, nor servants give him any trouble, disturbance, or molestation whatsoever, but to oblige them all to do their duty quietly in their respective stations: and whereas the said John Bull, from the assured confidence that he has in my friendship, has appointed me executor of his last will and testament, and guardian to his children, I do undertake for me, my heirs and assigns, to see the same duly executed and performed, and that it shall be unalterable in all its parts by John Bull, or any body else: for that purpose it shall be lawful and allowable for me to enter his house at any hour of the day or night; to break open bars, bolts, and doors, chests of drawers, and strong boxes, in order to secure the peace of my friend John Bull's family, and to see his will duly executed.

II. In consideration of which kind neighbourly office of Nicholas Frog, in that he has been pleased to accept of the

<sup>1</sup> A treaty had been concluded by the Lord Townshend at the Hague between the Queen and the States in 1709, for securing the protestant succession, and for settling a barrier for Holland against France; and it was resolved that several articles

of this treaty were destructive to the trade and interest of Great Britain, that Lord Townshend had no authority to agree to them, and that he and all those who advised ratifying the treaty were enemies to their country.

aforesaid trust, I John Bull having duly considered that my friend Nicholas Frog at this time lives in a marshy soil and unwholesome air, infested with fogs and damps destructive of the health of himself, wife, and children, do bind and oblige me, my heirs and assigns, to purchase for the said Nicholas Frog, with the best and readiest of my cash, bonds, mortgages, goods, and chattels, a landed estate, with parks, gardens, palaces, rivers, fields, and outlets, consisting of as large extent as the said Nicholas Frog shall think fit. And whereas the said Nicholas Frog is at present hemmed in too close by the grounds of Lewis Baboon, master of the science of defence, I the said John Bull do oblige myself, with the readiest of my cash, to purchase and enclose the said grounds, for as many fields and acres as the said Nicholas shall think fit; to the intent that the said Nicholas may have free egress and regress, without let or molestation, suitable to the demands of himself and family.

III. Furthermore, the said John Bull obliges himself to make the country neighbours of Nicholas Frog allot a certain part of yearly rents to pay for the repairs of the said landed estate, to the intent that his good friend Nicholas Frog may be eased of all charges.

IV. And whereas the said Nicholas Frog did contract with the deceased Lord Strutt about certain liberties, privileges, and immunities, formerly in the possession of the said John Bull; I the said John Bull do freely by these presents renounce, quit, and make over to the said Nicholas, the liberties, privileges, and immunities contracted for, in as full a manner as if they never had belonged to me.

V. The said John Bull obliges himself, his heirs and assigns, not to sell one rag of broad or coarse cloth to any gentleman within the neighbourhood of the said Nicholas, except in such quantities and such rates as the said Nicholas shall think fit.

Signed and sealed,

JOHN BULL.

NIC. FROG.

The reading of this paper put Mrs. Bull in such a passion, that she fell downright into a fit, and they were forced to give her a good quantity of the spirit of hartshorn before she recovered.

*D. Diego.* Why in such a passion, cousin? considering your

circumstances at that time, I don't think this such an unreasonable contract. You see Frog, for all this, is religiously true to his bargain; he scorns to hearken to any composition without your privacy.

*Mrs. Bull.* You know the contrary. Read that letter<sup>1</sup>.

[Reads the superscription] 'For Lewis Baboon, master of the noble science of defence.'

SIR,

I understand that you are at this time treating with my friend John Bull about restoring the Lord Strutt's custom, and besides allowing him certain privileges of parks and fish-ponds; I wonder how you, that are a man that knows the world, can talk with that simple fellow. He has been my bubble these twenty years, and to my certain knowledge understands no more of his own affairs than a child in swaddling clothes. I know he has got a sort of a pragmatistical silly jade of a wife, that pretends to take him out of my hands; but you and she both will find yourself mistaken: I'll find those that shall manage her; and, for him, he dares as well be hanged as make one step in his affairs without my consent. If you will give me what you promised him, I will make all things easy, and stop the deeds of ejectionment against Lord Strutt: if you will not, take what follows; I shall have a good action against you, for pretending to rob me of my bubble. Take this warning from

Your loving friend,

NIC. FROG.

I am told, cousin Diego, you are one of those who have undertaken to manage me, and that you have said you will carry a green bag yourself, rather than we shall make an end of our lawsuit: I'll teach them and you too to manage.

*D. Diego.* For God's sake, madam, why so choleric? I say this letter is some forgery; it never entered into the head of that honest man, Nic. Frog, to do any such thing.

*Mrs. Bull.* I can't abide you: you have been railing these twenty years at Esquire South, Frog, and Hocus, calling them rogues and pick-pockets, and now they are turned the honestest fellows in the world. What is the meaning of all this?

*D. Diego.* Pray tell me how you came to employ this Sir Roger in your affairs, and not think of your old friend Diego?

<sup>1</sup> In the meantime the Dutch were secretly negotiating with France.

*Mrs. Bull.* So, so, there it pinches. To tell you truth, I have employed Sir Roger in several weighty affairs, and have found him trusty and honest, and the poor man always scorned to take a farthing of me. I have abundance that profess great zeal, but they are damnable greedy of the pence. My husband and I are now in such circumstances that we must be served upon cheaper terms than we have been.

*D. Diego.* Well, cousin, I find I can do no good with you; I am sorry that you will ruin yourself by trusting this Sir Roger.

## CHAPTER XVI.

HOW THE GUARDIANS OF THE DECEASED MRS. BULL'S THREE DAUGHTERS CAME TO JOHN, AND WHAT ADVICE THEY GAVE HIM; WHEREIN ARE BRIEFLY TREATED THE CHARACTERS OF THE THREE DAUGHTERS: ALSO JOHN BULL'S ANSWER TO THE THREE GUARDIANS.

I told you in a former chapter, that Mrs. Bull, before she departed this life, had blessed John with three daughters. I need not here repeat their names, neither would I willingly use any scandalous reflections upon young ladies, whose reputations ought to be very tenderly handled; but the characters of these were so well known in the neighbourhood that it is doing them no injury to make a short description of them.

The eldest<sup>1</sup> was a termagant, imperious, prodigal, lewd, profligate wench, as ever breathed; she used to rantipole about the house, pinch the children, kick the servants, and torture the cats and the dogs; she would rob her father's strong box for money to give the young fellows that she was fond of; she had a noble air, and something great in her mien, but such a noisome infectious breath as threw all the servants that dressed her into consumptions; if she smelt to the freshest nosegay, it would shrivel and wither as it had been blighted; she used to come home in her cups, and break the china and the looking-glasses, and was of such an irregular temper, and so entirely given up to her passion, that you might argue as well with the North wind, as with her ladyship; so expensive, that the income of three dukedoms was not enough to supply her

<sup>1</sup> 'Polemia,' war.

extravagance. Hocus loved her best, believing her to be his own, got upon the body of Mrs. Bull.

The second daughter<sup>1</sup>, born a year after her sister, was a peevish, forward, ill-conditioned creature as ever was, ugly as the devil, lean, haggard, pale, with saucer eyes, a sharp nose, and hunch-backed; but active, sprightly, and diligent about her affairs. Her ill complexion was occasioned by her bad diet, which was coffee, morning, noon, and night: she never rested quietly a bed; but used to disturb the whole family with shrieking out in her dreams, and plague them next day with interpreting them, for she took them all for gospel: she would cry out murder, and disturb the whole neighbourhood; and when John came running down stairs to enquire what the matter was, nothing, forsooth, only her maid had stuck a pin wrong in her gown; she turned away one servant for putting too much oil in her salad, and another for putting too little salt in her water-gruel; but such as by flattery had procured her esteem, she would indulge in the greatest crime. Her father had two coachmen; when one was in the coach-box, if the coach swung but the least to one side, she used to shriek so loud, that all the street concluded she was overturned; but though the other was eternally drunk, and had overturned the whole family, she was very angry with her father for turning him away. Then she used to carry tales and stories from one to another, till she had set the whole neighbourhood together by the ears; and this was the only diversion she took pleasure in. She never went abroad but she brought home such a bundle of monstrous lies as would have amazed any mortal but such as knew her: of a whale that had swallowed a fleet of ships; of the lions being let out of the Tower to destroy the protestant religion; of the Pope's being seen in a brandy shop at Wapping; and of a prodigious strong man, that was going to shove down the cupola of St. Paul's; of three millions of five pound pieces that Esquire South had found under an old wall; of blazing stars, flying dragons, and abundance of such stuff. All the servants in the family made high court to her, for she domineered there, and turned out and in whom she pleased; only there was an old grudge between her and Sir Roger, whom she mortally hated, and used to hire fellows to squirt kennel water upon him, as he passed along the streets;

<sup>1</sup> 'Discordia,' faction.

so that he was forced constantly to wear a surtout of oiled cloth, by which means he came home pretty clean, except where the surtout was a little scanty.

As for the third<sup>1</sup>, she was a thief, and a common mercenary prostitute, and that without any solicitation from nature, for she owned she had no enjoyment. She had no respect of persons, a prince or a porter was all one, according as they paid; yea, she would leave the finest gentleman in the world to go to an ugly . . . . fellow for sixpence more. In the practice of her profession she had amassed vast magazines of all sorts of things; she had above five hundred suits of fine clothes, and yet went abroad like a cinder-wench: she robbed and starved all the servants, so that nobody could live near her.

So much for John's three daughters, which you will say were rarities to be fond of: yet nature will shew itself; nobody could blame their relations for taking care of them; and therefore it was that Hocus, with two other of the guardians, thought it their duty to take care of the interest of the three girls, and give John their best advice before he compounded the lawsuit.

*Hocus.* What makes you so shy of late, my good friend? There's nobody loves you better than I, nor has taken more pains in your affairs: as I hope to be saved, I would do any thing to serve you; I would crawl upon all four to serve you; I have spent my health and paternal estate in your service. I have, indeed, a small pittance left, with which I might retire. and with as good a conscience as any man; but the thought of this disgraceful composition so touches me to the quick that I cannot sleep: after I had brought the cause to the last stroke, that one verdict more had quite ruined old Lewis, and Lord Strutt, and put you in the quiet possession of every thing; then to compound! I cannot bear it. This cause was my favourite, I had set my heart upon it; it is like an only child; I cannot endure it should miscarry. For God's sake consider only to what a dismal condition old Lewis is brought. He is at an end of all his cash; his attorneys have hardly one trick left; they are at an end of all their chicane; besides, he has both law and his daily bread now upon trust. Hold out only one term longer, and I'll warrant you, before the next we shall have him in the Fleet. I'll bring him to the pillory; his ears shall pay for his perjuries. For the love of God don't compound; let me be damned if you have a friend in the world that loves you better

<sup>1</sup> 'Usuria,' usury.

than I : there is nobody can say I am covetous, or that I have any interest to pursue but yours.

*Second Guardian.* There is nothing so plain as that this Lewis has a design to ruin all his neighbouring tradesmen ; and at this time he has such a prodigious income by his trade of all kinds, that, if there is not some stop put to his exorbitant riches, he will monopolize every thing ; nobody will be able to sell a yard of drapery or mercery ware but himself. I then hold it advisable that you continue the lawsuit, and burst him at once. My concern for the three poor motherless children obliges me to give you this advice ; for their estates, poor girls ! depend upon the success of this cause.

*Third Guardian.* I own this writ of ejection has cost dear ; but then consider, it is a jewel well worth the purchasing at the price of all you have. None but Mr. Bull's declared enemies can say he has any other security for his clothing trade but the ejection of Lord Strutt. The only question then that remains to be decided is, who shall stand the expenses of the suit ? To which the answer is as plain ; who but he that is to have the advantage of the sentence ? When Esquire South has got possession of his title and honour, is not John Bull to be his clothier ? Who then but John ought to put him in possession ? Ask but any indifferent gentleman, who ought to bear his charges at law, and he will readily answer, his tradesmen. I do therefore affirm, and will go to death with it, that, being his clothier, you ought to put him in quiet possession of his estate, and, with the same generous spirit you have begun it, complete the good work. If you persist in the bad measures you are now in, what must become of the three poor orphans ? My heart bleeds for the poor girls.

*John Bull.* You are all very eloquent persons ; but give me leave to tell you, you express a great deal more concern for the three girls than for me ; I think my interest ought to be considered in the first place. As for you, Hocus, I can't but say you have managed my lawsuit with great address, and much to my honour ; and, though I say it, you have been well paid for it. Why must the burden be taken off Frog's back, and laid upon my shoulders ? He can drive about his own parks and fields in his gilt chariot, when I have been forced to mortgage my estate ; his note will go farther than my bond. Is it not matter of fact that, from the richest tradesman in all the

country, I am reduced to beg and borrow from scriveners and usurers, that suck the heart, blood, and guts out of me? and what is all this for? Did you like Frog's countenance better than mine? Was not I your old friend and relation? Have I not presented you nobly? Have I not clad your whole family? Have you not had an hundred yards at a time of the finest cloth in my shop? Why must the rest of the tradesmen be not only indemnified from charges, but forbid to go on with their own business, and what is more their concern than mine? As to holding out this term, I appeal to your own conscience, has not that been your constant discourse these six years: one term more, and old Lewis goes to pot. If thou art so fond of my cause, be generous for once, and lend me a brace of thousands. Ah Hocus! Hocus! I know thee; not a sou to save me from gaol, I trow. Look ye, gentlemen, I have lived with credit in the world, and it grieves my heart never to stir out of my doors but to be pulled by the sleeve by some rascally dun or other: 'Sir, remember my bill; there's a small concern of a thousand pounds, I hope you think on't, Sir.' And to have these usurers transact my debts at coffee-houses, and ale-houses, as if I were going to break up shop! Lord! that ever the rich, the generous John Bull, clothier, the envy of all his neighbours, should be brought to compound his debts for five shillings in the pound; and to have his name in an advertisement for a statute of bankrupt. The thought of it makes me mad. I have read somewhere in the Apocrypha, that one should not consult with a woman touching her of whom she is jealous; nor with a merchant concerning exchange; nor with a buyer of selling; nor with an unmerciful man of kindness, &c. I could have added one thing more, nor with an attorney about compounding a law-suit. The ejectionment of Lord Strutt will never do. The evidence is crimp; the witnesses swear backwards and forwards, and contradict themselves; and his tenants stick by him. One tells me that I must carry on my suit, because Lewis is poor; another, because he is still too rich: whom shall I believe? I am sure of one thing, that a penny in the purse is the best friend John can have at last; and who can say that this will be the last suit I shall be engaged in? Besides, if this ejectionment were practicable, is it reasonable that, when Esquire South is losing his money to sharpers and pick-pockets, going about the country with fiddlers and buffoons, and squandering his income



with hawks and dogs, I should lay out the fruits of my honest industry in a lawsuit for him, only upon the hopes of being his clothier? And, when the cause is over, I shall not have the benefit of my project for want of money to go to market. Look ye, gentlemen, John Bull is but a plain man; but John Bull knows when he is ill used. I know the infirmity of our family; we are apt to play the boon companion, and throw away our money in our cups; but it was an unfair thing in you, gentlemen, to take advantage of my weakness, to keep a parcel of roaring bullies about me day and night, with huzzas and hunting-horns, and ringing the changes on butchers' cleavers, never let me cool, and make me set my hand to papers, when I could hardly hold my pen. There will come a day of reckoning for all that proceeding. In the mean time, gentlemen, I beg you will let me into my affairs a little, and that you would not grudge me the small remainder of a very great estate.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### ESQUIRE SOUTH'S MESSAGE AND LETTER TO MRS. BULL<sup>1</sup>.

The arguments used by Hocus and the rest of the guardians had hitherto proved insufficient: John and his wife could not be persuaded to bear the expense of Esquire South's lawsuit. They thought it reasonable that, since he was to have the honour and advantage, he should bear the greatest share of the charges; and retrench what he lost to sharpers, and spent upon country dances and puppet-plays, to apply it to that use. This was not very grateful to the Esquire; therefore, as the last experiment, he resolved to send Signior Benenato, master of his fox-hounds, to Mrs. Bull, to try what good he could do with her. This Signior Benenato had all the qualities of a fine gentleman that were fit to charm a lady's heart; and if any person in the world could have persuaded her, it was he. But such was her unshaken fidelity to her husband, and the constant purpose of her mind to pursue his interest, that the most refined arts of gallantry that were practised, could not seduce her heart. The necklaces, diamond crosses, and rich bracelets

<sup>1</sup> As all attempts of the party to preclude the treaty were ineffectual, and complaints were made of the deficiencies of the house of Austria, the Archduke sent a message and

letter by Prince Eugene urging the continuance of the war, and offering to bear a proportion of the expense.

that were offered, she rejected with the utmost scorn and disdain. The music and serenades that were given her, sounded more ungratefully in her ears than the noise of a screech-owl; however, she received Esquire South's letter by the hands of Signior Benenato with that respect which became his quality. The copy of the letter is as follows, in which you will observe he changes a little his usual style.

MADAM,

The writ of ejection against Philip Baboon, (pretended Lord Strutt) is just ready to pass; there want but a few necessary forms, and a verdict or two more, to put me in the quiet possession of my honour and estate: I question not, but that according to your wonted generosity and goodness you will give it the finishing stroke, an honour that I would grudge anybody but yourself. In order to ease you of some part of the charges, I promise to furnish pen, ink, and paper, provided you pay for the stamps. Besides, I have ordered my stewards to pay, out of the readiest and best of my rents, five pounds ten shillings a year, till my suit is finished. I wish your health and happiness, being with due respect,

Madam,

Your assured friend,

SOUTH.

What answer Mrs. Bull returned to this letter you shall know in my second part, only they were at a pretty good distance in their proposals; for as Esquire South only offered to be at the charges of pen, ink, and paper<sup>1</sup>, Mrs. Bull refused any more than to lend her barge to carry his council to Westminster Hall.

<sup>1</sup> This proportion was thought to be so inconsiderable, that the letter produced no other effect, than the convoy of the forces by the English fleet to Barcelona.

## PART II.

### THE PUBLISHER'S PREFACE<sup>1</sup>.

THE world is much indebted to the famous Sir Humphry Polesworth for his ingenious and impartial account of John Bull's lawsuit; yet there is just cause of complaint against him, in that he relates it only by parcels, and won't give us the whole work: this forces me, who am only the publisher, to bespeak the assistance of his friends and acquaintance to engage him to lay aside that stingy humour, and gratify the curiosity of the public at once. He pleads in excuse, that they are only private memoirs, wrote for his own use, in a loose style, to serve as a help to his ordinary conversation. I represented to him the good reception the first part had met with; that, though calculated only for the meridian of Grub Street, it was yet taken notice of by the better sort; that the world was now sufficiently acquainted with John Bull, and interested itself in his concerns. He answered, with a smile, that he had indeed some trifling things to impart, that concerned John Bull's relations and domestic affairs; if these would satisfy me, he gave me free leave to make use of them, because they would serve to make the history of the lawsuit more intelligible. When I had looked over the manuscript, I found likewise some further account of the composition, which perhaps may not be unacceptable to such as have read the former part.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE CHARACTER OF JOHN BULL'S MOTHER<sup>2</sup>.

John had a mother, whom he loved and honoured extremely, a discreet, grave, sober, good-conditioned, cleanly old gentle-

<sup>1</sup> This Preface formed the commencement of the third of the original pamphlets, *John Bull still in*

*his Senses.*

<sup>2</sup> The Church of England.

woman as ever lived; she was none of your cross-grained, termagant, scolding jades, that one had as good be hanged as live in the house with, such as are always censuring the conduct, and telling scandalous stories of their neighbours, extolling their own good qualities, and undervaluing those of others. On the contrary, she was of a meek spirit, and, as she was strictly virtuous herself, so she always put the best construction upon the words and actions of her neighbours, except where they were irreconcilable to the rules of honesty and decency. She was neither one of your precise prudes, nor one of your fantastical old belles, that dress themselves like girls of fifteen; as she neither wore a ruff, forehead cloth, nor high-crowned hat, so she had laid aside feathers, flowers, and crimplt ribbons in her head-dress, furbelow-scarfs, and hooped-petticoats. She scorned to patch and paint, yet she loved to keep her hands and her face clean. Though she wore no flaunting laced ruffles, she would not keep herself in a constant sweat with greasy flannel; though her hair was not stuck with jewels, she was not ashamed of a diamond cross; she was not, like some ladies, hung about with toys and trinkets, tweezer-cases, pocket glasses, and essence bottles; she used only a gold watch and an almanac, to mark the hours and the holy-days.

Her furniture was neat and genteel, well fancied with a *bon goût*. As she affected not the grandeur of a state with a canopy, she thought there was no offence in an elbow-chair; she had laid aside your carving, gilding, and japan work, as being too apt to gather dirt; but she never could be prevailed upon to part with plain wainscot and clean hangings. There are some ladies that affect to smell a stink in every thing; they are always highly perfumed, and continually burning frankincense in their rooms; she was above such affectation, yet she never would lay aside the use of brooms, and scrubbing-brushes, and scrupled not to lay her linen in fresh lavender.

She was no less genteel in her behaviour, well-bred, without affectation, in the due mean between one of your affected curtesying pieces of formality, and your romps that have no regard to the common rules of civility. There are some ladies, that affect a mighty regard for their relations: 'we must not eat to-day, for my uncle Tom, or my cousin Betty, died this time ten years: let's have a ball to-night, it is my neighbour

such-a-one's birth-day ;' she looked upon all this as grimace ; yet she constantly observed her husband's birth-day, her wedding-day, and some few more.

Though she was a truly good woman, and had a sincere motherly love for her son John, yet there wanted not those who endeavoured to create a misunderstanding between them, and they had so far prevailed with him once, that he turned her out of doors<sup>1</sup>, to his great sorrow, as he found afterwards, for his affairs went on at sixes and sevens.

She was no less judicious in the turn of her conversation and choice of her studies, in which she far exceeded all her sex : our rakes that hate the company of all sober grave gentlemen, would bear her's ; and she would, by her handsome manner of proceeding, sooner reclaim them than some that were more sour and reserved. She was a zealous preacher up of chastity, and conjugal fidelity in wives, and by no means a friend to the new-fangled doctrine of the indispensable duty of cuckoldom. Though she advanced her opinions with a becoming assurance, yet she never ushered them in, as some positive creatures will do, with dogmatical assertions, 'this is infallible ; I cannot be mistaken ; none but a rogue can deny it.' It has been observed, that such people are oftener in the wrong than anybody.

Though she had a thousand good qualities, she was not without her faults, amongst which one might perhaps reckon too great lenity to her servants, to whom she always gave good counsel, but often too gentle correction. I thought I could not say less of John Bull's mother, because she bears a part in the following transactions.

## CHAPTER II.

THE CHARACTER OF JOHN BULL'S SISTER PEG<sup>2</sup>, WITH THE QUARRELS THAT HAPPENED BETWEEN MASTER AND MISS IN THEIR CHILDHOOD.

John had a sister, a poor girl that had been starved at nurse ; anybody would have guessed Miss to have been bred up under the influence of a cruel step-dame, and John to be the fondling of a tender mother. John looked ruddy and plump, with a pair of cheeks like a trumpeter ; Miss looked pale and

<sup>1</sup> At the Civil War.

<sup>2</sup> The nation and church of Scotland.

wan, as if she had the green-sickness ; and no wonder, for John was the darling, he had all the good bits, was crammed with good pullet, chicken, pig, goose, and capon, while Miss had only a little oatmeal and water, or a dry crust without butter. John had his golden pippins, peaches, and nectarines ; poor Miss a crab-apple, sloe, or a blackberry. Master lay in the best apartment, with his bedchamber towards the south sun. Miss lodged in a garret, exposed to the north wind, which shrivelled her countenance ; however, this usage, though it stunted the girl in her growth, gave her a hardy constitution ; she had life and spirit in abundance, and knew when she was ill-used : now and then she would seize upon John's commons, snatch a leg of a pullet, or a bit of good beef, for which they were sure to go to fisticuffs. Master was indeed too strong for her ; but Miss would not yield in the least point, but, even when Master has got her down, she would scratch and bite like a tiger ; when he gave her a cuff on the ear she would prick him with her knitting-needle. John brought a great chain one day to tie her to the bed-post, for which affront Miss aimed a pen-knife at his heart<sup>1</sup>. In short, these quarrels grew up to rooted aversions ; they gave one another nick-names : she called him gundy-guts, and he called her lousy Peg, though the girl was a tight clever wench as any was, and through her pale looks you might discern spirit and vivacity, which made her not, indeed, a perfect beauty, but something that was agreeable. It was barbarous in parents not to take notice of these early quarrels, and make them live better together, such domestic feuds proving afterwards the occasion of misfortunes to them both. Peg had, indeed, some odd humours, and comical antipathies, for which John would jeer her. 'What think you of my sister Peg,' says he, 'that faints at the sound of an organ, and yet will dance and frisk at the noise of a bagpipe?' 'What's that to you, gundy-guts,' quoth Peg, 'everybody's to choose their own music.' Then Peg had taken a fancy not to say her Pater-noster, which made people imagine strange things of her. Of the three brothers that have made such a clutter in the world, Lord Peter, Martin, and Jack<sup>2</sup>, Jack had

<sup>1</sup> Henry VIII, to unite the two kingdoms under one sovereign, offered his daughter Mary to James V of Scotland ; this offer was rejected, and followed by a war : to this

event probably the author alludes.

<sup>2</sup> The names given in Swift's *Tale of a Tub* to those who followed the Roman Catholic church, Luther, and Calvin, respectively.

of late been her inclinations<sup>1</sup>: Lord Peter she detested; nor did Martin stand much better in her good graces, but Jack had found the way to her heart. I have often admired, what charms she discovered in that awkward booby, till I talked with a person that was acquainted with the intrigue, who gave me the following account of it.

### CHAPTER III.

#### JACK'S CHARMS, OR THE METHOD BY WHICH HE GAINED PEG'S HEART.

In the first place, Jack was a very young fellow, by much the youngest of the three brothers, and people, indeed, wondered how such a young upstart jackanapes should grow so pert and saucy, and take so much upon him.

Jack bragged of greater abilities than other men; he was well-gifted, as he pretended; I need not tell you what secret influence that has upon the ladies.

Jack had a most scandalous tongue, and persuaded Peg that all mankind, besides himself, were . . . . by that scarlet-faced whore Signiora Bubonia<sup>2</sup>: 'As for his brother, Lord Peter, the tokens were evident on him, blotches, scabs [&c.]; his brother Martin, though he was not quite so bad, had some nocturnal pains, which his friends pretended were only scorbutical; but he was sure it proceeded from a worse cause.' By such malicious insinuations he had possessed the lady that he was the only man in the world of a sound, pure, and untainted constitution: though there were some that stuck not to say, that Signiora Bubonia and Jack railed at one another, only the better to hide an intrigue; and that Jack had been found with Signiora under his cloak, carrying her home in a dark stormy night.

Jack was a prodigious ogler; he would ogle you the outside of his eye inward, and the white upward.

Jack gave himself out for a man of a great estate in the Fortunate Islands, of which the sole property was vested in his person; by this trick he cheated abundance of poor people of small sums, pretending to make over plantations in the said

<sup>1</sup> Love of Presbytery.

<sup>2</sup> The whore of Babylon, or the Pope.

islands ; but when the poor wretches came there with Jack's grant, they were beat, mocked, and turned out of doors.

I told you Peg was whimsical, and loved anything that was particular ; in that way, Jack was her man, for he neither thought, spoke, dressed, nor acted like other mortals : he was for your bold strokes, he railed at fops, though he was himself the most affected in the world ; instead of the common fashion, he would visit his mistress in a mourning cloak, band, short cuffs, and a peaked beard. He invented a way of coming into a room backwards, which, he said, shewed more humility, and less affectation ; where other people stood, he sat ; where they sat, he stood ; when he went to court, he used to kick away the state, and sit down by his prince cheek by jole : ' confound these states,' says he, ' they are a modern invention : ' when he spoke to his prince, he always turned his br—ch upon him ; if he was advised to fast for his health, he would eat roast-beef ; if he was allowed a more plentiful diet, then he would be sure that day to live upon water-gruel ; he would cry at a wedding, laugh and make jests at a funeral.

He was no less singular in his opinions ; you would have burst your sides to hear him talk of politics : ' All government,' says he, ' is founded upon the right distribution of punishments ; decent executions keep the world in awe ; for that reason the majority of mankind ought to be hanged every year <sup>1</sup>. For example, I suppose the magistrate ought to pass an irreversible sentence upon all blue-eyed children from the cradle ; but, that there may be some show of justice in this proceeding, these children ought to be trained up by masters, appointed for that purpose, to all sorts of villainy, that they may deserve their fate, and the execution of them may serve as an object of terror to the rest of mankind <sup>2</sup>. ' As to the giving of pardons, he had this singular method <sup>3</sup>, that, when these wretches had the rope about their necks, it should be inquired, who believed they should be hanged, and who not ? The first were to be pardoned, the last hanged outright. Such as were once pardoned were never to be hanged afterwards for any crime whatsoever <sup>4</sup>. He had such skill in physiognomy, that he would pronounce peremptorily upon a man's face : ' that fellow,' says he,

<sup>1</sup> Absolute predestination.

shall certainly be saved.

<sup>2</sup> Reprobation.

<sup>4</sup> The doctrine of Election.

<sup>3</sup> Saving faith ; a belief that one



‘do what he will, can’t avoid hanging ; he has a hanging look.’ By the same art, he would prognosticate a principality to a scoundrel.

He was no less particular in the choice of his studies ; they were generally bent towards exploded chimeras, the *perpetuum mobile*, the circular shot, philosopher’s stone, silent gun-powder, making chains for fleas, nets for flies, and instruments to unravel cobwebs and split hairs.

Thus, I think, I have given a distinct account of the methods he practised upon Peg. Her brother would now and then ask her, ‘what a devil dost thou see in that pragmatistical coxcomb to make thee so in love with him ? he is a fit match for a tailor or a shoemaker’s daughter, but not for you, that are a gentlewoman.’ ‘Fancy is free,’ quoth Peg ; ‘I’ll take my own way, do you take yours. I do not care for your flaunting beaus, that gang with their breasts open, and their sarks over their waistcoats<sup>1</sup> ; that accost me with speeches<sup>2</sup> out of Sidney’s *Arcadia* or the *Academy of Compliments*. Jack is a sober, grave young man ; though he has none of your studied harangues, his meaning is sincere ; he has a great regard to his father’s will, and he that shews himself a good son will make a good husband ; besides, I know he has the original deed of conveyance to the Fortunate Islands ; the others are counterfeits.’ There is nothing so obstinate as a young lady in her amours ; the more you cross her, the worse she is.

#### CHAPTER IV.

HOW THE RELATIONS RECONCILED JOHN AND HIS SISTER PEG,  
AND WHAT RETURN PEG MADE TO JOHN’S MESSAGE<sup>3</sup>.

John Bull, otherwise a good-natured man, was very hard-hearted to his sister Peg, chiefly from an aversion he had conceived in his infancy. While he flourished, kept a warm house, and drove a plentiful trade, poor Peg was forced to go hawking and peddling about the streets, selling knives, scissars, and shoe-buckles ; now and then carried a basket of fish to the market ; sewed, spun, and knit for a livelihood, till her fingers-ends were sore, and, when she could not get bread for her family, she was forced to hire them out at journey work to her

<sup>1</sup> Surplices.

<sup>2</sup> Forms of prayers.

<sup>3</sup> The treaty of Union between England and Scotland.

neighbours. Yet in these her poor circumstances she still preserved the air and mien of a gentlewoman, a certain decent pride, that extorted respect from the haughtiest of her neighbours; when she came into any full assembly, she would not yield the *pas* to the best of them. If one asked her, 'Are not you related to John Bull?' 'Yes,' says she; 'he has the honour to be my brother.' So Peg's affairs went, till all the relations cried out shame upon John for his barbarous usage of his own flesh and blood; that it was an easy matter for him to put her in a creditable way of living, not only without hurt but with advantage to himself, seeing she was an industrious person, and might be serviceable to him in his way of business. 'Hang her, jade,' quoth John; 'I can't endure her, as long as she keeps that rascal Jack's company.' They told him the way to reclaim her was to take her into his house, that by conversation the childish humours of their younger days might be worn out. These arguments were enforced by a certain incident. It happened that John was at that time about making his will and entailing his estate<sup>1</sup>, the very same in which Nic. Frog is named executor. Now his sister Peg's name being in the entail, he could not make a thorough settlement without her consent. There was, indeed, a malicious story went about, as if John's last wife had fallen in love with Jack as he was eating custard on horseback<sup>2</sup>; that she persuaded John to take his sister into the house, the better to drive on the intrigue with Jack, concluding he would follow his mistress Peg. All I can infer from this story is, that when one has got a bad character in the world, people will report and believe any thing of one, true or false. But to return to my story; when Peg received John's message, she huffed and stormed like the devil<sup>3</sup>: 'My brother John,' quoth she, 'is grown wondrous kind-hearted all of a sudden, but I meikle doubt, whether it be not mair for their own conveniency than for my good; he draws up his writs and his deeds, forsooth, and I must set my hand to

<sup>1</sup> The succession to the crown having been settled by act of parliament in England upon the house of Hanover, and no such act having passed in Scotland, then a separate kingdom, it was thought a proper time to complete the union which had been often attempted, and

which was recommended to the Scotch by King William III.

<sup>2</sup> A Presbyterian had been Lord Mayor of London.

<sup>3</sup> The Scotch expressed their fears for the presbyterian government, and of being burdened with the English national debts.

them, unsight, unseen. I like the young man<sup>1</sup> he has settled upon well enough, but I think I ought to have a valuable consideration for my consent. He wants my poor little farm, because it makes a nook in his park-wall: ye may e'en tell him, he has mair than he makes good use of; he gangs up and down drinking, roaring, and quarrelling, through all the country markets, making foolish bargains in his cups, which he repents when he is sober; like a thriftless wretch, spending the goods and gear that his forefathers won with the sweat of their brows; light come, light go, he cares not a farthing. But why should I stand surety for his contracts? The little I have is free, and I can call it my awn; hame's hame, let it be never so hamely. I ken him well enough, he could never abide me, and, when he has his ends, he'll e'en use me as he did before. I am sure I shall be treated like a poor drudge; I shall be set to tend the bairns, dearn the hose, and mend the linen. Then there's no living with that old carline his mother; she rails at Jack, and Jack's an honest man than any of her kin: I shall be plagued with her spells and her Pater-nosters, and silly old-world ceremonies; I mun never pare my nails on a Friday, nor begin a journey on Childermas-day; and I mun stand beeking and binging, as I gang out and into the hall. Tell him he may e'en gang his gate; I'll have nothing to do with him; I'll stay, like the poor country mouse, in my awn habitation.' So Peg talked; but for all that, by the interposition of good friends, and by many a bonny thing that was sent, and many more that were promised Peg, the matter was concluded, and Peg taken into the house upon certain articles; one of which was, that she might have the freedom of Jack's conversation<sup>2</sup>, and might take him for better and for worse, if she pleased; provided always he did not come into the house at unreasonable hours, and disturb the rest of the old woman, John's mother.

## CHAPTER V.

OF SOME QUARRELS, THAT HAPPENED AFTER PEG WAS TAKEN INTO THE FAMILY<sup>3</sup>.

It is an old observation, that the quarrels of relations are harder to reconcile than any other; injuries from friends fret

<sup>1</sup> George I.

articles of Union, particularly the

<sup>2</sup> The Act of Toleration.

Peerage.

<sup>3</sup> Quarrels about some of the

and gall more, and the memory of them is not so easily obliterated. This is cunningly represented by one of your old sages, called Æsop, in the story of the bird, that was grieved extremely at being wounded with an arrow feathered with his own wing; as also of the oak, that let many a heavy groan, when he was cleft with a wedge of his own timber.

There was no man in the world less subject to rancour than John Bull, considering how often his good nature had been abused; yet I don't know but he was too apt to hearken to tattling people, that carried tales between them and sister Peg, on purpose to sow jealousies, and set them together by the ears. They say that there were some hardships put upon Peg, which had been better let alone; but it was the business of good people to restrain the injuries on one side, and moderate the resentments on the other; a good friend acts both parts; the one without the other will not do.

The purchase money of Peg's farm was ill paid<sup>1</sup>; then Peg loved a little good liquor, and the servants shut up the wine-cellar; but for that Peg found a trick, for she made a false key<sup>2</sup>. Peg's servants complained that they were debarred from all manner of business, and never suffered to touch the least thing within the house<sup>3</sup>; if they offered to come into the warehouse, then straight went the yard slap over their noddle; if they ventured into the counting-room, a fellow would throw an ink-bottle at their head; if they came into the best apartment, to set anything there in order, they were saluted with a broom; if they meddled with any thing in the kitchen, it was odds but the cook laid them over the pate with a ladle; one that would have got into the stables, was met with by two rascals, who fell to work with him with a brush and a curry-comb; some, climbing up into the coach-box, were told that one of their companions had been there before, that could not drive; then slap went the long whip about their ears.

On the other hand it was complained that Peg's servants were always asking for drink-money<sup>4</sup>; that they had more than their share of the Christmas-box: to say the truth, Peg's lads

<sup>1</sup> By the xvth article of the Treaty of Union, it was agreed that Scotland should have an equivalent for several customs and excises to which she would become liable, and this equivalent was not paid.

<sup>2</sup> Run wine.

<sup>3</sup> By the Test Act dissenters were excluded from places and employments.

<sup>4</sup> They endeavoured to get their share of places.

bustled pretty hard for that, for, when they were endeavouring to lock it up, they got in their great fists, and pulled out handfuls of half-crowns, shillings, and sixpences. Others in the scramble picked up guineas and broad-pieces. But there happened a worse thing than all this ; it was complained that Peg's servants had great stomachs, and brought so many of their friends and acquaintance to the table, that John's family was like to be eat out of house and home. Instead of regulating this matter as it ought to be, Peg's young men were thrust away from the table ; then there was the devil and all to do ; spoons, plates, and dishes flew about the room like mad ; and Sir Roger, who was now *major domo*, had enough to do to quiet them. Peg said this was contrary to agreement, whereby she was in all things to be treated like a child of the family ; then she called upon those that had made her such fair promises, and undertook for her brother John's good behaviour ; but, alas ! to her cost she found that they were the first and readiest to do her the injury. John at last agreed to this regulation ; that Peg's footmen might sit with his bookkeeper, journeymen, and apprentices ; and Peg's better sort of servants might sit with his footmen, if they pleased<sup>1</sup>.

Then they began to order plum porridge and minced-pies for Peg's dinner : Peg told them she had an aversion to that sort of food ; that, upon forcing down a mess of it some years ago, it threw her into a fit, till she brought it up again<sup>2</sup>. Some alleged it was nothing but humour, that the same mess should be served up again for supper, and breakfast next morning ; others would have made use of a horn ; but the wiser sort bid let her alone, and she might take to it of her own accord.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE CONVERSATION BETWEEN JOHN BULL AND HIS WIFE.

*Mrs. Bull.* Though our affairs, honey, are in a bad condition, I have a better opinion of them, since you seem to be convinced of the ill course you have been in, and are resolved to submit to proper remedies. But when I consider your immense debts, your foolish bargains, and the general disorder of your

<sup>1</sup> Articles of Union, whereby a Scotch commoner, but not a lord, could be made a peer.

<sup>2</sup> The introduction of episcopacy into Scotland by Charles I.

business, I have a curiosity to know what fate or chance has brought you into this condition.

*John Bull.* I wish you would talk of some other subject; the thoughts of it make me mad; our family must have their run.

*Mrs. Bull.* But such a strange thing as this never happened to any of your family before: they have had lawsuits, but, though they spent the income, they never mortgaged the stock. Sure you must have some of the Norman or the Norfolk blood in you. Prithee give me some account of these matters.

*J. Bull.* Who could help it? There lives not such a fellow by bread as that old Lewis Baboon; he is the most cheating contentious rogue upon the face of the earth. You must know, one day, as Nic. Frog and I were over a bottle making up an old quarrel, the old fellow would needs have us drink a bottle of his champagne, and so one after another, till my friend Nic. and I, not being used to such heady stuff, got bloody drunk. Lewis all the while, either by the strength of his brain, or flinching his glass, kept himself sober as a judge. 'My worthy friends,' quoth Lewis, 'henceforth let us live neighbourly; I am as peaceable and quiet as a lamb, of my own temper, but it has been my misfortune to live among quarrelsome neighbours. There is but one thing can make us fall out, and that is the inheritance of Lord Strutt's estate; I am content, for peace sake, to waive my right, and submit to any expedient to prevent a lawsuit; I think an equal division will be the fairest way'. 'Well moved, old Lewis,' quoth Frog; 'and I hope my friend John here will not be refractory.' At the same time he clapped me on the back, and slabbered me all over from cheek to cheek with his great tongue. 'Do as you please gentlemen,' quoth I; 'tis all one to John Bull.' We agreed to part that night, and next morning to meet at the corner of Lord Strutt's park wall with our surveying instruments, which accordingly we did. Old Lewis carried a chain and a semi-circle; Nic. paper, rulers, and a lead pencil; and I followed at some distance with a long pole. We began first with surveying the meadow grounds, afterwards we measured the corn fields, close by close; then we proceeded to the wood lands, the copper and tin mines<sup>2</sup>. All this while Nic. laid down every thing exactly upon paper,

<sup>1</sup> The treaty for preserving the balance of power in Europe by a partition of the Spanish dominions.

<sup>2</sup> The West Indies.

calculated the acres and roods to a great nicety. When we had finished the land, we were going to break into the house and gardens to take an inventory of his plate, pictures, and other furniture.

*Mrs. Bull.* What said Lord Strutt to all this ?

*J. Bull.* As we had almost finished our concern, we were accosted by some of Lord Strutt's servants : 'Hey day ! What's here ? What a devil's the meaning of all these tranigrams and gimcracks, gentlemen ? What in the name of wonder are you going about, jumping over my master's hedges, and running your lines cross his grounds ? If you are at any field pastime, you might have asked leave ; my master is a civil well-bred person as any is.'

*Mrs. Bull.* What could you answer to this ?

*J. Bull.* Why truly my neighbour Frog and I were still hot-headed ; we told him his master was an old doating puppy, that minded nothing of his own business ; that we were surveying his estate, and settling it for him, since he would not do it himself. Upon this there happened a quarrel, but we, being stronger than they, sent them away with a flea in their ear. They went home and told their master<sup>1</sup> : 'My Lord,' said they, 'there are three odd sort of fellows going about your grounds with the strangest machines that ever we beheld in our life : I suppose they are going to rob your orchard, fell your trees, or drive away your cattle ; they told us strange things of settling your estate : one is a lusty old fellow, in a black wig, with a black beard, without teeth ; there's another thick squat fellow, in trunk-hose ; the third is a little, long-nosed thin man (I was then lean, being just come out of a fit of sickness) ; I suppose it is fit to send after them, lest they carry something away.'

*Mrs. Bull.* I fancy this put the old fellow in a rare tweague.

*J. Bull.* Weak as he was, he called for his long Toledo, swore and bounced about the room, 'Sdeath ! what am I come to, to be affronted so by my tradesmen ? I know the rascals : my barber, clothier, and linen-draper dispose of my estate ! bring hither my blunderbuss. I'll warrant ye, you shall see day-light through them. Scoundrels ! dogs ! the scum of the earth ! Frog, that was my father's kitchen-boy, he pretend to meddle with my estate ! with my will ! Ah poor Strutt, what art thou

<sup>1</sup> This partition of the King of Spain's dominions was made without his consent or even his knowledge.

come to at last? Thou hast lived too long in the world, to see thy age and infirmity so despised; how will the ghosts of my noble ancestors receive these tidings? They cannot, they must not sleep quietly in their graves.' In short, the old gentleman was carried off in a fainting fit, and after bleeding in both arms hardly recovered.

*Mrs. Bull.* Really this was a very extraordinary way of proceeding: I long to hear the rest of it:

*J. Bull.* After we had come back to the tavern, and taken t'other bottle of champagne, we quarrelled a little about the division of the estate. Lewis hauled and pulled the map on one side, and Frog and I on the other, till we had like to have torn the parchment to pieces. At last Lewis pulled out a pair of great tailor's sheers, and clipped a corner for himself, which he said was a manor that lay convenient for him, and left Frog and me the rest to dispose of as we pleased. We were overjoyed to think Lewis was contented with so little, not smelling what was at the bottom of the plot. There happened indeed an incident, that gave us some disturbance: a cunning fellow, one of my servants, two days after peeping through the key-hole, observed that old Lewis had stole away our part of the map, and saw him fiddling and turning the map from one corner to the other, trying to join the two pieces together again; he was muttering something to himself, which we did not well hear, only these words, 'Tis great pity, 'tis great pity!' My servant added that he believed this had some ill meaning. I told him he was a coxcomb, always pretending to be wiser than his companions: 'Lewis and I are good friends, he's an honest fellow, and I dare say will stand to his bargain.' The sequel of the story proved this fellow's suspicion to be too well grounded<sup>1</sup>; for Lewis revealed our whole secret to the deceased Lord Strutt, who, in reward to his treachery and revenge to Frog and me, settled his whole estate upon the present Philip Baboon. Then we understood what he meant by piecing the map.

*Mrs. Bull.* And was you surprised at this? Had not Lord Strutt reason to be angry? Would you have been contented to have been so used yourself?

*J. Bull.* Why truly, wife, it was not easily reconciled to the

<sup>1</sup> It is suspected that the French King intended to take the whole, and that he revealed the secret to

the Court of Spain, upon which the will was made in favour of his grandson.



common methods; but then it was the fashion to do such things. I have read of your golden age, your silver age, &c.; one might justly call this the age of lawyers. There was hardly a man of substance in all the country but had a counterfeit that pretended to his estate. As the philosophers say that there is a duplicate of every terrestrial animal at sea, so it was in this age of the lawyers, there were at least two of every thing; nay, on my conscience, I think there were three Esquire Hackums<sup>1</sup> at one time. In short, it was usual for a parcel of fellows to meet, and dispose of the whole estates in the country: 'this lies convenient for me, Tom: thou wouldst do more good with that, Dick, than the old fellow that has it.' So to law they went with the true owners; the lawyers got well by it; every body else was undone. It was a common thing for an honest man, when he came home at night, to find another fellow domineering in his family, hectoring his servants, calling for supper, and pretending to go to bed to his wife. In every house you might observe two Sosias quarrelling who was master. For my own part, I am still afraid of the same treatment, and that I should find somebody behind my counter selling my broad-cloth.

*Mrs. Bull.* There are a sort of fellows they call banterers and bamboozlers, that play such tricks; but, it seems, these fellows were in earnest.

*J. Bull.* I begin to think that justice is a better rule than conveniency, for all some people make so slight of it.

## CHAPTER VII.

OF THE HARD SHIFTS MRS. BULL WAS PUT TO, TO PRESERVE THE MANOR OF BULLOCK'S-HATCH; WITH SIR ROGER'S METHOD TO KEEP OFF IMPORTUNATE DUNS<sup>2</sup>.

As John Bull and his wife were talking together, they were surprised with a sudden knocking at the door: 'Those wicked

<sup>1</sup> Kings of Poland.

<sup>2</sup> After the dissolution of the parliament in 1710, the sinking ministry endeavoured to support themselves by propagating a notion, that the public credit would suffer if the Lord Treasurer Godolphin was removed. The dread of this event produced it: the moneyed men began

to sell their shares in the Bank; the governor, deputy governor, and two directors applied to the Queen to prevent the change; the alarm became general, and all the public funds gradually sunk. Perhaps by Bullock's-Hatch the author meant the crown lands.

scriveners and lawyers, no doubt,' quoth John; and so it was: some asking for the money he owed, and others warning to prepare for the approaching term. 'What a cursed life do I lead!' quoth John. 'Debt is like deadly sin: for God's sake, Sir Roger, get me rid of the fellows.' 'I'll warrant you,' quoth Sir Roger; 'leave them to me.' And indeed it was pleasant enough to observe Sir Roger's method with these importunate duns; his sincere friendship for John Bull made him submit to many things for his service, which he would have scorned to have done for himself. Sometimes he would stand at the door with his long staff to keep off the duns, till John got out at the back-door. When the lawyers and tradesmen brought extravagant bills, Sir Roger used to bargain beforehand for leave to cut off a quarter of a yard in any part of the bill he pleased; he wore a pair of scissars in his pocket for this purpose, and would snip it off so nicely as you cannot imagine. Like a true goldsmith, he kept all your holidays; there was not one wanting in his calendar: when ready money was scarce, he would set them a telling a thousand pounds in sixpences, groats, and threepenny pieces. It would have done your heart good to have seen him charge through an army of lawyers, attorneys, clerks, and tradesmen; sometimes with sword in hand, at other times nuzzling like an eel in the mud. When a fellow stuck like a bur, that there was no shaking him off, he used to be mighty inquisitive about the health of his uncles and aunts in the country; he could call them all by their names, for he knew every body, and could talk to them in their own way. The extremely impertinent he would send away to see some strange sight, as the dragon of Hockley-in-the-Hole<sup>1</sup>; or bid them call the 30th of next February. Now and then you would see him in the kitchen, weighing the beef and butter; paying ready money, that the maids might not run a tick at the market, and the butchers, by bribing of them, sell damaged and light meat. Another time he would slip into the cellar, and gauge the casks<sup>2</sup>. In his leisure minutes he was posting his books, and gathering in his debts. Such frugal methods were necessary where money was so scarce, and duns so numerous. All this while John kept his credit, could shew his head both at 'Change and

<sup>1</sup> A bear-garden in Clerkenwell, frequented by the lovers of prize-fights, combats between bull-dogs,

and other rough sports.

<sup>2</sup> Some regulations as to the purveyance in the Queen's family.

Westminster Hall; no man protested his bill, nor refused his bond; only the sharpers and the scriveners, the lawyers and other clerks pelted Sir Roger as he went along. The squinters were at it with their kennel water, for they were mad for the loss of their bubble, and that they could not get him to mortgage the manor of Bullock's-Hatch. Sir Roger shook his ears, and nuzzled along well satisfied within himself that he was doing a charitable work in rescuing an honest man from the claws of harpies and blood-suckers. Mrs. Bull did all that an affectionate wife and a good housewife could do; yet the boundaries of virtues are indivisible lines; it is impossible to march up close to the frontiers of frugality without entering the territories of parsimony. Your good housewives are apt to look into the minutest things; therefore some blamed Mrs. Bull for new heel-piecing of her shoes, grudging a quarter of a pound of soap and sand to scour the rooms; but especially<sup>1</sup>, that she would not allow her maids and apprentices the benefit of John Bunyan, the London Apprentices, or the Seven Champions in the black-letter.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A CONTINUATION OF THE CONVERSATION BETWIXT JOHN BULL AND HIS WIFE.

*Mrs. Bull.* It is a most sad life we lead, my dear, to be so teased, paying interest for old debts, and still contracting new ones. However, I don't blame you for vindicating your honour, and chastising old Lewis: to curb the insolent, protect the oppressed, recover one's own, and defend what one has, are good effects of the law; the only thing I want to know is, how you came to make an end of your money, before you finished your suit.

*John Bull.* I was told by the learned in the law, that my suit stood upon three firm pillars; more money for more law, more law for more money, and no composition. More money for more law was plain to a demonstration, for who can go to law without money? and it was plain, that any man that has money, may have law for it. The third was as evident as the other two; for what composition could be made with a rogue, that never kept a word he said?

<sup>1</sup> Restraining the liberty of the press by act of parliament.

*Mrs. Bull.* I think you are most likely to get out of this labyrinth by the second door, by want of ready money to purchase this precious commodity ; but you seem not only to have bought too much of it, but have paid too dear for what you bought ; else, how was it possible to run so much in debt, when, at this very time, the yearly income of what is mortgaged to those usurers would discharge Hocus's bills, and give you your bellyfull of law for all your life, without running one sixpence in debt ? You have been bred up to business ; I suppose you can cypher ; I wonder you never used your pen and ink.

*John Bull.* Now you urge me too far ; prithee, dear wife, hold thy tongue. Suppose a young heir, heedless, raw, and unexperienced, full of spirit and vigour, with a favourite passion, in the hands of money scriveners ; such fellows are like your wire-drawing mills ; if they get hold of a man's finger, they will pull in his whole body at last, till they squeeze the heart, blood, and guts out of him. When I wanted money, half a dozen of these fellows were always waiting in my antichamber with their securities ready drawn<sup>1</sup>. I was tempted with the ready, some farm or other went to pot. I received with one hand, and paid it away with the other to lawyers, that like so many hell-hounds were ready to devour me. Then the rogues would plead poverty, and scarcity of money, which always ended in receiving ninety for the hundred. After they had got possession of my best rents, they were able to supply me with my own money. But what was worse, when I looked into the securities, there was no clause of redemption.

*Mrs. Bull.* No clause of redemption say you ? that's hard.

*John Bull.* No great matter, for I cannot pay them. They had got a worse trick than that ; the same man bought and sold to himself, paid the money, and gave the acquittance ; the same man was butcher and grazier, brewer and butler, cook and poulterer. There is something still worse than all this ; there came twenty bills upon me at once, which I had given money to discharge ; I was like to be pulled to pieces by brewer, butcher, and baker ; even my herb-woman dunned me as I went along the street. (Thanks to my friend Sir Roger, else I must have gone to gaol.) When I asked the meaning of this, I was told the money went to the lawyers ; counsel won't tick, Sir ; Hocus was urging ; my book-keeper sat sotting all day, playing at put

<sup>1</sup> Methods of preying upon the necessities of the government.

and all-fours ; in short, by griping usurers, devouring lawyers, and negligent servants, I am brought to this pass.

*Mrs. Bull.* This was hard usage ! but, methinks, the least reflection might have retrieved you.

*John Bull.* 'Tis true : yet consider my circumstances ; my honour was engaged, and I did not know how to get out ; besides, I was for five years often drunk, always muddled ; they carried me from tavern to tavern, to ale-houses and brandy-shops, and brought me acquainted with such strange dogs ! 'There goes the prettiest fellow in the world,' says one, 'for managing a jury ; make him yours'<sup>1</sup>. There's another can pick you up witnesses : serjeant such-a-one has a silver tongue at the bar.' I believe in time I should have retained every single person within the inns of court. The night after a trial I treated the lawyers, their wives and daughters, with fiddles, hautboys, drums and trumpets. I was always hot-headed ; then they placed me in the middle, the attorneys and their clerks dancing about me, whooping, and hollowing, 'long live John Bull, the glory and support of the law.'

*Mrs. Bull.* Really, husband, you went through a very notable course.

*John Bull.* One of the things that first alarmed me was that they shewed a spite against my poor old mother<sup>2</sup>. 'Lord,' quoth I, 'what makes you so jealous of a poor, old, innocent gentlewoman, that minds only her prayers, and her *Practice of Piety* ; she never meddles in any of your concerns ?' 'Foh,' say they, 'to see a handsome, brisk, genteel, young fellow, so much governed by a doating old woman ! why don't you go and suck the bubby ? Do you consider she keeps you out of a good jointure ? She has the best of your estate settled upon her for a rent-charge : hang her, old thief, turn her out of doors, seize her land, and let her go to law if she dares.' 'Soft and fair, gentlemen,' quoth I ; 'my mother's my mother ; our family are not of an unnatural temper. Though I don't take all her advice, I won't seize her jointure ; long may she enjoy it, good woman ; I don't grudge it her, she allows me now and then a brace of hundreds for my lawsuit ; that's pretty fair.' About this time the old gentlewoman fell ill of an odd sort of a distemper ; it began with a coldness and numbness in her limbs, which by degrees affected the nerves, (I think the

<sup>1</sup> Hiring still more troops.

<sup>2</sup> Railing against the church.

physicians call them) seized the brain, and at last ended in a lethargy<sup>1</sup>. It betrayed itself at first in a sort of indifference and carelessness in all her actions, coldness to her best friends, and an aversion to stir or go about the common offices of life. She, that was the cleanliest creature in the world, never shrunk now, if you set a close-stool under her nose. She, that would sometimes rattle off her servants pretty sharply, now, if she saw them drink, or heard them talk profanely, never took any notice of it. Instead of her usual charities to deserving persons, she threw away her money upon roaring swearing bullies and beggars, that went about the streets<sup>2</sup>. 'What is the matter with the old gentlewoman,' said everybody, 'she never used to do in this manner?' At last the distemper grew more violent, and threw her downright into raving fits<sup>3</sup>; in which she shrieked out so loud, that she disturbed the whole neighbourhood. In her fits she called upon one Sir William<sup>4</sup>: 'Oh, Sir William, thou hast betrayed me! killed me! stabbed me! sold me to the cuckold of Dover Street! See, see, Clum with his bloody knife! seize him, seize him, stop him! Behold the fury with her hissing snakes! Where's my son John! Is he well, is he well! poor man, I pity him;' and abundance more of such strange stuff, that nobody could make any thing of. I knew little of the matter; for, when I inquired about her health, the answer was, that 'she was in a good moderate way.' Physicians were sent for in haste: Sir Roger, with great difficulty, brought Radcliffe; Garth came upon the first message. There were several others called in; but, as usual upon such occasions, they differed strangely at the consultation. At last they divided into two parties, one sided with Garth, the other with Radcliffe<sup>5</sup>. *Dr. Garth*. 'This case seems to me to be plainly hysterical; the old woman is whimsical; it is a common thing for your old women to be so; I'll pawn my life, blisters, with the steel diet, will recover her.' Others suggested strong purging, and letting of blood, because she was plethoric. Some went so far as to say the old woman was mad, and nothing would be better than a little

<sup>1</sup> Carelessness in forms and discipline.

<sup>2</sup> Disposing of some preferments to libertine and unprincipled persons.

<sup>3</sup> The too violent clamours about

the danger of the church.

<sup>4</sup> Sir William, a cant name of Sir Humphry's for Lord Treasurer Godolphin.

<sup>5</sup> Garth, the low-church party; Radcliffe, the high-church party.

corporal correction. *Radcliffe*. 'Gentlemen, you are mistaken in this case; it is plainly an acute distemper, and she cannot hold out three days, unless she is supported with strong cordials.' I came into the room with a good deal of concern, and asked them what they thought of my mother? 'In no manner of danger, I vow to Gad,' quoth Garth, 'the old woman is hysterical, fanciful, Sir, I vow to Gad.' 'I tell you, Sir,' says *Radcliffe*, 'she cannot live three days to an end, unless there is some very effectual course taken with her; she has a malignant fever.' Then fool, puppy, and blockhead were the best words they gave. I could hardly restrain them from throwing the ink-bottles at one another's heads. I forgot to tell you, that one party of the physicians desired I would take my sister Peg into the house to nurse her, but the old gentlewoman would not hear of that. At last one physician asked if the lady had ever been used to take laudanum? Her maid answered, not that she knew; but indeed there was a high German livery-man of hers, one Yan Ptschirnsooker<sup>1</sup>, that gave her a sort of quack-powder. The physician desired to see it: 'Nay,' said he, 'there is opium in this, I am sure.'

*Mrs. Bull*. I hope you examined a little into this matter.

*John Bull*. I did indeed, and discovered a great mystery of iniquity. The witnesses made oath, that they had heard some of the livery-men<sup>2</sup> frequently railing at their mistress. 'They said, she was a troublesome fiddle-faddle old woman, and so ceremonious, that there was no bearing of her. They were so plagued with bowing and cringing as they went in and out of the room, that their backs ached. She used to scold at one for his dirty shoes, at another for his greasy hair, and not combing his head: that she was so passionate and fiery in her temper, that there was no living with her; she wanted something to sweeten her blood: that they never had a quiet night's rest, for getting up in the morning to early sacraments; they wished they could find some way or another to keep the old woman quiet in her bed.' Such discourses were often overheard among the livery-men, while the said Yan Ptschirnsooker had undertook this matter. A maid made affidavit, that she had seen the said Yan Ptschirnsooker, one of the livery-men, frequently making up of medicines, and administering them to all the

<sup>1</sup> Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Sarum, who was much interested in politics and physic.

<sup>2</sup> The clergy.

neighbours; that she saw him one morning make up the powder which her mistress took; that she had the curiosity to ask him, whence he had the ingredients? 'They come,' says he, 'from several parts of de world; dis I have from Geneva. dat from Rome, this white powder from Amsterdam, and the red from Edinburgh; but the chief ingredient of all comes from Turkey.' It was likewise proved, that the said Yan Ptschirnsooker had been frequently seen at the Rose with Jack, who was known to bear an inveterate spite to his mistress: that he brought a certain powder to his mistress, which the examinant believes to be the same, and spoke the following words: 'Madam, here is grand secret van de world, my sweetening powder, it does temperate de humour, despel the windt, and cure de vapour; it lulleth and quieteth the animal spirits, procuring rest and pleasant dreams: it is de infallible receipt for de scurvy, all heats in de bloodt, and breaking out upon the skin: it is de true blood-stancher, stopping all fluxes of de blood: if you do take dis, you will never ail any ding; it will cure you of all diseases:' and abundance more to this purpose, which the examinant does not remember.

John Bull was interrupted in his story by a porter, that brought him a letter from Nicholas Frog, which is as follows.

## CHAPTER IX.

A COPY OF NIC. FROG'S LETTER TO JOHN BULL<sup>1</sup>.

[JOHN BULL READS.]

FRIEND JOHN,

'What schellum is this, that makes thee jealous of thy old friend Nicholas? Hast thou forgot how some years ago he took thee out of the spunging-house<sup>2</sup>?' ['Tis true my friend Nic. did so, and I thank him; but he made me pay a swinging reckoning.] 'Thou beginnest now to repent thy bargain, that thou wast so fond of; and, if thou durst, wouldest forswear thy own hand and seal. Thou sayest, that thou hast purchased me too great an estate already; when, at the same time, thou knowest I have only a mortgage; 'tis true, I have possession, and the tenants own me for master; but has not Esquire South the equity of redemption?' [No doubt, and will redeem it very speedily; poor Nic. has only possession, eleven points of the law.] 'As for the turnpikes I have set up, they are for

<sup>1</sup> A letter from the States-General.

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to the Revolution.



other people, not for my friend John<sup>1</sup>; I have ordered my servant constantly to attend, to let thy carriages through without paying any thing; only I hope thou wilt not come too heavy laden to spoil my ways. Certainly I have just cause of offence against thee, my friend, for supposing it possible that thou and I should ever quarrel: what hounds-foot is it that puts these whims in thy head? Ten thousand last of devils haul me, if I don't love thee as I love my life.' [No question, as the devil loves holy water!] 'Does not thy own hand and seal oblige thee to purchase for me, till I say it is enough? Are not these words plain? I say it is not enough. Dost thou think thy friend Nicholas Frog made a child's bargain? Mark the words of thy contract, *totâ pecuniâ*, with all thy money.' [Very well! I have purchased with my own money, my children's, and my grand-children's money, is not that enough? Well, *totâ pecuniâ* let it be, for at present I have none at all: he would not have me purchase with other people's money sure; since *totâ pecuniâ* is the bargain, I think it is plain, no more money, no more purchase.] 'And, whatever the world may say, Nicholas Frog is but a poor man in comparison of the rich, the opulent John Bull, great clothier of the world. I have had many losses, six of my best sheep were drowned, and the water has come into my cellar, and spoiled a pipe of my best brandy: it would be a more friendly act in thee to carry a brief about the country to repair the losses of thy poor friend. Is it not evident to all the world, that I am still hemmed in by Lewis Baboon? Is he not just upon my borders?' [And so he will be, if I purchase a thousand acres more, unless he get somebody betwixt them.] 'I tell thee, friend John, thou hast flatterers, that persuade thee that thou art a man of business; do not believe them: if thou wouldest still leave thy affairs in my hands, thou shouldest see how handsomely I would deal by thee. That ever thou shouldest be dazzled with the enchanted islands, and mountains of gold, that old Lewis promises thee! 'Dswounds! why dost thou not lay out thy money to purchase a place at court, of honest Israel? I tell thee, thou must not so much as think of a composition.' [Not think of a composition, that's hard indeed; I can't help thinking of it, if I would.] 'Thou complainest of want of money; let thy wife and daughters burn the gold lace of their petticoats; sell thy fat cattle; retrench but a surloin of beef and a peck-loaf in a week from thy gormandizing guts.' [Retrench my beef, a dog! Retrench my

<sup>1</sup> The Dutch prohibition of trade.

beef! then it is plain the rascal has an ill design upon me, he would starve me.] ‘Mortgage thy manor of Bullock’s-Hatch, or pawn thy crop for ten years.’ [A rogue! part with my country seat, my patrimony, all that I have left in the world; I’ll see him hanged first.] ‘Why hast thou changed thy attorney? Can any man manage thy cause better for thee?’ [Very pleasant! because a man has a good attorney, he must never make an end of his lawsuit.] ‘Ah, John! John! I wish thou knewest thy own mind; thou art as fickle as the wind. I tell thee, thou hadst better let this composition alone, or leave it to thy

Loving friend,

NIC. FROG.’

## CHAPTER X.

OF SOME EXTRAORDINARY THINGS THAT PASSED AT THE SALUTATION TAVERN, IN THE CONFERENCE BETWEEN BULL, FROG, ESQUIRE SOUTH, AND LEWIS BABOON<sup>1</sup>.

Frog had given his word that he would meet the above-mentioned company at the ‘Salutation’ to talk of this agreement. Though he durst not directly break his appointment, he made many a shuffling excuse; one time he pretended to be seized with the gout in his right knee; then he got a great cold, that had struck him deaf of one ear; afterwards two of his coach-horses fell sick, and he durst not go by water for fear of catching an ague. John would take no excuse, but hurried him away: ‘Come Nic,’ says he, ‘let’s go and hear at least what this old fellow has to propose! I hope there’s no hurt in that.’ ‘Be it so,’ quoth Nic., ‘but, if I catch any harm, woe be to you; my wife and children will curse you as long as they live.’ When they were come to the ‘Salutation,’ John concluded all was sure then, and that he should be troubled no more with law affairs; he thought everybody as plain and sincere as he was. ‘Well, neighbours,’ quoth he, ‘let’s now make an end of all matters, and live peaceably together for the time to come; if everybody is as well inclined as I, we shall quickly come to the upshot of our affair.’ And so pointing to Frog to say something, to the great surprise of all the company, Frog was seized

<sup>1</sup> The Congress of Utrecht. When the members met, the Dutch would not speak their sentiments, nor the French deliver in their proposals. The House of Austria talked very high.

with a dead palsy in the tongue. John began to ask him some plain questions, and whooped and hallooed in his ear. 'Let's come to the point. Nic! who wouldest thou have to be Lord Strutt? Wouldest thou have Philip Baboon?' Nic. shook his head, and said nothing. 'Wilt thou then have Esquire South to be Lord Strutt?' Nic. shook his head a second time. 'Then who the devil wilt thou have? say something or another.' Nic. opened his mouth, and pointed to his tongue, and cried, 'A, a, a, a!' which was as much as to say, he could not speak. John Bull: 'Shall I serve Philip Baboon with broad-cloth, and accept of the composition that he offers, with the liberty of his parks and fish-ponds?' Then Nic. roared like a bull, 'O, o, o, o!' John Bull: 'If thou wilt not let me have them, wilt thou take them thyself?' Then Nic. grinned, cackled, and laughed, till he was like to kill himself, and seemed to be so pleased, that he fell a striking and dancing about the room. John Bull: 'Shall I leave all this matter to thy management, Nic., and go about my business?' Then Nic. got up a glass, and drank to John, shaking him by the hand, till he had like to have shook his shoulder out of joint. John Bull: 'I understand thee, Nic., but I shall make thee speak before I go.' Then Nic. put his finger in his cheek, and made it cry Buck; which was as much as to say, I care not a farthing for thee. John Bull: 'I have done, Nic., if thou wilt not speak, I'll make my own terms with old Lewis here.' Then Nic. lolled out his tongue, and turned up his . . . to him; which was as much as to say, Kiss —.

John, perceiving that Frog would not speak, turns to old Lewis: 'Since we cannot make this obstinate fellow speak, Lewis, pray condescend a little to his humour, and set down thy meaning upon paper, that he may answer it in another scrap.'

'I am infinitely sorry,' quoth Lewis, 'that it happens so unfortunately; for, playing a little at cudgels t'other day, a fellow has given me such a rap over the right arm, that I am quite lame; I have lost the use of my fore-finger and my thumb, so that I cannot hold my pen.'

*John Bull.* That's all one, let me write for you.

*Lewis.* But I have a misfortune, that I cannot read any body's hand but my own.

*John Bull.* Try what you can do with your left hand.

*Lewis*. That's impossible; it will make such a scrawl, that it will not be legible.

As they were talking of this matter, in came Esquire South<sup>1</sup>, all dressed up in feathers and ribbons, stark staring mad, brandishing his sword, as if he would have cut off their heads; crying, 'Room, room, boys, for the grand Esquire of the world! the flower of Esquires! What! covered in my presence? I'll crush your souls, and crack you like lice!' With that he had like to have struck John Bull's hat into the fire; but John, who was pretty strong-fisted, gave him such a squeeze as made his eyes water. He went on still in his mad pranks: 'When I am lord of the universe, the sun shall prostrate and adore me! Thou, Frog, shalt be my bailiff; Lewis my tailor; and thou, John Bull, shalt be my fool!'

All this while Frog laughed in his sleeve, gave the Esquire t'other noggin of brandy, and clapped him on the back, which made him ten times madder.

Poor John stood in amaze, talking thus to himself: 'Well, John, thou art got into rare company! One has a dumb devil, t'other a mad devil, and the third a spirit of infirmity. An honest man has a fine time on't among such rogues. What art thou asking of them, after all? Some mighty boon one would think! only to sit quietly at thy own fireside. 'Sdeath, what have I to do with such fellows! John Bull, after all his losses and crosses, can live better without them, than they can without him. Would to God I lived a thousand leagues off them! but the devil's in't, John Bull is in, and John Bull must get out as well as he can.'

As he was talking to himself, he observed Frog and old Lewis edging<sup>2</sup> towards one another to whisper; so that John was forced to sit with his arms a-kimbo, to keep them asunder.

Some people advised John to blood Frog under the tongue, or take away his bread and butter, which would certainly make him speak; to give Esquire South hellebore; as for Lewis, some were for emollient poultices, others for opening his arm with an incision-knife<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> The Archduke had now become Emperor of Germany, being unanimously elected upon the death of Joseph the First.

<sup>2</sup> Some attempts at secret negotiation between the French and the Dutch.

<sup>3</sup> The original pamphlet ends as follows: 'I could not obtain from Sir Humphry, at this time, a copy of John's letter, which he sent to his nephew by the young Necromancer, wherein he advises him not to eat butter, ham, and drink

CHAPTER XI<sup>1</sup>.THE APPREHENDING, EXAMINATION, AND IMPRISONMENT OF  
JACK FOR SUSPICION OF POISONING<sup>2</sup>.

The attentive reader cannot have forgot, that the story of Yan Ptschirnsooker's powder was interrupted by a message from Frog. I have a natural compassion for curiosity, being much troubled with the distemper myself; therefore, to gratify that uneasy itching sensation in my reader, I have procured the following account of that matter.

Yan Ptschirnsooker came off (as rogues usually do upon such occasions) by peaching his partner, and being extremely forward to bring him to the gallows. Jack was accused as the contriver of all the roguery. And indeed it happened unfortunately for the poor fellow, that he was known to bear a most inveterate spite against the old gentlewoman; and consequently, that never any ill accident happened to her, but he was suspected to be at the bottom of it. If she pricked her finger, Jack, to be sure, laid the pin in the way; if some noise in the street disturbed her rest, who could it be but Jack in some of his nocturnal rambles? If a servant ran away, Jack had debauched him: every idle tittle-tattle that went about, Jack was always suspected for the author of it; however, all was nothing to this last affair of the temperating, moderating powder.

The hue and cry went after Jack to apprehend him dead or alive, wherever he could be found. The constables looked out for him in all his usual haunts, but to no purpose. Where d'ye

old Hoek in a morning with the Esquire and Frog, for fear of giving him a sour breath.'

<sup>1</sup> Here the fourth pamphlet, *An Appendix to John Bull still in his Senses*, commenced.

<sup>2</sup> The receiving the holy sacrament as administered by the Church of England, once at least in every year, having been made a necessary qualification for places of trust and profit, many of the Dissenters came to the altar merely for this purpose. A bill to prevent this practice had been three times brought into the House and rejected, under the title of *A bill to prevent Occasional Conformity*.

But the Earl of Nottingham having brought it in a fourth time under another name, and with the addition of such clauses as were said to enlarge the toleration, and to be a further security to the Protestant succession, the Whigs, whose cause the Earl then appeared to espouse, were persuaded to concur; some, because they were indeed willing that the bill should pass, and others, because they believed the Earl of Oxford would at last procure it to be thrown out. The four following chapters contain the history of this transaction.

think they found him at last? Even smoking his pipe very quietly at his brother Martin's; from whence he was carried with a vast mob at his heels before the worshipful Mr. Justice Overdo. Several of his neighbours made oath, that of late the prisoner had been observed to lead a very dissolute life, renouncing even his usual hypocrisy, and pretences to sobriety; that he frequented taverns and eating-houses, and had been often guilty of drunkenness and gluttony at my Lord Mayor's table; that he had been seen in the company of lewd women; that he had transferred his usual care of the engrossed copy of his father's will to bank bills, orders for tallies, and debentures<sup>1</sup>: these he now affirmed, with more literal truth, to be meat, drink, and cloth, the philosopher's stone, and the universal medicine<sup>2</sup>: that he was so far from shewing his customary reverence to the will, that he kept company with those that called his father a cheating rogue, and his will a forgery<sup>3</sup>: that he not only sat quietly and heard his father railed at, but often chimed in with the discourse, and hugged the authors as his bosom friends: that, instead of asking for blows at the corners of the streets<sup>4</sup>, he now bestowed them as plentifully as he begged them before. In short, that he was grown a mere rake, and had nothing left in him of old Jack, except his spite to John Bull's mother.

Another witness made oath, that Jack had been overheard bragging of a trick he had found out to manage the old formal jade, as he used to call her<sup>5</sup>. 'Damn this numskull of mine,' quoth he, 'that I could not light on it sooner. As long as I go in this ragged tattered coat, I am so well known that I am hunted away from the old woman's door by every barking cur about the house; they bid me defiance. There's no doing mischief as an open enemy, I must find some way or other of getting within doors, and then I shall have better opportunities of playing my pranks, besides the benefit of good keeping.'

Two witnesses swore<sup>6</sup>, that, several years ago, there came to their mistress's door a young fellow in a tattered coat, that went by the name of Timothy Trim, whom they did in their conscience believe to be the very prisoner, resembling him in

<sup>1</sup> Dealing much in stock-jobbing.

<sup>2</sup> *Tale of a Tub*, Sect. XI.

<sup>3</sup> Herding with Deists and Atheists.

<sup>4</sup> *Tale of a Tub*, Sect. XI.

<sup>5</sup> Getting into places and church preferments by occasional conformity.

<sup>6</sup> Betraying the interests of the church, when in preferments.

shape, stature, and the features of his countenance: that the said Timothy Trim, being taken into the family, clapped their mistress's livery over his own tattered coat: that the said Timothy was extremely officious about their mistress's person, endeavouring by flattery and tale-bearing to set her against the rest of the servants; nobody was so ready to fetch any thing that was wanted, to reach what was dropt: that he used to shove and elbow his fellow-servants to get near his mistress, especially when money was a paying or receiving; then he was never out of the way: that he was extremely diligent about every body's business, but his own: that the said Timothy, while he was in the family, used to be playing roguish tricks; when his mistress's back was turned, he would loll out his tongue, make mouths, and laugh at her, walking behind her like Harlequin, ridiculing her motions and gestures; but, if his mistress looked about, he put on a grave, demure countenance, as if he had been in a fit of devotion: that he used often to trip up stairs so smoothly, that you could not hear him tread, and put all things out of order: that he would pinch the children and servants, when he met them in the dark, so hard, that he left the print of his fore-finger and his thumb in black and blue, and then slink into a corner, as if nobody had done it: out of the same malicious design he used to lay chairs and joint-stools in their way, that they might break their noses by falling over them: the more young and unexperienced he used to teach to talk saucily, and call names: during his stay in the family, there was much plate missing; being caught with a couple of silver spoons in his pocket, with their handles wrenched off, he said, he was only going to carry them to the goldsmith's to be mended: that the said Timothy was hated by all the honest servants for his ill-conditioned, splenetic tricks, but especially for his slanderous tongue; traducing them to their mistress as drunkards, thieves, and whore-masters: that the said Timothy by lying stories used to set all the family together by the ears, taking delight to make them fight and quarrel; particularly<sup>1</sup> one day sitting at table, he spoke words to this effect: 'I am of opinion,' quoth he, 'that little short fellows, such as we are, have better hearts, and could beat the tall fellows; I wish it came to a fair trial; I believe these long

<sup>1</sup> The original of the distinction in the names of Low Churchmen and High Churchmen.

fellows, as slightly as they are, should find their jackets well thwacked.'

A parcel of tall fellows, who thought themselves affronted by the discourse, took up the quarrel, and to't they went, the tall men and the low men, which continues still a faction in the family, to the great disorder of our mistress's affairs. The said Timothy carried this frolic so far, that he proposed to his mistress that she should entertain no servant that was above four feet seven inches high; and for that purpose had prepared a gauge, by which they were to be measured. The good old gentlewoman was not so simple as to go into his project; she began to smell a rat. 'This Trim,' quoth she, 'is an odd sort of a fellow; methinks he makes a strange figure with that ragged, tattered coat, appearing under his livery; can't he go spruce and clean, like the rest of the servants? The fellow has a roguish leer with him, which I don't like by any means; besides, he has such a twang in his discourse, and an ungraceful way of speaking through the nose, that one can hardly understand him; I wish the fellow be not tainted with some bad disease.' The witnesses further made oath, that the said Timothy lay out a-nights, and went abroad often at unseasonable hours; and it was credibly reported, he did business in another family; that he pretended to have a squeamish stomach, and could not eat at table with the rest of the servants, though this was but a pretence to provide some nice bit for himself; that he refused to dine upon salt-fish, only to have an opportunity to eat a calf's head (his favourite dish) in private; that for all his tender stomach, when he was got by himself, he could devour capons, turkeys, and surloins of beef, like a cormorant.

Two other witnesses gave the following evidence: that, in his officious attendance upon his mistress, he had tried to slip a powder into her drink; and that he was once caught endeavouring to stifle her with a pillow, as she was asleep: that he and Ptschirnsooker were often in close conference, and that they used to drink together at the Rose, where it seems he was well enough known by his true name of Jack.

The prisoner had little to say in his defence; he endeavoured to prove himself *alibi*; so that the trial turned upon this single question, whether the said Timothy Trim and Jack were the same person; which was proved by such plain tokens, and particularly by a mole under the left pap, that there was no with-



standing the evidence; therefore the worshipful Mr. Justice committed him, in order to his trial.

## CHAPTER XII.

HOW JACK'S FRIENDS CAME TO VISIT HIM IN PRISON, AND WHAT ADVICE THEY GAVE HIM.

Jack hitherto had passed in the world for a poor, simple, well-meaning, half-witted, crack-brained fellow. People were strangely surprised to find him in such a roguery; that he should disguise himself under a false name, hire himself out for a servant to an old gentlewoman, only for an opportunity to poison her. They said that it was more generous to profess open enmity, than under a profound dissimulation to be guilty of such a scandalous breach of trust, and of the sacred rights of hospitality. In short, the action was universally condemned by his best friends; they told him in plain terms, that this was come as a judgment upon him for his loose life, his gluttony, drunkenness, and avarice, for laying aside his father's will in an old mouldy trunk, and turning stock-jobber, news-monger, and busy-body, meddling with other people's affairs, shaking off his old serious friends, and keeping company with buffoons and pick-pockets, his father's sworn enemies; that he had best throw himself upon the mercy of the court, repent, and change his manners. To say truth, Jack heard these discourses with some compunction; however, he resolved to try what his new acquaintance would do for him: they sent Habbakkuk Slyboots<sup>1</sup>, who delivered him the following message, as the peremptory commands of his trusty companions.

*Habbakkuk.* Dear Jack, I am sorry for thy misfortune; matters have not been carried on with due secrecy; however, we must make the best of a bad bargain: thou art in the utmost jeopardy, that's certain; hang, draw, and quarter, are the gentlest things they talk of. However, thy faithful friends, ever watchful for thy security, bid me tell thee, that they have one infallible expedient left to save thy life: thou must know, we have got into some understanding with the enemy, by the means of Don Diego; he assures us there is no mercy for thee, and that there is only one way left to escape; it is indeed some-

<sup>1</sup> Lord Somers, who persuaded the Dissenters to consent to the bill against Occasional Conformity, as being for their interest.

what out of the common road ; however, be assured it is the result of most mature deliberation.

*Jack.* Prithee tell me quickly, for my heart is sunk down into the very bottom of my belly.

*Hab.* It is the unanimous opinion of your friends, that you make as if you hanged yourself<sup>1</sup>; they will give it out that you are quite dead, and convey your body out of prison in a bier ; and John Bull, being busied with his lawsuit, will not inquire further into the matter.

*Jack.* How d'ye mean, make as if I hanged myself?

*Hab.* Nay, you must really hang yourself up, in a true genuine rope, that there may appear no trick in it, and leave the rest to your friends.

*Jack.* Truly this is a matter of some concern ; and my friends, I hope, won't take it ill, if I enquire into the means by which they intend to deliver me : a rope and a noose are no jesting matters !

*Hab.* Why so mistrustful ? hast thou ever found us false to thee ? I tell thee, there is one ready to cut thee down.

*Jack.* May I presume to ask who it is, that is intrusted with so important an office ?

*Hab.* Is there no end of thy hows and thy whys ? That's a secret.

*Jack.* A secret, perhaps, that I may be safely trusted with, for I am not like to tell it again. I tell you plainly, it is no strange thing for a man, before he hangs himself up, to inquire who is to cut him down.

*Hab.* Thou suspicious creature ! if thou must needs know it, I tell thee it is Sir Roger<sup>2</sup> ; he has been in tears ever since thy misfortune. Don Diego and we have laid it so, that he is to be in the next room, and, before the rope is well about thy neck, rest satisfied, he will break in and cut thee down : fear not, old boy ; we'll do it, I'll warrant thee.

*Jack.* So I must hang myself up, upon hopes Sir Roger will cut me down, and all this upon the credit of Don Diego : a fine stratagem indeed to save my life, that depends upon hanging. Don Diego, and Sir Roger !

*Hab.* I tell thee there is a mystery in all this, my friend, a

<sup>1</sup> Consent to the bill against Occasional Conformity.

<sup>2</sup> It was given out that the Earl of Oxford would oppose the Occa-

sional Bill, and so lose his credit with the Tories ; and the Dissenters believed he would not suffer it to pass.

piece of profound policy ; if thou knewest what good this will do to the common cause, thy heart would leap for joy ; I am sure thou wouldst not delay the experiment one moment.

*Jack.* This is to the tune of, All for the better. What's your cause to me, when I am hanged ?

*Hab.* Refractory mortal ! If thou wilt not trust thy friends, take what follows ; know assuredly, before next full moon, that thou wilt be hung up in chains, or thy quarters perching upon the most conspicuous places of the kingdom. Nay, I don't believe they will be contented with hanging ; they talk of impaling, or breaking on the wheel ; and thou choosest that, before a gentle suspending of thyself for one minute. Hanging is not so painful a thing as thou imaginest. I have spoke with several that have undergone it ; they all agree it is no manner of uneasiness ; be sure thou take good notice of the symptoms, the relation will be curious. It is but a kick or two with thy heels, and a wry mouth or so ; Sir Roger will be with thee in the twinkling of an eye.

*Jack.* But what if Sir Roger should not come ? will my friends be there to succour me ?

*Hab.* Doubt it not ; I will provide every thing against to-morrow morning ; do thou keep thy own secret ; say nothing : I tell thee, it is absolutely necessary for the common good that thou shouldst go through this operation.

### CHAPTER XIII.

HOW JACK HANGED HIMSELF UP BY THE PERSUASION OF HIS FRIENDS, WHO BROKE THEIR WORDS, AND LEFT HIS NECK IN THE NOOSE.

Jack was a professed enemy to implicit faith, and yet I dare say it was never more strongly exerted, nor more basely abused, than upon this occasion. He was now with his old friends, in the state of a poor disbanded officer after a peace, or rather a wounded soldier after a battle ; like an old favourite of a cunning minister after the job is over, or a decayed beauty to a cloyed lover in quest of new game ; or like a hundred such things that one sees every day. There were new intrigues, new views, new projects on foot ; Jack's life was the purchase of Diego's friendship<sup>1</sup>, much good may it do them. The interest

<sup>1</sup> The Earl of Nottingham made the concurrence of the Whigs to

of Hocus and Sir William Crawley<sup>1</sup>, which was now more at heart, made this operation upon poor Jack absolutely necessary. You may easily guess that his rest that night was but small, and much disturbed; however, the remaining part of his time he did not employ (as his custom was formerly) in prayer, meditation, or singing a double verse of a psalm; but amused himself with disposing of his bank stock. Many a doubt, many a qualm, overspread his clouded imagination: 'Must I then,' quoth he, 'hang up my own personal, natural, individual self, with these two hands! *Durus Sermo!* What if I should be cut down, as my friends tell me? There is something infamous in the very attempt; the world will conclude, I had a guilty conscience. Is it possible that good man, Sir Roger, can have so much pity upon an unfortunate scoundrel, that has persecuted him so many years? No, it cannot be; I don't love favours that pass through Don Diego's hands. On the other side, my blood chills about my heart at the thought of these rogues, with their bloody hands grabbing in my guts, and pulling out my very entrails: hang it, for once I'll trust my friends.' So Jack resolved; but he had done more wisely to have put himself upon the trial of his country, and made his defence in form; many things happen between the cup and the lip; witnesses might have been bribed, juries managed, or prosecution stopped. But so it was, Jack for this time had a sufficient stock of implicit faith, which led him to his ruin, as the sequel of the story shews.

And now the fatal day was come, in which he was to try this hanging experiment. His friends did not fail him at the appointed hour to see it put in practice. Habbakkuk brought him a smooth, strong, tough rope, made of many a ply of wholesome Scandinavian hemp, compactly twisted together, with a noose that slipt as glib as a bird-catcher's gin. Jack shrunk and grew pale at first sight of it; he handled it, he measured it, stretched it, fixed it against the iron bar of the window to try its strength; but no familiarity could reconcile him to it. He found fault with the length, the thickness, and the twist; nay, the very colour did not please him. 'Will nothing less than hanging serve,' quoth Jack; 'won't my enemies take bail for my good behaviour? Will they accept

bring in and carry this bill one of their cause.

the conditions of his engaging in <sup>1</sup> The Earl of Sunderland.

of a fine, or be satisfied with the pillory and imprisonment, a good round whipping, or burning in the cheek?’

*Hab.* Nothing but your blood will appease their rage; make haste, else we shall be discovered. There’s nothing like surprising the rogues; how they will be disappointed, when they hear that thou hast prevented their revenge, and hanged thine own self!

*Jack.* That’s true; but what if I should do it in effigies? Is there never an old Pope or Pretender to hang up in my stead? we are not so unlike, but it may pass.

*Hab.* That can never be put upon Sir Roger.

*Jack.* Are you sure he is in the next room? Have you provided a very sharp knife, in case of the worst?

*Hab.* Dost take me for a common liar? be satisfied, no damage can happen to your person; your friends will take care of that.

*Jack.* Mayn’t I quilt my rope? It galls my neck strangely; besides, I don’t like this running knot, it holds too tight; I may be stifled all of a sudden.

*Hab.* Thou hast so many ifs and ands; prithee despatch; it might have been over before this time.

*Jack.* But now I think on’t, I would fain settle some affairs, for fear of the worst; have a little patience.

*Hab.* There’s no having patience, thou art such a faintling, silly creature.

*Jack.* O thou most detestable, abominable passive obedience! did I ever imagine I should become thy votary in so pregnant an instance! How will my brother Martin laugh at this story, to see himself outdone in his own calling? He has taken the doctrine, and left me the practice.

No sooner had he uttered these words, but, like a man of true courage, he tied the fatal cord to the beam, fitted the noose, and mounted upon the bottom of a tub, the inside of which he had often graced in his prosperous days. This footstool Habbakkuk kicked away, and left poor Jack swinging, like the pendulum of Paul’s clock. The fatal noose performed its office, and with the most strict ligature squeezed the blood into his face, till it assumed a purple dye. While the poor man heaved from the very bottom of his belly for breath, Habbakkuk walked with great deliberation into both the upper and lower room to acquaint his friends, who received the news with great

temper, and with jeers and scoffs instead of pity. 'Jack has hanged himself,' quoth they, 'let us go and see how the rogue swings.' Then they called Sir Roger. 'Sir Roger,' quoth Habbakkuk, 'Jack has hanged himself, make haste and cut him down.' Sir Roger turned first one ear, and then t'other, not understanding what he said.

*Hab.* I tell you, Jack has hanged himself up.

*Sir Roger.* Who's hanged?

*Hab.* Jack.

*Sir Roger.* I thought this had not been hanging day.

*Hab.* But the poor fellow has hanged himself.

*Sir Roger.* Then let him hang. I don't wonder at it, the fellow has been mad these twenty years. With this he slunk away.

Then Jack's friends began to hunch and push one another, 'Why don't you go, and cut the poor fellow down?' 'Why don't you?' 'And why don't you?' 'Not I,' quoth one; 'Not I,' quoth another; 'Not I,' quoth a third; 'he may hang till doomsday before I relieve him.' Nay, it is credibly reported, that they were so far from succouring their poor friend in this his dismal circumstance, that Ptshirnsooker and several of his companions went in and pulled him by the legs, and thumped him on the breast. Then they began to rail at him for the very thing which they had advised and justified before, viz. his getting into the old gentlewoman's family, and putting on her livery. The keeper, who performed the last office, coming up, found Jack swinging with no life in him; he took down the body gently, and laid it on a bulk, and brought out the rope to the company: 'This, gentlemen, is the rope that hanged Jack; what must be done with it?' Upon which they ordered it to be laid among the curiosities of Gresham College, and it is called Jack's rope to this very day. However, Jack after all had some small tokens of life in him, but lies at this time past hope of a total recovery, with his head hanging on one shoulder, without speech or motion. The coroner's inquest, supposing him to be dead, brought him in *Non compos*.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### THE CONFERENCE BETWEEN DON DIEGO AND JOHN BULL.

During the time of the foregoing transactions, Don Diego was entertaining John Bull.

*D. Diego.* I hope, Sir, this day's proceeding will convince you of the sincerity of your old friend Diego, and the treachery of Sir Roger.

*J. Bull.* What's the matter now?

*D. Diego.* You have been endeavouring, for several years, to have justice done upon that rogue Jack; but what through the remissness of constables, justices, and packed juries, he has always found the means to escape.

*J. Bull.* What then?

*D. Diego.* Consider then, who is your best friend; he that would have brought him to condign punishment, or he that has saved him. By my persuasion Jack had hanged himself, if Sir Roger had not cut him down.

*J. Bull.* Who told you that Sir Roger has done so?

*D. Diego.* You seem to receive me coldly; methinks my services deserve a better return.

*J. Bull.* Since you value yourself upon hanging this poor scoundrel, I tell you, when I have any more hanging-work, I'll send for thee; I have some better employment for Sir Roger: in the mean time, I desire the poor fellow may be looked after. When he first came out of the North country into my family, under the pretended name of Timothy Trim, the fellow seemed to mind his loom and his spinning-wheel, till somebody turned his head; then he grew so pragmatical, that he took upon him the government of my whole family; I could never order anything within or without doors, but he must be always giving his counsel, forsooth: nevertheless, tell him, I will forgive what is past; and if he would mind his business for the future, and not meddle out of his own sphere, he will find that John Bull is not of a cruel disposition.

*D. Diego.* Yet all your skilful physicians say that nothing can recover your mother, but a piece of Jack's liver boiled in her soup.

*J. Bull.* Those are quacks; my mother abhors such cannibal's food; she is in perfect health at present; I would have given many a good pound to have had her so well some time ago. There are indeed two or three troublesome old nurses, that, because they believe I am tender-hearted, will never let me have a quiet night's rest with knocking me up<sup>1</sup>: 'Oh, Sir, your mother is taken extremely ill! she is fallen into a fainting

<sup>1</sup> New clamours about the danger of the church.

fit! she has a great emptiness, wants sustenance!’ This is only to recommend themselves for their great care: John Bull, as simple as he is, understands a little of a pulse.

## CHAPTER XV<sup>1</sup>.

### THE SEQUEL OF THE HISTORY OF THE MEETING AT THE SALUTATION<sup>2</sup>.

Where, I think, I left John Bull, sitting between Nic. Frog and Lewis Baboon, with his arms a-kimbo, in great concern to keep Lewis and Nic. asunder. As watchful as he was, Nic. found the means now and then to steal a whisper, and by a cleanly conveyance under the table to slip a short note into Lewis’s hand; which Lewis as slyly put into John’s pocket, with a pinch or a jog, to warn him what he was about. John had the curiosity to retire into a corner to peruse these *billets-doux* of Nic.’s<sup>3</sup>; wherein he found, that Nic. had used great freedoms both with his interest and reputation. One contained these words: ‘Dear Lewis, thou seest clearly, that this blockhead can never bring his matters to bear: let thee and me talk to-night by ourselves at the Rose, and I’ll give thee satisfaction.’ Another was thus expressed: ‘Friend Lewis, has thy sense quite forsaken thee, to make Bull such offers? Hold fast, part with nothing, and I will give thee a better bargain, I’ll warrant thee.’

In some of his billets he told Lewis, that John Bull was under his guardianship; that the best part of his servants were at his command; that he could have John gagged and bound whenever he pleased by the people of his own family. In all these epistles, blockhead, dunce, ass, coxcomb, were the best epithets he gave poor John. In others he threatened<sup>4</sup> that he, Esquire South, and the rest of the tradesmen, would lay Lewis down upon his back and beat out his teeth, if he did not retire immediately, and break up the meeting.

I fancy I need not tell my reader that John often changed colour as he read, and that his fingers itched to give Nic. a good

<sup>1</sup> This was the opening chapter of the fifth and last of the original pamphlets, *Lewis Baboon turned honest, and John Bull politician*; but prefixed to it was the Preface, which is now given at the commencement of the *History*.

<sup>2</sup> The Congress of Utrecht.

<sup>3</sup> Some offers of the Dutch at that time, in order to get the negotiation into their hands.

<sup>4</sup> Threatening that the Allies would carry on the war, without the help of the English.



slap on the chops ; but he wisely moderated his choleric temper. ‘I saved this fellow,’ quoth he, ‘from the gallows, when he ran away from his last master<sup>1</sup>, because I thought he was harshly treated ; but the rogue was no sooner safe under my protection, than he began to lie, pilfer, and steal like the devil<sup>2</sup>. When I first set him up in a warm house, he had hardly put up his sign, when he began to debauch my best customers from me. Then it was his constant practice to rob my fishponds, not only to feed his family, but to trade with the fishmongers : I connived at the fellow, till he began to tell me, that they were his as much as mine. In my manor of Eastcheap, because it lay at some distance from my constant inspection, he broke down my fences, robbed my orchards, and beat my servants. When I used to reprimand him for his tricks, he would talk saucily, lie, and brazen it out, as if he had done nothing amiss. “Will nothing cure thee of thy pranks, Nic.?” quoth I, “I shall be forced some time or other to chastise thee.” The rogue got up his cane, and threatened me, and was well thwacked for his pains. But I think his behaviour at this time worst of all ; after I have almost drowned myself to keep his head above water, he would leave me sticking in the mud, trusting to his goodness to help me out. After I have beggared myself with his troublesome lawsuit, with a pox to him, he takes it in mighty dudgeon, because I have brought him here to end matters amicably, and because I won’t let him make me over by deed and indenture as his lawful cully ; which to my certain knowledge he has attempted several times. But, after all, canst thou gather grapes from thorns ? Nic. does not pretend to be a gentleman ; he is a tradesman, a self-seeking wretch ; but how camest thou to bear all this, John ? The reason is plain ; thou conferrest the benefits, and he receives them ; the first produces love, and the last ingratitude. Ah ! Nic., Nic., thou art a damned dog, that’s certain ; thou knowest too well, that I will take care of thee ; else thou wouldest not use me thus. I won’t give thee up, it is true ; but, as true as it is, thou shalt not sell me, according to thy laudable custom.’ While John was deep in this soliloquy, Nic. broke out into the following protestation :—

<sup>1</sup> Philip II, King of Spain, whose yoke the Dutch threw off with the assistance of the English.

<sup>2</sup> Complaints against the Dutch for encroachment in trade, fishery, East Indies, &c.

‘Gentlemen, I believe everybody here present will allow me to be a very just and disinterested person. My friend John Bull here is very angry with me, forsooth, because I won’t agree to his foolish bargains. Now I declare to all mankind, I should be ready to sacrifice my own concerns to his quiet; but the care of his interest, and that of the honest tradesmen that are embarked with us, keeps me from entering into this composition. What shall become of those poor creatures? The thoughts of their impending ruin disturbs my night’s rest, therefore I desire they may speak for themselves. If they are willing to give up this affair, I shan’t make two words of it.’

John Bull begged him to lay aside that immoderate concern for him; and withal put him in mind, that the interest of those tradesmen had not sat quite so heavy upon him some years ago, on a like occasion. Nic. answered little to that, but immediately pulled out a boatswain’s whistle. Upon the first whiff, the tradesmen came jumping into the room, and began to surround Lewis, like so many yelping curs about a great boar; or, to use a modester simile, like duns at a great lord’s levee the morning he goes into the country. One pulled him by his sleeve, another by the skirt, a third hallooed in his ear: they began to ask him for all that had been taken from their forefathers by stealth, fraud, force, or lawful purchase; some asked for manors, others for acres, that lay convenient for them; that he would pull down his fences, level his ditches: all agreed in one common demand, that he should be purged, sweated, vomited, and starved, till he came to a sizeable bulk, like that of his neighbours. One modestly asked him leave to call him brother; Nic. Frog demanded two things, to be his porter and his fishmonger, to keep the keys of his gates, and furnish the kitchen. John’s sister Peg only desired that he would let his servants sing psalms a Sunday. Some descended even to the asking of old clothes, shoes, and boots, broken bottles, tobacco-pipes, and ends of candles.

‘Monsieur Bull,’ quoth Lewis, ‘you seem to be a man of some breeding; for God’s sake use your interest with these Messieurs, that they would speak but one at once; for if one had a hundred pair of hands, and as many tongues, he cannot satisfy them all at this rate.’ John begged they might proceed with some method; then they stopped all of a sudden,

and would not say a word. 'If this be your play,' quoth John, 'that we may not be like a Quaker's dumb meeting, let us begin some diversion; what d'ye think of rolly-polly, or a country dance? What if we should have a match at football? I am sure we shall never end matters at this rate.'

## CHAPTER XVI.

## HOW JOHN BULL AND NIC. FROG SETTLED THEIR ACCOUNTS.

*John Bull.* During this general cessation of talk, what if you and I, Nic., should inquire how money-matters stand between us?

*Nic. Frog.* With all my heart, I love exact dealing; and let Hocus audit; he knows how the money was disbursed.

*John Bull.* I am not much for that at present; we'll settle it between ourselves: fair and square, Nic., keeps friends together. There have been laid out in this lawsuit, at one time, 36,000 pounds and 40,000 crowns: in some cases I, in others you, bear the greatest proportion.

*Nic.* Right: I pay three-fifths of the greatest number, and you pay two-thirds of the lesser number; I think this is fair and square as you call it.

*John.* Well, go on.

*Nic.* Two-thirds of 36,000 pounds are 24,000 pounds for your share, and there remains 12,000 for mine. Again, of the 40,000 crowns I pay 24,000, which is three-fifths, and you pay only 16,000, which is two-fifths; 24,000 crowns make 6,000 pounds; and 16,000 crowns make 4,000 pounds; 12,000 and 6,000 make 18,000; 24,000 and 4,000 make 28,000. So there are 18,000 pounds to my share of the expenses, and 28,000 to yours.

After Nic. had bamboozled John a while about the 18,000 and the 28,000, John called for counters; but what with sleight of hand, and taking from his own score, and adding to John's, Nic. brought the balance always on his own side.

*J. Bull.* Nay, good friend Nic., though I am not quite so nimble in the fingers, I understand ciphering as well as you. I will produce you my accounts one by one, fairly writ out of my own books; and here I begin with the first. You must excuse me if I don't pronounce the law terms right.

[John reads<sup>1</sup>.]

FOR THE EXPENSES ORDINARY OF THE SUITS, FEES TO JUDGES,  
 PUISNE JUDGES, LAWYERS INNUMERABLE OF ALL SORTS.

Of extraordinaries, as follows per account . . . . .	
To Esquire South's account for <i>post terminums</i> . . . . .	
To ditto for <i>non est factums</i> . . . . .	
To ditto for <i>noti prosequis</i> , discontinuance, and <i>retraxit</i> . . . . .	
For writs of error . . . . .	
Suits of conditions unperformed . . . . .	
To Hocus for <i>dedimus potestatem</i> . . . . .	
To ditto for a <i>capias ad computandum</i> . . . . .	
To Frog's new tenants, per account to Hocus, for <i>audita querelas</i> . . . . .	
On the said account for writs of ejection and <i>distringas</i> . . . . .	
To Esquire South's quota for a return of a <i>non est invent.</i> and <i>nulla habet bona</i> . . . . .	
To — for a pardon <i>in forma pauperis</i> . . . . .	
To Jack for a <i>melius inquirendum</i> upon a <i>felo de se</i> . . . . .	
To coach hire . . . . .	
For treats to juries and witnesses . . . . .	
John, having read over his articles, with the respective sums, brought in Frog debtor to him upon the balance . . . . .	£3382 12 0

Then Nic. Frog pulled his bill out of his pocket and began to read :

#### NICHOLAS FROG'S ACCOUNT.

Remains to be deducted out of the former account.

Paid by Nic. Frog, for his share of the ordinary expenses of the suit . . . . .	
To Hocus for entries of a <i>rege inconsulto</i> . . . . .	
To John Bull's nephew for a <i>venire facias</i> , the money not yet all laid out . . . . .	
The coach-hire for my wife and family, and the carriage of my goods during the time of this lawsuit . . . . .	
For the extraordinary expenses of feeding my family during this lawsuit . . . . .	
To Major Ab. . . . .	
To Major Will. . . . .	

<sup>1</sup> Some of the items are given differently in the original pamphlet, and the amount of each charge is there set forth in detail.

And, summing all up, found due upon the balance by  
 John Bull to Nic. Frog . . . . . £9 4 6

*John Bull.* As for your *venire facias*, I have paid you for one already; in the other I believe you will be non-suited. I'll take care of my nephew<sup>1</sup> myself. Your coach-hire and family charges are most unreasonable deductions; at that rate, I can bring in any man in the world my debtor. But who the devil are those two Majors that consume all my money? I find they always run away with the balance in all accounts.

*Nic. Frog.* Two very honest gentlemen, I assure you, that have done me service. To tell you plainly, Major Ab. denotes thy greater ability, and Major Will. thy greater willingness to carry on this lawsuit. It was but reasonable that thou shouldest pay both for thy power and thy positiveness.

*J. Bull.* I believe I shall have those two honest Majors discount on my side in a little time.

*Nic. Frog.* Why all this higgling with thy friend about such a paltry sum? Does this become the generosity of the noble and rich John Bull? I wonder thou art not ashamed. Oh Hocus! Hocus! where art thou! It used to go another guise manner in thy time. When a poor man has almost undone himself for thy sake, thou art for fleecing him, and fleecing him; is that thy conscience, John?

*J. Bull.* Very pleasant indeed! It is well known thou retainest thy lawyers by the year, so a fresh lawsuit adds but little to thy expenses; they are thy customers; I hardly ever sell them a farthing's worth of anything; nay, thou hast set up an eating-house, where the whole tribe of them spend all they can rap or run<sup>2</sup>. If it were well reckoned, I believe thou gettest more of my money than thou spendest of thy own; however, if thou wilt needs plead poverty, own at least, that thy accounts are false.

*Nic. Frog.* No marry won't I; I refer myself to these honest gentlemen; let them judge between us. Let Esquire South speak his mind, whether my accounts are not right, and whether we ought not to go on with our lawsuit.

*J. Bull.* Consult the butchers about keeping of Lent. Dost think that John Bull will be tried by Piepowders<sup>3</sup>? I tell

<sup>1</sup> The Elector of Hanover, afterwards George I.

and Flanders.

<sup>2</sup> The money spent in Holland

<sup>3</sup> The Court of Piepowder (*Curia pedis pulverizati*) was a court of re-

you once for all, John Bull knows where his shoe pinches ; none of your Esquires shall give him the law, as long as he wears this trusty weapon by his side, or has an inch of broad-cloth in his shop.

*Nic. Frog.* Why there it is ; you will be both judge and party ; I am sorry thou discoverest so much of thy headstrong humour before these strange gentlemen ; I have often told thee it would prove thy ruin some time or other<sup>1</sup> : let it never be said that the famous John Bull has departed in despite of court.

*J. Bull.* And will it not reflect as much on thy character, *Nic.*, to turn barrator in thy old days ; a stirrer up of quarrels amongst thy neighbours ? I tell thee, *Nic.*, some time or other thou wilt repent this.

But John saw clearly he should have nothing but wrangling, and that he should have as little success in settling his accounts, as ending the composition. ‘Since they will needs overload my shoulders,’ quoth John, ‘I shall throw down the burden with a squash amongst them, take it up who dares ; a man has a fine time of it amongst a combination of sharpers, that vouch for one another’s honesty. John, look to thyself : old Lewis makes reasonable offers ; when thou hast spent the small pittance that is left, thou wilt make a glorious figure, when thou art brought to live upon *Nic. Frog* and *Esquire South*’s generosity and gratitude ; if they use thee thus, when they want thee, what will they do when thou wantest them ? I say again, John, look to thyself.’

John wisely stifled his resentments, and told the company, that in a little time he should give them law, or something better.

*All.* Law ! law ! Sir, by all means<sup>2</sup>. What is twenty-two poor years towards the finishing a lawsuit ? For the love of God, more law, Sir !

*J. Bull.* Prepare your demands ; how many years more of

cord incident to every fair ; whereof the steward was judge, and the trial was by merchants and traders in the fair. It was so called, because it was most usual in the summer ; and because of the expedition in hearing causes, for the matter was done, complained of, heard and deter-

mined the same day, that is, before the dust left the feet of the plaintiffs and defendants.

<sup>1</sup> What follows, down to ‘John saw clearly,’ is not in the original pamphlet.

<sup>2</sup> Clamours for continuing the war.

law do you want, that I may order my affairs accordingly? In the meanwhile farewell.

## CHAPTER XVII.

HOW JOHN BULL FOUND ALL HIS FAMILY IN AN UPROAR  
AT HOME<sup>1</sup>.

Nic. Frog, who thought of nothing but carrying John to the market, and there disposing of him as his own proper goods, was mad to find that John thought himself now of age to look after his own affairs. He resolved to traverse this new project, and to make him uneasy in his own family. He had corrupted or deluded most of his servants into the most extravagant conceits in the world; that their master was run mad, and wore a dagger in one pocket, and poison in the other; that he had sold his wife and children to Lewis, disinherited his heir, and was going to settle his estate upon a parish-boy; that, if they did not look after their master, he would do some very mischievous thing. When John came home, he found a more surprising scene than any he had yet met with, and that you will say was somewhat extraordinary.

He called his cook-maid Betty to bespeak his dinner: Betty told him, that she begged his pardon, she could not dress dinner, till she knew what he intended to do with his will. 'Why, Betty,' quoth John, 'thou art not run mad, art thou? My will at present is to have dinner.' 'That may be,' quoth Betty, 'but my conscience won't allow me to dress it, till I know whether you intend to do righteous things by your heir.' 'I am sorry for that, Betty,' quoth John, 'I must find somebody else then.' Then he called John the barber. 'Before I begin,' quoth John, 'I hope your honour won't be offended, if I ask you whether you intend to alter your will? If you won't give me a positive answer, your beard may grow down to your middle, for me.' 'Igad, so it shall,' quoth Bull, 'for I will never trust my throat in such a mad fellow's hands. Where's Dick the butler?' 'Look ye,' quoth Dick, 'I am very willing to serve you in my calling, d'ye see; but there are strange reports, and plain-dealing is best, d'ye see; I must be satisfied if you intend to leave all to your nephew, and if Nic. Frog is

<sup>1</sup> Clamours about the danger of the succession.

still your executor, d'ye see ; if you will not satisfy me as to these points, you may drink with the ducks.' 'And so I will,' quoth John, 'rather than keep a butler that loves my heir better than myself.' Hob the shoemaker, and Pricket the tailor told him, they would most willingly serve him in their several stations, if he would promise them never to talk with Lewis Baboon, and let Nicholas Frog, linen-draper, manage his concerns ; that they could neither make shoes nor clothes to any that were not in good correspondence with their worthy friend Nicholas.

*John Bull.* Call Andrew my journeyman. How goes affairs, Andrew ? I hope the devil has not taken possession of thy body too.

*Andrew.* No, Sir, I only desire to know what you would do if you were dead ?

*J. Bull.* Just as other dead folks do, Andrew.—This is amazing ! [*Aside.*

*Andrew.* I mean, if your nephew shall inherit your estate ?

*J. Bull.* That depends upon himself. I shall do nothing to hinder him.

*Andrew.* But will you make it sure ?

*J. Bull.* Thou meanest, that I should put him in possession, for I can make it no surer without that ; he has all the law can give him.

*Andrew.* Indeed possession, as you say, would make it much surer ; they say it is eleven points of the law.

John began now to think that they were all enchanted ; he enquired about the age of the moon ; if Nic. had not given them some intoxicating potion, or if old mother Jenisa<sup>1</sup> was still alive ? 'No, on my faith,' quoth Harry, 'I believe there is no potion in the case, but a little *aurum potable*. You will have more of this by and by.' He had scarce spoke the word, when<sup>2</sup> another friend of John's accosted him after the following manner<sup>3</sup> :

'Since those worthy persons, who are as much concerned for your safety as I am, have employed me as their orator, I desire to know whether you will have it by way of Syllogism, Enthymem, Dilemma, or Sorites.'

<sup>1</sup> The mother of the Duchess of Marlborough.

<sup>2</sup> The original pamphlet reads, 'when of a sudden Don Diego, followed by a great multitude of

his tenants and workmen, came rushing into the room.—*D. Diego.* 'Since,' &c.

<sup>3</sup> The presentment of the Lords' address against peace.



John now began to be diverted with their extravagance.

*J. Bull.* Let's have a Sorites by all means ; though they are all new to me.

*Friend*<sup>1</sup>. It is evident to all who are versed in history, that there were two sisters that played the whore two thousand years ago ; therefore it plainly follows that it is not lawful for John Bull to have any manner of intercourse with Lewis Baboon : if it is not lawful for John Bull to have any manner of intercourse (correspondence, if you will, that is much the same thing), then, *à fortiori*, it is much more unlawful for the said John to make over his wife and children to the said Lewis : if his wife and children are not to be made over, he is not to wear a dagger and ratsbane in his pockets : if he wears a dagger and ratsbane, it must be to do mischief to himself, or somebody else : if he intends to do mischief, he ought to be under guardians, and there is none so fit as myself, and some other worthy persons, who have a commission for that purpose from Nic. Frog, the executor of his will and testament.

*J. Bull.* And this is your Sorites, you say, — With that he snatched a good tough oaken cudgel, and began to brandish it ; then happy was the man, that was first at the door ; crowding to get out, they tumbled down stairs ; and it is credibly reported some of them dropped very valuable things in the hurry, which were picked up by others of the family.

‘That any of these rogues,’ quoth John, ‘should imagine I am not as much concerned as they about having my affairs in a settled condition, or that I would wrong my heir for I know not what ! Well, Nic., I really cannot but applaud thy diligence ; I must own this is really a pretty sort of a trick, but it shan't do thy business for all that.’

## CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW LEWIS BABOON CAME TO VISIT JOHN BULL, AND WHAT PASSED BETWEEN THEM<sup>2</sup>.

I think it is but ingenuous to acquaint the reader, that this chapter was not wrote by Sir Humphry himself, but by another very able pen of the university of Grub Street.

John had (by some good instructions given him by Sir Roger) got the better of his choleric temper, and wrought himself up to

<sup>1</sup> D. Diego, in the original pamphlet.

<sup>2</sup> Private negociations about Dunkirk.

a great steadiness of mind to pursue his own interest through all impediments that were thrown in the way: he began to leave off some of his old acquaintance, his roaring and bullying about the streets; he put on a serious air, knit his brows, and, for the time, had made a very considerable progress in politics, considering that he had been kept a stranger to his own affairs. However, he could not help discovering some remains of his nature, when he happened to meet with a football, or a match at cricket; for which Sir Roger was sure to take him to task. John was walking about his room, with folded arms, and a most thoughtful countenance; his servant brought him word, that one Lewis Baboon below wanted to speak with him. John had got an impression, that Lewis was so deadly cunning a man, that he was afraid to venture himself alone with him; at last he took heart of grace; 'let him come up,' quoth he, 'it is but sticking to my point, and he can never over-reach me.'

*Lewis Baboon.* Monsieur Bull, I will frankly acknowledge that my behaviour to my neighbours has been somewhat uncivil, and I believe you will readily grant me that I have met with usage accordingly. I was fond of back-sword and cudgel-play from my youth, and I now bear in my body many a black and blue gash and scar, God knows. I had as good a warehouse, and as fair possessions, as any of my neighbours, though I say it; but a contentious temper, flattering servants, and unfortunate stars, have brought me into circumstances that are not unknown to you. These my misfortunes are heightened by domestic calamities, that I need not relate. I am a poor battered old fellow, and I would willingly end my days in peace; but alas! I see but small hopes of that, for every new circumstance affords an argument to my enemies to pursue their revenge; formerly I was to be hanged, because I was too strong, and now because I am too weak to resist; I am to be brought down when too rich, and oppressed when too poor. Nic. Frog has used me like a scoundrel; you are a gentleman, and I freely put myself in your hands to dispose of me as you think fit.

*J. Bull.* Look you, Master Baboon, as to your usage of your neighbours, you had best not dwell too much upon that chapter; let it suffice at present, that you have been met with: you have been rolling a great stone up hill all your life, and at last it has come tumbling down till it is like to crush you to pieces: plain-dealing is best. If you have any particular mark, Mr. Baboon,

whereby one may know when you fib, and when you speak truth, you had best tell it me, that one may proceed accordingly ; but, since at present I know of none such, it is better that you should trust me, than that I shall trust you.

*L. Baboon.* I know of no particular mark of veracity amongst us tradesmen, but interest ; and it is manifestly mine not to deceive you at this time ; you may safely trust me, I can assure you.

*J. Bull.* The trust I give is in short this ; I must have something in hand before I make the bargain, and the rest before it is concluded.

*L. Baboon.* To shew you I deal fairly, name your something.

*J. Bull.* I need not tell thee, old boy ; thou canst guess.

*L. Baboon.* Ecclesdown Castle<sup>1</sup>, I'll warrant you, because it has been formerly in your family ! Say no more, you shall have it.

*J. Bull.* I shall have it to my own self ?

*L. Baboon.* To thy own self.

*J. Bull.* Every wall, gate, room, and inch of Ecclesdown Castle, you say !

*L. Baboon.* Just so.

*J. Bull.* Every single stone of Ecclesdown Castle, to my own self, speedily !

*L. Baboon.* When you please ; what needs more words ?

*J. Bull.* But tell me, old boy, hast thou laid aside all thy equivocals and mentals in this case ?

*L. Baboon.* There's nothing like matter of fact ; seeing is believing.

*J. Bull.* Now thou talkest to the purpose ; let us shake hands, old boy. Let me ask thee one question more ; what hast thou to do to meddle with the affairs of my family ? to dispose of my estate, old boy ?

*L. Baboon.* Just as much as you have to do with the affairs of Lord Strutt.

*J. Bull.* Ay, but my trade, my very being, was concerned in that.

*L. Baboon.* And my interest was concerned in the other. But let us both drop our pretences ; for I believe it is a moot point, whether I am more likely to make a Master Bull, or you a Lord Strutt.

<sup>1</sup> Dunkirk.

*J. Bull.* Agreed, old boy ; but then I must have security, that I shall carry my broad-cloth to market, old boy.

*L. Baboon.* That you shall : Ecclesdown Castle ! Ecclesdown ! remember that ; why wouldest thou not take it, when it was offered thee some years ago ?

*J. Bull.* I would not take it, because they told me thou wouldest not give it me.

*L. Baboon.* How could Monsieur Bull be so grossly abused by downright nonsense ? they that advised you to refuse, must have believed I intended to give, else why would they not make the experiment ? but I can tell you more of that matter than perhaps you know at present.

*J. Bull.* But what sayest thou as to the Esquire, Nic. Frog, and the rest of the tradesmen ! I must take care of them.

*L. Baboon.* Thou hast but small obligation to Nic., to my certain knowledge : he has not used me like a gentleman.

*J. Bull.* Nic. indeed is not very nice in your punctilios of ceremony ; he is clownish, as a man may say ; belching and calling of names have been allowed him time out of mind, by prescription : but, however, we are engaged in one common cause, and I must look after him.

*L. Baboon.* All matters that relate to him, and the rest of the plaintiffs in this lawsuit, I will refer to your justice.

## CHAPTER XIX.

NIC. FROG'S LETTER TO JOHN BULL ; WHEREIN HE ENDEAVOURS TO VINDICATE ALL HIS CONDUCT WITH RELATION TO JOHN BULL AND THE LAWSUIT.

Nic. perceived now that his cully had eloped, that John intended henceforth to deal without a broker ; but he was resolved to leave no stone unturned to recover his bubble : amongst other artifices he wrote a most obliging letter, which he sent him printed in a fair character.

DEAR FRIEND,

When I consider the late ill usage I have met with from you, I was reflecting what it was that could provoke you to it ; but, upon a narrow inspection into my conduct, I can find nothing to reproach myself with, but too partial a concern for your interest. You no sooner set this composition afoot, but I was ready to comply, and prevented your very wishes ; and the

affair might have been ended before now, had it not been for the greater concerns of Esquire South, and the other poor creatures embarked in the same common cause, whose safety touches me to the quick. You seemed a little jealous that I had dealt unfairly with you in money matters, till it appeared by your own account that there was something due to me upon the balance. Having nothing to answer to so plain a demonstration, you began to complain, as if I had been familiar with your reputation; when it is well known not only I, but the meanest servants in my family, talk of you with the utmost respect. I have always, as far as in me lies, exhorted your servants and tenants to be dutiful; not that I any way meddle in your domestic affairs, which were very unbecoming for me to do. If some of your servants express their great concern for you in a manner that is not so very polite, you ought to impute it to their extraordinary zeal, which deserves a reward, rather than a reproof. You cannot reproach me for want of success at the 'Salutation,' since I am not master of the passions and interests of other folks. I have beggared myself with this lawsuit, undertaken merely in complaisance to you; and, if you would have had but a little patience, I had still greater things in reserve, that I intended to have done for you. I hope what I have said will prevail with you to lay aside your unreasonable jealousies, and that we may have no more meetings at the 'Salutation,' spending our time and money to no purpose. My concern for your welfare and prosperity almost makes me mad. You may be assured I will continue to be

Your affectionate friend and servant,

NIC. FROG.

John received this with a good deal of *sang froid*: 'transeat,' quoth John, '*cum caeteris erroribus.*' He was now at his ease; he saw he could now make a very good bargain for himself, and a very safe one for other folks. 'My shirt,' quoth he, 'is near me, but my skin is nearer: whilst I take care of the welfare of other folks, nobody can blame me to apply a little balsam to my own sores. It's a pretty thing, after all, for a man to do his own business; a man has such a tender concern for himself, there's nothing like it. This is something better, I trow, than for John Bull to be standing in the market like a great dray-horse, with Frog's paws upon his head,—'What will you give me for this beast?' Serviteur Nic. Frog, you may kiss my backside, if you please. Though John Bull had not

read your Aristotles, Platos, and Machiavels, he can see as far into a mill-stone as another.' With that John began to chuckle and laugh, till he was like to have burst his sides.

## CHAPTER XX.

THE DISCOURSE THAT PASSED BETWEEN NIC. FROG AND ESQUIRE SOUTH, WHICH JOHN BULL OVERHEARD<sup>1</sup>.

John thought every minute a year, till he got into Ecclesdown Castle; he repaired to the 'Salutation,' with a design to break the matter gently to his partners; before he entered, he overheard Nic. and the Esquire in a very pleasant conference.

*Esq. South.* Oh the ingratitude and injustice of mankind! that John Bull, whom I have honoured with my friendship and protected so long, should flinch at last, and pretend that he can disburse no more money for me! that the family of the Souths, by his sneaking temper, should be kept out of their own!

*Nic. Frog.* An't like your worship, I am in amaze at it; I think the rogue should be compelled to his duty.

*Esq. South.* That he should prefer his scandalous pelf, the dust and dregs of the earth, to the prosperity and grandeur of my family.

*Nic. Frog.* Nay, he is mistaken there too; for he would quickly lick himself whole again by his vails. It's strange he should prefer Philip Baboon's custom to Esquire South's.

*Esq. South.* As you say, that my clothier, that is to get so much by the purchase, should refuse to put me in possession! Did you ever know any man's tradesman serve him so before?

*Nic. Frog.* No, indeed, an't please your worship, it is a very unusual proceeding; and I would not have been guilty of it for the world. If your honour had not a great stock of moderation and patience, you would not bear it so well as you do.

*Esq. South.* It is most intolerable, that's certain, Nic., and I will be revenged.

*Nic. Frog.* Methinks it is strange that Philip Baboon's

<sup>1</sup> Negotiations between the Emperor and the Dutch for continuing the war, and getting the property of Flanders.

tenants do not all take your honour's part, considering how good and gentle a master you are.

*Esq. South.* True, Nic., but few are sensible of merit in this world; it is a great comfort to have so faithful a friend as thyself in so critical a juncture.

*Nic. Frog.* If all the world should forsake you, be assured Nic. Frog never will; let us stick to our point, and we'll manage Bull, I'll warrant ye.

*Esq. South.* Let me kiss thee, dear Nic.; I have found one honest man among a thousand at last.

*Nic. Frog.* If it were possible, your honour has it in your power to wed me still closer to your interest.

*Esq. South.* Tell me quickly, dear Nic.

*Nic. Frog.* You know I am your tenant; the difference between my lease and an inheritance is such a trifle as I am sure you will not grudge your poor friend; that will be an encouragement to go on; besides it will make Bull as mad as the devil: you and I shall be able to manage him then to some purpose.

*Esq. South.* Say no more, it shall be done, Nic., to thy heart's content.

John all this while was listening to this comical dialogue, and laughed heartily in his sleeve at the pride and simplicity of the Esquire, and the sly roguery of his friend Nic. Then of a sudden bolting into the room, he began to tell them, that he believed he had brought Lewis to reasonable terms, if they would please to hear them.

Then they all bawled out aloud, 'no composition, long live Esquire South and the law!' As John was going to proceed, some roared, some stamped with their feet, others stopped their ears with their fingers.

'Nay, gentlemen,' quoth John, 'if you will but stop proceeding for a while, you shall judge yourselves whether Lewis's proposals are reasonable.'

*All.* Very fine indeed, stop proceeding, and so lose a term.

*J. Bull.* Not so neither, we have something by way of advance; he will put us in possession of his manor and castle of Ecclesdown.

*Nic. Frog.* What dost thou talk of us? thou meanest thyself.

*J. Bull.* When Frog took possession of anything, it was always said to be for us, and why may not John Bull be

us, as well as Nic. Frog was us? I hope John Bull is no more confined to singularity than Nic. Frog; or, take it so, the constant doctrine, that thou hast preached up for many years, was, that thou and I are one; and why must we be supposed two in this case, that were always one before? it's impossible that thou and I can fall out, Nic., we must trust one another; I have trusted thee with a great many things, prithee trust me with this one trifle.

*Nic. Frog.* That principle is true in the main, but there is some speciality in this case, that makes it highly inconvenient for us both.

*J. Bull.* Those are your jealousies, that the common enemies sow between us; how often hast thou warned me of those rogues, Nic., that would make us mistrustful of one another!

*Nic. Frog.* This Ecclesdown Castle is only a bone of contention.

*J. Bull.* It depends upon you to make it so; for my part I am as peaceable as a lamb.

*Nic. Frog.* But do you consider the unwholesomeness of the air and soil, the expenses of reparations and servants? I would scorn to accept of such a quagmire.

*J. Bull.* You are a great man, Nic., but, in my circumstances, I must be even content to take it as it is.

*Nic. Frog.* And you are really so silly as to believe the old cheating rogue will give it you?

*J. Bull.* I believe nothing but matter of fact; I stand and fall by that; I am resolved to put him to it.

*Nic. Frog.* And so relinquish the hopefullest cause in the world, a claim that will certainly in the end make thy fortune for ever!

*J. Bull.* Wilt thou purchase it, Nic.? thou shalt have a lumping pennyworth; nay, rather than we should differ, I'll give thee something to take it off my hands.

*Nic. Frog.* If thou wouldest but moderate that hasty, impatient temper of thine, thou shouldest quickly see a better thing than all that. What shouldest thou think to find old Lewis turned out of his paternal estates, and the mansion house of Clay-pool<sup>1</sup>? Would not that do thy heart good, to see thy old friend, Nic. Frog, Lord of Clay-pool? Then thou

<sup>1</sup> Clay-pool, Paris (Lutetia.)



and thy wife and children should walk in my gardens, buy toys, drink lemonade, and now and then we should have a country dance.

*J. Bull.* I love to be plain ; I'd as lief see myself in Ecclesdown Castle, as thee in Clay-pool. I tell you again, Lewis gives this as a pledge of his sincerity ; if you won't stop proceeding to hear him, I will.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE REST OF NIC.'S FETCHES TO KEEP JOHN OUT OF ECCLESDOWN CASTLE<sup>1</sup>.

When Nic. could not dissuade John by argument, he tried to move his pity ; he pretended to be sick and like to die, that he should leave his wife and children in a starving condition, if John did abandon him ; that he was hardly able to crawl about the room, far less capable to look after such a troublesome business as this lawsuit, and therefore begged that his good friend would not leave him. When he saw that John was still inexorable, he pulled out a case-knife, with which he used to snicker-snee, and threatened to cut his own throat. Thrice he aimed the knife to his wind-pipe with a most determined threatening air. 'What signifies life,' quoth he, 'in this languishing condition ? It will be some pleasure, that my friends will revenge my death upon this barbarous man, that has been the cause of it.' All this while John looked sedate and calm, neither offering in the least to snatch the knife, nor stop his blow, trusting to the tenderness Nic. had for his own person. When he perceived that John was immoveable in his purpose, he applied himself to Lewis.

'Art thou,' quoth he, 'turned bubble in thy old age, from being a sharper in thy youth ? What occasion hast thou to give up Ecclesdown Castle to John Bull ? his friendship is not worth a rush ; give it me, and I'll make it worth thy while. If thou dislikest that proposition, keep it thyself ; I'd rather thou shouldest have it than he. If thou hearkenest not to my advice, take what follows ; Esquire South and I will go on with our lawsuit in spite of John Bull's teeth.'

*L. Baboon.* Monsieur Bull has used me like a gentleman, and I am resolved to make good my promise, and trust him for the consequences.

<sup>1</sup> Attempts to hinder the cessation, and taking possession of Dunkirk.

*Nic. Frog.* Then I tell thee thou art an old doating fool——

With that, *Nic.* bounced up with a spring equal to that of one of your nimblest tumblers or rope-dancers, and fell foul upon *John Bull*, to snatch the cudgel<sup>1</sup> he had in his hand, that he might thwack *Lewis* with it: *John* held it fast, so that there was no wrenching it from him. At last *Esquire South* buckled to, to assist his friend *Nic.*; *John* hauled on one side, and they two on the other; sometimes they were like to pull *John* over; then it went all of a sudden again on *John's* side; so they went see-sawing up and down, from one end of the room to the other. Down tumbled the tables, bottles, glasses, and tobacco-pipes; the wine and the tobacco were all spilt about the room, and the little fellows were almost trod under foot, till, more of the tradesmen joining with *Nic.* and the *Esquire*, *John* was hardly able to pull against them all, yet would be never quit hold of his trusty cudgel; which by the contrary force of two so great powers<sup>2</sup> broke short in his hands. *Nic.* seized the longer end<sup>3</sup>, and with it began to bastinado old *Lewis*, who had slunk into a corner, waiting the event of this squabble. *Nic.* came up to him with an insolent menacing air, so that the old fellow was forced to scuttle out of the room, and retire behind a dung-cart. He called to *Nic.*, 'Thou insolent jackanapes! Time was when thou durst not have used me so; thou now takest me unprovided, but, old and infirm as I am, I shall find a weapon by and by to chastise thy impudence.'

When *John Bull* had recovered his breath, he began to parley with *Nic.* 'Friend *Nic.* I am glad to find thee so strong after thy great complaints: really thy motions, *Nic.*, are pretty vigorous for a consumptive man. As for thy worldly affairs, *Nic.*, if it can do thee any service, I freely make over to thee this profitable lawsuit, and I desire all these gentlemen to bear witness to this my act and deed. Yours be all the gain, as mine has been the charges; I have brought it to bear finely: however, all I have laid out upon it goes for nothing, thou shalt have it with all its appurtenances, I ask nothing but leave to go home.'

*Nic. Frog.* The counsel are feed, and all things prepared for a trial; thou shalt be forced to stand the issue: it shall be pleaded

<sup>1</sup> The army.

<sup>2</sup> The separation of the army.

<sup>3</sup> The portion of the army which revolted from the Duke of Ormond.

in thy name as well as mine. Go home if thou canst, the gates are shut, the turnpikes<sup>1</sup> locked, and the roads barricaded<sup>2</sup>.

*John Bull.* Even these very ways, Nic., that thou toldest me were as open to me as thyself? if I can't pass with my own equipage, what can I expect for my goods and waggons? I am denied passage through those very grounds that I have purchased with my own money; however, I am glad I have made the experiment, it may serve me in some stead.

John Bull was so overjoyed that he was going to take possession of Ecclesdown, that nothing could vex him. 'Nic.' quoth he, 'I am just a going to leave thee, cast a kind look upon me at parting.'

Nic. looked sour and grum, and would not open his mouth.

*J. Bull.* I wish thee all the success that thy heart can desire, and that these honest gentlemen of the long robe may have their bellyfull of law.

Nic. could stand it no longer, but flung out of the room with disdain, and beckoned the lawyers to follow him.

*John Bull.* Bye, bye, Nic., not one poor smile at parting? won't you shake your day-day? Nic., bye, Nic.

With that John marched out of the common road cross the country to take possession of Ecclesdown.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### OF THE GREAT JOY THAT JOHN EXPRESSED WHEN HE GOT POSSESSION OF ECCLESDOWN.

When John had got into his castle, he seemed like Ulysses upon his plank after he had been well soused in salt water; who (as Homer says) was as glad as a judge going to sit down to dinner, after hearing a long cause upon the bench. I dare say John Bull's joy was equal to that of either of the two; he skipped from room to room; ran up stairs and down stairs, from the kitchen to the garrets, and from the garrets to the kitchen; he peeped into every cranny; sometimes he admired the beauty of the architecture, and the vast solidity of the mason's work; at other times he commended the symmetry and proportion of the rooms. He walked about the gardens; he bathed himself in the canal, swimming, diving, and beating

<sup>1</sup> Garrisoned towns.

<sup>2</sup> Difficulty of the march of part of the army to Dunkirk.

the liquid element, like a milk-white swan. The hall resounded with the sprightly violin, and the martial hautboy. The family tripped it about and capered, like hailstones bounding from a marble floor. Wine, ale and October flew about as plentifully as kennel-water : then a frolic took John in the head to call up some of Nic. Frog's pensioners, that had been so mutinous in his family.

*J. Bull.* Are you glad to see your master in Ecclesdown Castle ?

*All.* Yes, indeed, Sir.

*John Bull.* Extremely glad ?

*All.* Extremely glad, Sir.

*J. Bull.* Swear to me, that you are so.

Then they began to damn and sink their souls to the lowest pit of hell, if any person in the world rejoiced more than they did.

*John Bull.* Now hang me if I don't believe you are a parcel of perjured rascals ; however take this bumper of October to your master's health.

Then John got upon the battlements, and, looking over, he called to Nic. Frog :

'How d'ye do, Nic. ? D'ye see where I am, Nic. ? I hope the cause goes on swimmingly, Nic. When dost thou intend to go to Clay-pool, Nic. ? Wilt thou buy there some high heads of the newest cut for my daughters ? How comest thou to go with thy arm tied up ? Has old Lewis given thee a rap over thy finger-ends<sup>1</sup> ? Thy weapon was a good one, when I wielded it, but the butt-end<sup>2</sup> remains in my hands. I am so busy in packing up my goods, that I have no time to talk with thee any longer. It would do thy heart good to see what waggon-loads I am preparing for market. If thou wantest any good office of mine, for all that has happened, I will use thee well, Nic., Bye, Nic.'

<sup>1</sup> The defeat at Denain.

<sup>2</sup> The English troops.

POSTSCRIPT<sup>1</sup>.

It has been disputed amongst the *literati* of Grub Street, whether Sir Humphry proceeded any farther into the history of John Bull. By diligent inquiry we have found the titles of some chapters, which appear to be a continuation of it; and are as follow:

- Chap. I. How John was made angry with the articles of agreement. How he kicked the parchment through the house, up stairs and down stairs, and put himself in a great heat thereby.
- Chap. II. How in his passion he was going to cut off Sir Roger's head with a cleaver. Of the strange manner of Sir Roger's escaping the blow, by laying his head upon the dresser.
- Chap. III. How some of John's servants attempted to scale his house with rope-ladders; and how many unfortunately dangled in the same.
- Chap. IV. Of the methods by which John endeavoured to preserve the peace amongst his neighbours: how he kept a pair of steelyards to weigh them; and by diet, purging, vomiting, and bleeding, tried to bring them to equal bulk and strength.
- Chap. V. Of false accounts of the weights given in by some of the journeymen; and of the Newmarket tricks that were practised at the steelyards.
- Chap. VI. How John's new journeymen brought him other-guise accounts of the steelyards.
- Chap. VII. How Sir Swain Northy<sup>2</sup> was by bleeding, purging, and a steel diet, brought into a consumption; and how John was forced afterwards to give him the gold cordial.
- Chap. VIII. How Peter Bear<sup>3</sup> was overfed, and afterwards refused to submit to the course of physic.
- Chap. IX. How John pampered Esquire South with tit-bits, till he grew wanton; how he got drunk with Calabrian wine,

<sup>1</sup> Instead of this Postscript, the original pamphlet had the following closing words:

\* \* \* John Bull's thanks to Sir Roger, and Nic. Frog's malediction

upon all shrews, the original cause of his misfortunes, are reserved for the next volume.

<sup>2</sup> King of Sweden.

<sup>3</sup> The Czar.

- and longed for Sicilian beef, and how John carried him thither in his barge.
- Chap. X. How the Esquire, from a foul feeder, grew dainty : how he longed for mangoes, spices, and Indian birds' nests, &c., and could not sleep but in a chintz bed.
- Chap. XI. The Esquire turned tradesman ; how he set up a China-shop<sup>1</sup> over against Nic. Frog.
- Chap. XII. How he procured Spanish flies to blister his neighbours, and as a provocative to himself. As likewise how he ravished Nic. Frog's favourite daughter.
- Chap. XIII. How Nic. Frog, hearing the girl squeak, went to call John Bull as a constable. Calling of a constable no preventive of a rape.
- Chap. XIV. How John rose out of his bed in a cold morning to prevent a duel between Esquire South and Lord Strutt ; how, to his great surprise, he found the combatants drinking Geneva in a brandy shop, with Nic.'s favourite daughter between them. How they both fell upon John so that he was forced to fight his way out.
- Chap. XV. How John came with his constable's staff to rescue Nic.'s daughter, and break the Esquire's china-ware.
- Chap. XVI. Commentary upon the Spanish proverb, 'time and I against any two' ; or advice to dogmatical politicians, exemplified in some new affairs between John Bull and Lewis Baboon.
- Chap. XVII. A discourse of the delightful game of quadrille. How Lewis Baboon attempted to play a game solo in clubs, and was beasted : how John called Lewis for his king, and was afraid that his own partner should have too many tricks : and how the success and skill of quadrille depends upon calling a right king.

<sup>1</sup> The Ostend Company.

THE ART OF POLITICAL LYING.

[*See pages 51, 52.*]





PROPOSALS  
FOR PRINTING A VERY CURIOUS DISCOURSE,  
IN TWO VOLUMES IN QUARTO,  
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ΨΕΥΔΟΛΟΓΙΑ ΠΟΛΙΤΙΚΗ;  
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THE ART OF POLITICAL LYING.

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For the encouragement of so useful a work, it is thought fit the public should be informed of the contents of the first volume, by one who has with great care perused the manuscript.

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## THE ART OF POLITICAL LYING.

THE author, in his preface, makes some very judicious reflections upon the original of arts and sciences: that at first they consist of scattered theorems and practices, which are handed about amongst the masters, and only revealed to the *filiis artis*, till such time as some great genius appears, who collects these disjointed propositions, and reduces them into a regular system. That this is the case of that noble and useful art of Political Lying, which, in this last age having been enriched with several new discoveries, ought not to lie any longer in rubbish and confusion, but may justly claim a place in the *Encyclopedia*, especially such as serves for a model of education for an able politician. That he proposes to himself no small stock of fame in future ages, in being the first who has undertaken this design; and for the same reason he hopes the imperfection of his work will be excused. He invites all persons who have any talents that way, or any new discovery, to communicate their thoughts, assuring them that honourable mention shall be made of them in his work.

The first volume consists of eleven chapters.

In the first chapter of his excellent treatise, he reasons philosophically concerning the nature of the soul of man, and those qualities which render it susceptible of lies. He supposes the soul to be of the nature of a plano-cylindrical speculum, or looking-glass; that the plain side was made by God Almighty, but that the devil afterwards wrought the other side into a cylindrical figure. The plain side represents objects just as they are; and the cylindrical side, by the rules of catoptrics, must needs represent true objects false, and false objects true: but the cylindrical side, being much the larger surface, takes in a greater compass of visual rays. That upon the cylindrical side of the soul of man depends the whole art and success of Political Lying. The author, in this chapter, proceeds to reason upon the qualities of the

mind: as its peculiar fondness of the malicious and the miraculous. The tendency of the soul towards the malicious springs from self-love, or a pleasure to find mankind more wicked, base, or unfortunate than ourselves. The design of the miraculous proceeds from the inactivity of the soul, or its incapacity to be moved or delighted with anything that is vulgar or common. The author having established the qualities of the mind, upon which his art is founded, he proceeds,

In his second chapter, to treat of the nature of Political Lying; which he defines to be, the art of convincing the people of salutary falsehoods, for some good end. He calls it an art, to distinguish it from that of telling truth, which does not seem to want art; but then he would have this understood only as to the invention, because there is indeed more art necessary to convince the people of a salutary truth than a salutary falsehood. Then he proceeds to prove that there are salutary falsehoods, of which he gives a great many instances, both before and after the Revolution; and demonstrates plainly that we could not have carried on the war so long without several of those salutary falsehoods. He gives rules to calculate the value of a Political Lie, in pounds, shillings, and pence. By good he does not mean that which is absolutely so, but what appears so to the artist, which is a sufficient ground for him to proceed upon; and he distinguishes the good, as it commonly is, into *bonum utile, dulce, et honestum*. He shews you that there are Political Lies of a mixed nature, which include all the three in different respects: that the *utile* reigns generally about the Exchange, the *dulce* and *honestum* at the Westminster end of the town. One man spreads a lie to sell and buy stock to greater advantage; a second, because it is honourable to serve his party; and a third, because it is sweet to gratify his revenge. Having explained the several terms of his definition, he proceeds.

In his third chapter, to treat of the lawfulness of Political Lying; which he deduces from its true and genuine principles, by inquiring into the several rights that mankind have to truth. He shews that people have a right to private truth from their neighbours, and economical truth from their own family; that they should not be abused by their wives, children, and servants; but that they have no right at all to Political

Truth ; that the people may as well all pretend to be lords of manors, and possess great estates, as to have truth told them in matters of government. The author with great judgment states the several shares of mankind in this matter of truth, according to their several capacities, dignities, and professions ; and shews you that children have hardly any share at all ; in consequence of which, they have very seldom any truth told them. It must be owned that the author in this chapter has some seeming difficulties to answer, and texts of Scripture to explain.

The fourth chapter is wholly employed in this question, whether the right of coinage of Political Lies be wholly in the government ? The author, who is a true friend to English liberty, determines in the negative, and answers all the arguments of the opposite party with great acuteness : that, as the government of England has a mixture of democratical in it, so the right of inventing and spreading Political Lies is partly in the people ; and their obstinate adherence to this just privilege has been most conspicuous, and shined with great lustre of late years : that it happens very often, that there are no other means left to the good people of England to pull down a ministry and government they are weary of, but by exercising this their undoubted right : that abundance of Political Lying is a sure sign of true English liberty : that, as ministers do sometimes use tools to support their power, it is but reasonable that people should employ the same weapon to defend themselves, and pull them down.

In his fifth chapter, he divides Political Lies into several species and classes, and gives precepts about the inventing, spreading, and propagating the several sorts of them : he begins with the *rumores*, and *libelli famosi*, such as concern the reputation of men in power ; where he finds fault with the common mistake that takes notice only of one sort, viz. the detractory or defamatory, whereas in truth there are three sorts, the detractory, the additory, and the translatory. The additory gives to a great man a larger share of reputation than belongs to him, to enable him to serve some good end or purpose. The detractory or defamatory is a lie, which takes from a great man the reputation that justly belongs to him, for fear he should use it to the detriment of the public. The translatory is a lie, that transfers the merit of a man's good action

to another, who is in himself more deserving; or transfers the demerit of a bad action from the true author to a person who is in himself less deserving. He gives several instances of very great strokes in all the three kinds, especially in the last, when it was necessary for the good of the public to bestow the valour and conduct of one man upon another, and that of many to one man; nay even<sup>1</sup>, upon a good occasion, a man may be robbed of his victory by a person that did not command in the action. The restoring and destroying the public may be ascribed to persons who had no hand in either. The author exhorts all gentlemen practitioners to exercise themselves in the translatory, because, the existence of the things themselves being visible, and not demanding any proof, there wants nothing to be put upon the public, but a false author, or a false cause; which is no great presumption upon the credulity of mankind, to whom the secret springs of things are for the most part unknown.

The author proceeds to give some precepts as to the additory: that when one ascribes anything to a person which does not belong to him, the lie ought to be calculated not quite contradictory to his known qualities: for example, one would not make the French king present at a Protestant conventicle; nor, like Queen Elizabeth, restore the overplus of taxes to his subjects. One would not bring in the Emperor giving two months' pay in advance to his troops; nor the Dutch paying more than their quota. One would not make the same person zealous for a standing army and public liberty; nor an atheist

<sup>1</sup> Major General Webb obtained a glorious victory over the French near Wynendale, in the year 1708. He was sent with 6000 of the confederate troops to guard a great convoy to the allied army besieging Lisle; Count de la Motte came out from Ghent with near 24,000 men to intercept them; but Major General Webb disposed his men with such admirable skill that, notwithstanding the vast superiority of numbers, by the pure force of order and disposition the French were driven back in two or three successive attempts, and, after having lost 6000 or 7000 men, could be brought to charge no more. This

may justly be reckoned amongst the great actions of that war: but the Duke of Marlborough's secretary, in his letter written to England, gave all the honour of it to General Cadogan, the Duke's favourite, who did not come up till after the engagement. This was so resented by General Webb, that he left the army in disgust; and, coming into England to do himself justice, received the unanimous thanks of the House of Commons for his eminent services by that great action; which was also acknowledged in a distinguishing manner by the King of Prussia, who bestowed on him the Order of Generosity.

support the church ; nor a lewd fellow a reformer of manners ; nor a hot-headed, crack-brained coxcomb forward for a scheme of moderation. But if it is absolutely necessary that a person is to have some good adventitious quality given him, the author's precept is that it should not be done at first in *extremo gradu*. For example, they should not make a covetous man give away all at once five thousand pounds in a charitable generous way ; twenty or thirty pounds may suffice at first. They should not introduce a person of remarkable ingratitude to his benefactors, rewarding a poor man for some good office that was done him thirty years ago ; but they may allow him to acknowledge a service to a person who is capable still to do him another. A man whose personal courage is suspected, is not at first to drive whole squadrons before him ; but he may be allowed the merit of some squabble, or throwing a bottle at his adversary's head.

It will not be allowed to make a great man, that is a known despiser of religion, spend whole days in his closet at his devotion ; but you may with safety make him sit out public prayers with decency. A great man, who has never been known willingly to pay a just debt, ought not all of a sudden to be introduced making restitution of thousands he has cheated ; let it suffice at first to pay twenty pounds to a friend who has lost his note.

He lays down the same rules in the detractory or defamatory kind ; that they should not be quite opposite to the qualities the persons are supposed to have. Thus it will not be found according to the sound rules of pseudology to report of a pious and religious prince, that he neglects his devotion, and would introduce heresy ; but you may report of a merciful prince, that he has pardoned a criminal who did not deserve it. You will be unsuccessful if you give out of a great man, who is remarkable for his frugality for the public, that he squanders away the nation's money ; but you may safely relate that he hoards it ; you must not affirm he took a bribe ; but you may freely censure him for being tardy in his payments ; because, though neither may be true, yet the last is credible, the first not. Of an open-hearted generous minister you are not to say that he was in an intrigue to betray his country ; but you may affirm, with some probability, that he was in an intrigue with a lady. He warns all practitioners to take good heed to these precepts ;

for want of which many of their lies of late have proved abortive or short-lived.

In the sixth chapter he treats of the miraculous; by which he understands anything that exceeds the common degrees of probability. In respect of the people it is divided into two sorts, the τὸ φοβερὸν, or the τὸ θυμοειδές, terrifying lies, and animating or encouraging lies, both being extremely useful on their proper occasions. Concerning the τὸ φοβερὸν he gives several rules; one of which is, that terrible objects should not be too frequently shewn to the people, lest they grow familiar. He says, it is absolutely necessary that the people of England should be frightened with the French king and the Pretender once a year; but that the bears should be chained up again till that time twelve month. The want of observing this so necessary a precept, in bringing out the raw-head and bloody bones upon every trifling occasion, has produced great indifference in the vulgar of late years. As to the animating or encouraging lies he gives the following rules; that they should not far exceed the common degrees of probability; that there should be variety of them, and the same lie not obstinately insisted upon; that the promissory or prognosticating lies should not be upon short days, for fear the authors should have the shame and confusion to see themselves speedily contradicted. He examines by these rules that well-meant, but unfortunate lie of the conquest of France, which continued near twenty years<sup>1</sup> together; but at last, by being too obstinately insisted upon, it was worn threadbare and became unsuccessful.

As to the τὸ τερατώδες, or the prodigious, he has little to advise, but that their comets, whales, and dragons should be sizeable; their storms, tempests, and earthquakes without the reach of a day's journey of a man and horse.

The seventh chapter is wholly taken up in an enquiry, which of the two parties are the greatest artists in political lying. He owns that sometimes the one party, and sometimes the other, is better believed, but that they have both very great geniuses amongst them. He attributes the ill success of either party to their glutting the market, and retailing too much of a bad commodity at once: when there is too great a quantity of worms, it is hard to catch gudgeons. He proposes

<sup>1</sup> During the reigns of King William and Queen Anne.

a scheme for the recovery of the credit of any party, which indeed seems to be somewhat chimerical, and does not savour of that sound judgment the author has shewn in the rest of the work. It amounts to this, that the party should agree to vent nothing but truth for three months together, which will give them credit for six months' lying afterwards. He owns, that he believes it almost impossible to find fit persons to execute this scheme. Towards the end of the chapter he inveighs severely against the folly of parties in retaining scoundrels and men of low genius to retail their lies; such as most of the present news-writers are, who, except a strong bent and inclination towards the profession, seem to be wholly ignorant in the rules of pseudology, and not at all qualified for so weighty a trust.

In his next chapter he treats of some extraordinary geniuses who have appeared of late years, especially in their disposition towards the miraculous. He advises those hopeful young men to turn their invention to the service of their country, it being inglorious, at this time, to employ their talent in prodigious fox-chases, horse-courses, feats of activity in driving of coaches, jumping, running, swallowing of peaches, pulling out whole sets of teeth to clean, &c. when their country stands so much in need of their assistance.

The eighth chapter is a project for uniting the several smaller corporations of liars into one society. It is too tedious to give a full account of the whole scheme: what is most remarkable is, that this society ought to consist of the heads of each party: that no lie is to pass current without their approbation, they being the best judges of the present exigencies, and what sort of lies are demanded: that in such a corporation there ought to be men of all professions, that τὸ πρέπον, and the τὸ εὐλογον, that is, decency and probability, may be observed as much as possible: that, besides the persons above-mentioned, this society ought to consist of the hopeful geniuses about the town (of which there are great plenty to be picked up in the several coffee-houses), travellers, virtuosos, fox-hunters, jockeys, attorneys, old seamen and soldiers out of the hospitals of Greenwich and Chelsea. To this society, so constituted, ought to be committed the sole management of lying: that in their outer room there ought always to attend some persons endowed with a great stock of credulity, a generation that thrives mightily in this soil and



climate: he thinks a sufficient number of them may be picked up anywhere about the Exchange: these are to circulate what the others coin; for no man spreads a lie with so good a grace, as he that believes it: that the rule of the society be to invent a lie, and sometimes two, for every day; in the choice of which great regard ought to be had to the weather, and the season of the year: your *φοβερὰ*, or terrifying lies, do mighty well in November and December, but not so well in May and June, unless the easterly winds reign: that it ought to be penal for anybody to talk of anything but the lie of the day: that the society is to maintain a sufficient number of spies at court, and other places, to furnish hints and topics for invention, and a general correspondence of all the market-towns for circulating their lies: that if any one of the society were observed to blush, or look out of countenance, or want a necessary circumstance in telling the lie, he ought to be expelled, and declared incapable: besides the roaring lies, there ought to be a private committee for whispers, constituted of the ablest men of the society. Here the author makes a digression in praise of the Whig party, for the right understanding and use of proof-lies. A proof-lie is like a proof-charge for a piece of ordnance, to try a standard credulity. Of such a nature he takes transubstantiation to be in the Church of Rome, a proof-article, which if any one swallows, they are sure he will digest everything else: therefore the Whig party do wisely to try the credulity of the people sometimes by swingers, that they may be able to judge to what height they may charge them afterwards. Towards the end of this chapter he warns the heads of parties against believing their own lies, which has proved of pernicious consequence of late, both a wise party and a wise nation having regulated their affairs upon lies of their own invention. The causes of this he supposes to be too great a zeal and intenseness in the practice of this art, and a vehement heat in mutual conversation, whereby they persuade one another that what they wish, and report to be true, is really so: that all parties have been subject to this misfortune. The Jacobites have been constantly infested with it; but the Whigs of late seemed even to exceed them in this ill habit and weakness. To this chapter the author subjoins a calendar of lies, proper for the several months of the year.

The ninth chapter treats of the celerity and duration of lies.

As to the celerity of their motion, the author says it is almost incredible : he gives several instances of lies, that have gone faster than a man can ride post ; your terrifying lies travel at a prodigious rate, above ten miles an hour ; your whispers move in a narrow vortex, but very swiftly. The author says it is impossible to explain several phenomena in relation to the celerity of lies, without the supposition of synchronism and combination. As to the duration of lies, he says there are of all sorts, from hours and days to ages ; that there are some which like insects die and revive again in a different form ; that good artists, like people who build upon a short lease, will calculate the duration of a lie surely to answer their purpose ; to last just as long, and no longer, than the turn is served.

The tenth chapter treats of the characteristics of lies ; how to know, when, where, and by whom invented. Your Dutch, English, and French ware are amply distinguished from one another ; an exchange lie from one coined at the other end of the town : great judgment is to be shown as to the place, where the species is intended to circulate ; very low and base coin will serve for Wapping ; there are several coffee-houses, that have their particular stamps, which a judicious practitioner may easily know. All your great men have their proper phantasties. The author says he has attained by study and application to so great skill in this matter, that, bring him any lie, he can tell whose image it bears so truly, as the great man himself shall not have the face to deny it. The promissory lies of great men are known by shouldering, hugging, squeezing, smiling, bowing ; and their lies in matter of fact by immoderate swearing.

He spends the whole eleventh chapter on one simple question, whether a lie is best contradicted by truth, or by another lie ? The author says that, considering the large extent of the cylindrical surface of the soul, and the great propensity to believe lies in the generality of mankind of late years, he thinks the properest contradiction to a lie is another lie. For example, if it should be reported, that the Pretender was at London, one would not contradict it by saying he never was in England ; but you must prove by eye-witnesses that he came no farther than Greenwich, and then went back again. Thus if it be spread about, that a great person were dying of some disease, you must not say the truth, that they are in health, and never

had such a disease, but that they are slowly recovering of it. So there was not long ago a gentleman, who affirmed that the treaty with France for bringing popery and slavery into England was signed the 15th of September; to which another answered very judiciously, not by opposing truth to his lie, that there was no such treaty; but that, to his certain knowledge, there were many things in that treaty not yet adjusted.

The account of the second volume of this excellent treatise is reserved for another time.



MEMOIRS  
OF THE  
EXTRAORDINARY LIFE, WORKS AND DISCOVERIES  
OF  
MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

[*See pages 56-59.*]



MEMOIRS  
OF  
MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS<sup>1</sup>.

INTRODUCTION TO THE READER.

IN the reign of Queen Anne (which, notwithstanding those happy times which succeeded, every Englishman may remember) thou mayst possibly, gentle reader, have seen a certain venerable person who frequented the outside of the Palace of St. James's, and who, by the gravity of his deportment and habit, was generally taken for a decayed gentleman of Spain. His stature was tall, his visage long, his complexion olive, his brows

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Pope, Dr. Arbuthnot, and Dr. Swift projected to write a satire, in conjunction, *on the abuses of human learning*; and to make it the better received, they proposed to do it in the manner of Cervantes (the original author of this species of satire) under the history of some feigned adventures. They had observed those abuses still kept their ground against all that the ablest and gravest authors could say to discredit them; they concluded therefore, the force of ridicule was wanting to quicken their disgrace; which was here in its place, when the abuses had been already detected by sober reasoning; and Truth in no danger to suffer by the premature use of so powerful an instrument. But the separation of our authors' friends, which soon after happened, with the death of one, and the infirmities

of the other, put a final stop to their project, when they had only drawn out an imperfect essay towards it, under the title of the *First Book of the Memoirs of Scriblerus*.

Polite letters never lost more than in the defeat of this scheme, in which each of this illustrious triumvirate would have found exercise for his own peculiar talent; besides constant employment for that they all had in common. Dr. Arbuthnot was skilled in every thing which related to science; Mr. Pope was a master in fine arts; and Dr. Swift excelled in the knowledge of the world. Wit they had all in equal measure, and this so large, that no age perhaps ever produced three men, to whom Nature had more bountifully bestowed it, or Art brought it to high perfection. (Warburton.)

were black and even, his eyes hollow yet piercing, his nose inclined to aquiline, his beard neglected and mixed with grey : all this contributed to spread a solemn melancholy over his countenance. Pythagoras was not more silent, Pyrrho more motionless, nor Zeno more austere. His wig was as black and smooth as the plumes of a raven, and hung as straight as the hair of a river god rising from the water. His cloak so completely covered his whole person, that whether or no he had any other clothes (much less any linen) under it, I shall not say ; but his sword appeared a full yard behind him, and his manner of wearing it was so stiff, that it seemed grown to his thigh. His whole figure was so utterly unlike anything of this world, that it was not natural for any man to ask him a question without blessing himself first. Those who never saw a Jesuit, took him for one, and others believed him some high priest of the Jews.

But under this macerated form was concealed a mind replete with science, burning with a zeal of benefiting his fellow-creatures, and filled with an honest conscious pride, mixed with a scorn of doing or suffering the least thing beneath the dignity of a philosopher. Accordingly he had a soul that would not let him accept of any offers of charity, at the same time that his body seemed but too much to require it. His lodging was in a small chamber up four pair of stairs, where he regularly paid for what he had when he eat or drank ; and he was often observed wholly to abstain from both. He declined speaking to any one, except the Queen, or her first Minister, to whom he attempted to make some applications ; but his real business or intentions were utterly unknown to all men. Thus much is certain, that he was obnoxious to the Queen's Ministry ; who either out of jealousy or envy, had him spirited away, and carried abroad as a dangerous person, without any regard to the known laws of the kingdom.

One day, as this gentleman was walking about dinner-time alone in the Mall, it happened that a manuscript dropped from under his cloak, which my servant picked up, and brought to me. It was written in the Latin tongue, and contained many most profound secrets, in an unusual turn of reasoning and style. The first leaf was inscribed with these words, *Codicillus, seu Liber Memorialis, Martini Scribelri*. The book was of so wonderful a nature, that it



is incredible what a desire I conceived that moment to be acquainted with the author, who I clearly perceived was some great philosopher in disguise. I several times endeavoured to speak to him, which he as often industriously avoided. At length I found an opportunity (as he stood under the Piazza by the Dancing-room in St. James's) to acquaint him in the Latin tongue, that his manuscript was fallen into my hands; and, saying this, I presented it to him, with great encomiums on the learned author. Hereupon he took me aside, surveyed me over with a fixed attention, and opening the clasps of the parchment cover, spoke (to my great surprise) in English, as follows:—

‘Courteous stranger, whoever thou art, I embrace thee as my best friend; for either the stars and my art are deceitful, or the destined time is come which is to manifest Martinus Scriblerus to the world, and thou the person chosen by fate for this task. What thou seest in me is a body exhausted by the labours of the mind. I have found in Dame Nature not indeed an unkind, but a very coy Mistress: watchful nights, anxious days, slender meals, and endless labours, must be the lot of all who pursue her through her labyrinths and meanders. My first vital air I drew in this island (a soil fruitful of philosophers), but my complexion is become adust, and my body arid, by visiting lands (as the poet has it) *alio sub sole calentes*. I have, through my whole life, passed under several disguises and unknown names, to screen myself from the envy and malice which mankind express against those who are possessed of the *Arcanum Magnum*. But at present I am forced to take sanctuary in the British Court, to avoid the revenge of a cruel Spaniard, who has pursued me almost through the whole terraqueous globe. Being about four years ago in the city of Madrid in quest of natural knowledge, I was informed of a lady who was marked with a pomegranate upon the inside of her right thigh, which blossomed, and, as it were, seemed to ripen in the due season. Forthwith was I possessed with an insatiable curiosity to view this wonderful phenomenon. I felt the ardour of my passion increase as the season advanced, till, in the month of July, I could no longer contain. I bribed her duenna, was admitted to the bath, saw her undressed, and the wonder displayed. This was soon after discovered by the husband, who finding some letters I had writ to the duenna,

containing expressions of a doubtful meaning, suspected me of a crime most alien from the purity of my thoughts. Incontinently I left Madrid by the advice of friends, have been pursued, dogged, and waylaid through several nations, and even now scarce think myself secure within the sacred walls of this palace. It has been my good fortune to have seen all the grand phenomena of nature, excepting an earthquake, which I waited for in Naples three years in vain; and now by means of some British ship (whose colours no Spaniard dare approach<sup>1</sup>) I impatiently expect a safe passage to Jamaica, for that benefit. To thee, my friend, whom fate has marked for my historiographer, I leave these my Commentaries, and others of my works. No more—be faithful and impartial.’

He soon after performed his promise, and left me the Commentaries, giving me also further lights by many conferences; when he was unfortunately snatched away (as I before related) by the jealousy of the Queen’s Ministry.

Though I was thus to my eternal grief deprived of his conversation, he for some years continued his correspondence, and communicated to me many of his projects for the benefit of mankind. He sent me some of his writings, and recommended to my care the recovery of others, straggling about the world, and assumed by other men. The last time I heard from him was on occasion of his strictures on the *Dunciad*: since when, several years being elapsed, I have reason to believe this excellent person is either dead, or carried by his vehement thirst of knowledge into some remote, or perhaps undiscovered region of the world. In either case, I think it a debt no longer to be delayed, to reveal what I know of this prodigy of science, and to give the history of his life and of his extensive merits to mankind; in which I dare promise the reader, that, whenever he begins to think any one chapter dull, the style will be immediately changed in the next.

<sup>1</sup> This marks the time when the Introduction was written. (Pope.)—Pope, it will be remembered, published these *Memoirs* in 1741, in the midst of the varying fortunes of

the war which had been declared against Spain in 1739. Vernon had just been repulsed in an attack on Carthagena.

## BOOK I.

### CHAPTER I.

OF THE PARENTAGE AND FAMILY OF SCRIBLERUS, HOW HE WAS BEGOT, WHAT CARE WAS TAKEN OF HIM BEFORE HE WAS BORN, AND WHAT PRODIGIES ATTENDED HIS BIRTH.

IN the city of Munster in Germany, lived a grave and learned gentleman, by profession an antiquary; who, among all his invaluable curiosities, esteemed none more highly than a skin of the true Pergamenian Parchment, which hung at the upper end of his hall. On this was curiously traced the ancient pedigree of the *Scribleri*, with all their alliances and collateral relations (among which were reckoned Albertus Magnus, Paracelsus Bombastus, and the famous Scaligers in old time Princes of Verona) and deduced even from the times of the elder Pliny to Cornelius Scriblerus; for such was the name of this venerable personage, whose glory it was, that, by the singular virtue of the women, not one had a head of a different cast from his family.

His wife was a lady of singular beauty, whom not for that reason only he espoused; but because she was undoubted daughter either of the great Scriverius, or of Gaspar Barthius. It happened on a time the said Gaspar made a visit to Scriverius at Haarlem, taking with him a comely lady of his acquaintance, who was skilful in the Greek tongue, of whom the learned Scriverius became so enamoured, as to inebriate his friend, and be familiar with his mistress. I am not ignorant of what Columesius<sup>1</sup> affirms, that the learned Barthius was not so overtaken, but he perceived it; and in revenge suffered this unfortunate gentlewoman to be drowned in the Rhine at her return. But Mrs. Scriblerus (the issue of that amour) was a living

<sup>1</sup> Columesius relates this from Isaac Vossius, in his *Opuscula*, p. 102. (Pope.)

proof of the falsehood of this report. Dr. Cornelius was farther induced to his marriage, from the certain information that the aforesaid lady, the mother of his wife, was related to Cardan on the father's side, and to Aldrovandus on the mother's: besides which, her ancestors had been professors of Physic, Astrology, or Chemistry, in German Universities, from generation to generation.

With this fair gentlewoman had our Doctor lived in a comfortable union for about ten years; but this our sober and orderly pair, without any natural infirmity, and with a constant and frequent compliance to the chief duty of conjugal life, were yet unhappy, in that Heaven had not blessed them with any issue. This was the utmost grief to the good man; especially considering what exact precautions and methods he had used to procure that blessing: for he never had cohabitation with his spouse, but he pondered on the rules of the ancients, for the generation of children of wit. He ordered his diet according to the prescription of Galen, confining himself and his wife for almost the whole first year to goat's<sup>1</sup> milk and honey. It unfortunately befel her, when she was about four months gone with child, to long for somewhat, which that author inveighs against as prejudicial to the understanding of the infant. This her husband thought fit to deny her, affirming, it was better to be childless, than to become the parent of a fool. His wife miscarried; but as the abortion proved only a female fœtus, he comforted himself, that, had it arrived to perfection, it would not have answered his account; his heart being wholly fixed upon the learned sex. However he disdained not to treasure up the embryo in a vial, among the curiosities of his family.

Having discovered that Galen's prescription could not determine the sex, he forthwith betook himself to Aristotle. Accordingly he withheld the nuptial embrace when the wind was in any point of the south; this author<sup>2</sup> asserting that the grossness and moisture of the southerly winds occasion the procreation of females, and not of males. But he redoubled his diligence when the wind was at west, a wind on which that great philosopher bestowed the encomiums of Fattener of the earth, Breath of the Elysian Fields, and other glorious eulogies.

<sup>1</sup> Galen. Lib. de Cibis boni et mali succi, cap. 3. (Pope.)

<sup>2</sup> Arist. xiv. Sect. Prob. 5. (Pope.)

For our learned man was clearly of opinion, that the semina out of which animals are produced, are animalecula ready formed, and received in with the air.

Under these regulations, his wife, to his unexpressible joy, grew pregnant a second time; and (what was no small addition to his happiness) he just then came to the possession of a considerable estate by the death of her uncle, a wealthy Jew, who resided at London. This made it necessary for him to take a journey to England; nor would the care of his posterity let him suffer his wife to remain behind him. During the voyage, he was perpetually taken up on the one hand how to employ his great riches, and on the other, how to educate his child. He had already determined to set apart several annual sums, for the recovery of manuscripts, the effossion of coins, the procuring of mummies; and for all those curious discoveries by which he hoped to become (as himself was wont to say) a second Peireskius. He had already chalked out all possible schemes for the improvement of a male child, yet was so far prepared for the worst that could happen, that before the nine months were expired, he had composed two Treatises of Education; the one he called, *A Daughter's Mirror*, and the other *A Son's Monitor*.

This is all we can find relating to Martinus, while he was in his mother's womb, excepting that he was entertained there with a concert of music once in twenty-four hours, according to the custom of the Magi; and that on a particular day<sup>1</sup>, he was observed to leap and kick exceedingly, which was on the first of April, the birth-day of the great Basilius Valentinus.

The truth of this, and every preceding fact, may be depended upon, being taken literally from the Memoirs. But I must be so ingenuous as to own, that the accounts are not so certain of the exact time and place of his birth. As to the first, he had the common frailty of old men, to conceal his age: as to the second, I only remember to have heard him say, that he first saw the light in St. Giles's parish. But in the investigation of this point fortune has favoured our diligence. For one

<sup>1</sup> Ramsey's Cyrus. (Pope.) It was with judgment, that the Authors chose rather to ridicule the modern relator of this ridiculous practice, than the Ancients from whence he took it; as it is a sure instance of

folly, when amongst the many excellent things which may be learned from antiquity, we find a modern writer only picking out their absurdities. (Warburton.)

day as I was passing by the Seven Dials, I overheard a dispute concerning the place of nativity of a great astrologer, which each man alleged to have been in his own street. The circumstances of the time, and the description of the person, made me imagine it might be that universal genius whose life I am writing. I returned home, and having maturely considered their several arguments, which I found to be of equal weight, I quieted my curiosity with this natural conclusion, that he was born in some point common to all the seven streets; which must be that on which the column is now erected. And it is with infinite pleasure that I since find my conjecture confirmed, by the following passage in the codicil to Mr. Neale's<sup>1</sup> will.

*I appoint my Executors to engrave the following Inscription on the Column in the centre of the seven streets which I erected.*

LOC. NAT. INCLVT. PHILOS. MAR. SCR.

But Mr. Neale's order was never performed, because the Executors durst not administer.

Nor was the birth of this great man unattended with prodigies: he himself has often told me, that on the night before he was born, Mrs. Scriblerus dreamed she was brought to bed of a huge ink-horn, out of which issued several large streams of ink, as it had been a fountain. This dream was by her husband thought to signify that the child should prove a very voluminous writer. Likewise a crab-tree<sup>2</sup> that had been hitherto barren, appeared on a sudden laden with a vast quantity of crabs: this sign also the old gentleman imagined to be a prognostic of the acuteness of his wit. A great swarm of wasps<sup>3</sup> played round his cradle without hurting him, but were very troublesome to all in the room besides: this seemed a certain presage of the effects of his satire. A dunghill was seen within the space of one night to be covered all over with mushrooms: this some interpreted to promise the infant great fertility of fancy, but no long duration to his works; but the father was of another opinion.

<sup>1</sup> 'I went to see the building beginning near St. Giles's, where seven streets make a star from a Doric pillar placed in the middle of a circular area; said to be built by Mr. Neale, introducer of the

late lotteries in imitation of those at Venice' (Evelyn's *Diary*, Oct. 5, 1694). The column was removed in 1773.

<sup>2</sup> Virgil's Laurel. Donat. (Pope.)

<sup>3</sup> Plato, Lucan, &c. (Pope.)

But what was of all most wonderful was a thing that seemed a monstrous fowl, which just then dropped through the sky-light, near his wife's apartment. It had a large body, two little disproportioned wings, a prodigious tail, but no head. As its colour was white, he took it at first sight for a swan, and was concluding his son would be a poet: but on a nearer view, he perceived it to be speckled with black, in the form of letters; and that it was indeed a paper-kite which had broke its leash by the impetuosity of the wind. His back was armed with the Art Military, his belly was filled with Physic, his wings were the wings of Quarles and Withers, the several nodes of his voluminous tail were diversified with several branches of science; where the Doctor beheld with great joy a knot of logic, a knot of metaphysic, a knot of casuistry, a knot of polemical divinity, and a knot of common law, with a lantern of Jacob Behmen.

There went a report in the family that, as soon as he was born, he uttered the voice of nine several animals; he cried like a calf, bleated like a sheep, chattered like a magpie, grunted like a hog, neighed like a foal, croaked like a raven, mewed like a cat, gabbled like a goose, and brayed like an ass. And the next morning he was found playing in his bed with two owls, which came down the chimney. His father greatly rejoiced at all these signs, which betokened the variety of his eloquence, and the extent of his learning; but he was more particularly pleased with the last, as it nearly resembled what happened at the birth of Homer<sup>1</sup>.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE SPEECH OF CORNELIUS OVER HIS SON, AT THE HOUR OF HIS BIRTH.

No sooner was the cry of the infant heard, but the old gentleman rushed into the room, and snatching it into his arms, examined every limb with attention. He was infinitely pleased to find that the child had the wart of Cicero, the wry neck of Alexander, knots upon his legs like Marius, and one of them shorter than the other, like Agesilaus. The good Cornelius also hoped he would come to stammer like Demosthenes,

<sup>1</sup> Vid. Eustath. in Odyss. l. xii. ex Alex. Paphio, et Leo. Allat. de patr. Hom. pag. 45. (Pope.)

in order to be as eloquent; and in time arrive at many other defects of famous men. He held the child so long, that the midwife, grown out of all patience, snatched it from his arms, in order to swaddle it. 'Swaddle him!' quoth he, 'far be it from me to submit to such a pernicious custom! Is not my son a man, and is not man the lord of the universe? Is it thus you use this monarch at his first arrival in his dominions, to manacle and shackle him hand and foot? Is this what you call to be free-born? If you have no regard to his natural liberty, at least have some to his natural faculties. Behold with what agility he spreadeth his toes, and moveth them with as great variety as his fingers! a power which, in the small circle of a year, may be totally abolished, by the enormous confinement of shoes and stockings. His ears (which other animals turn with great advantage towards the sonorous object) may, by the ministry of some accursed nurse, for ever lie flat and immoveable. Not so the ancients, they could move them at pleasure, and accordingly are often described *arrectis auribus*.' 'What a devil,' quoth the midwife, 'would you have your son move his ears like a drill?' 'Yes, fool,' said he, 'why should he not have the perfection of a drill, or of any other animal?' Mrs. Scriblerus, who lay all this while fretting at her husband's discourse, at last broke out to this purpose: 'My dear, I have had many disputes with you upon this subject before I was a month gone; we have but one child, and cannot afford to throw him away upon experiments. I'll have my boy bred up like other gentlemen, at home, and always under my own eye.' All the gossips with one voice, cried Ay, ay; but Cornelius broke out in this manner: 'What, bred at home! Have I taken all this pains for a creature that is to live the inglorious life of a cabbage, to suck the nutritious juices from the spot where he was first planted? No; to perambulate this terraqueous globe is too small a range; were it permitted, he should at least make the tour of the whole system of the sun. Let other mortals pore upon maps, and swallow the legends of lying travellers: the son of Cornelius shall make his own legs his compasses; with those he shall measure continents, islands, capes, bays, straits, and isthmuses. He shall himself take the altitude of the highest mountains, from the Peak of Derby to the Peak of Teneriffe; when he has visited the top of Taurus, Imaus, Caucasus, and the famous Ararat, where



Noah's ark first moored, he may take a slight view of the snowy Riphæans, nor would I have him neglect Athos and Olympus, renowned for poetical fictions. Those that vomit fire will deserve a more particular attention ; I will therefore have him observe with great care Vesuvius, Ætna, the burning mountain of Java, but chiefly Hecla, the greatest rarity in the Northern regions. Then he may likewise contemplate the wonders of the mephitic cave. When he has dived into the bowels of the earth, and surveyed the works of nature under ground, and instructed himself fully in the nature of volcanoes, earthquakes, thunders, tempests, and hurricanes, I hope he will bless the world with a more exact survey of the deserts of Arabia and Tartary than as yet we are able to obtain : then will I have him cross the seven gulfs, measure the currents in the fifteen famous straits, and search for those fountains of fresh water that are at the bottom of the ocean.'—At these last words Mrs. Scriblerus fell into a trembling : the description of this terrible scene made too violent an impression upon a woman in her condition, and threw her into a strong hysteric fit, which might have proved dangerous, if Cornelius had not been pushed out of the room by the united force of the women.

### CHAPTER III.

SHOWING WHAT BEFEL THE DOCTOR'S SON AND HIS SHIELD,  
ON THE DAY OF THE CHRISTENING.

The day of the christening being come, and the house filled with gossips, the levity of whose conversation suited but ill with the gravity of Dr. Cornelius, he cast about how to pass this day more agreeably to his character ; that is to say, not without some profitable conference, nor wholly without observance of some ancient custom.

He remembered to have read in Theocritus, that the cradle of Hercules was a shield ; and being possessed of an antique buckler, which he held as a most inestimable relic, he determined to have the infant laid therein, and in that manner brought into the study, to be shown to certain learned men of his acquaintance.

The regard he had for this shield had caused him formerly

to compile a dissertation concerning it<sup>1</sup>, proving from the several properties, and particularly the colour of the rust, the exact chronology thereof.

With this treatise, and a moderate supper, he proposed to entertain his guests; though he had also another design, to have their assistance in the calculation of his son's nativity.

He therefore took the buckler out of a case (in which he always kept it, lest it might contract any modern rust), and entrusted it to his house-maid, with orders that, when the company was come, she should lay the child carefully in it, covered with a mantle of blue satin.

The guests were no sooner seated, but they entered into a warm debate about the triclinium, and the manner of decubitus of the ancients, which Cornelius broke off in this manner:—

'This day, my friends, I purpose to exhibit my son before you; a child not wholly unworthy of inspection, as he is descended from a race of virtuosi. Let the physiognomists examine his features; let the chirographists behold his palm; but above all, let us consult for the calculation of his nativity. To this end, as the child is not vulgar, I will not present him unto you in a vulgar manner. He shall be cradled in my ancient shield, so famous through the Universities of Europe. You all know how I purchased that invaluable piece of antiquity, at the great (though indeed inadequate) expense of all the plate of our family, how happily I carried it off, and how triumphantly I transported it hither, to the inexpressible grief of all Germany. Happy in every circumstance, but that it broke the heart of the great Melchior Insipidus!'

Here he stopped his speech, upon sight of the maid, who entered the room with the child; he took it in his arms, and proceeded.

'Behold then my child, but first behold the shield; behold this rust,—or rather let me call it this precious ærugo,—behold this beautiful varnish of time,—this venerable verdure of so many ages—'<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Dodwell's *De Parma equestri Woodwardiana Dissertatio* was published posthumously by Hearne (Oxford, 1713); and Arbuthnot's story of the Shield is a satire on Dr. Woodward. The cut referred to on p. 320 was originally executed for

Hearne's edition of Livy (1708). See *Nollekens and his times*, by J. T. Smith, i. 39; Spence's *Anecdotes*; and a letter from Lord Castledurrow to Swift, Dec. 4, 1736.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Pope's 'Moral Essays,' v. 37.

In speaking these words, he slowly lifted up the mantle which covered it, inch by inch ; but at every inch he uncovered his cheeks grew paler, his hand trembled, his nerves failed, till on sight of the whole, the tremor became universal ; the shield and the infant both dropped to the ground, and he had only strength enough to cry out, 'O God ! my shield, my shield !'

The truth was, the maid (extremely concerned for the reputation of her own cleanliness, and her young master's honour) had scoured it as clean as her andirons<sup>1</sup>.

Cornelius sunk back on a chair, the guests stood astonished, the infant squalled, the maid ran in, snatched it up again in her arms, flew into her mistress's room, and told what had happened. Down stairs in an instant hurried all the gossips, where they found the Doctor in a trance : Hungary water, hartshorn, and the confused noise of shrill voices, at length awakened him : when, opening his eyes, he saw the shield in the hands of the housemaid. 'O woman ! woman !' he cried (and snatched it violently from her), 'was it to thy ignorance that this relic owes its ruin ? Where, where is the beautiful crust that covered thee so long ? where those traces of time and fingers as it were of antiquity ? Where all those beautiful obscurities, the cause of much delightful disputation, where doubt and curiosity went hand in hand, and eternally exercised the speculations of the learned ! All this the rude touch of an ignorant woman hath done away ! The curious prominence at the belly of that figure, which some taking for the cuspis of a sword, denominated a Roman soldier ; others accounting the *Insignia Virilia*, pronounced to be one of the *Dii Termini* ; behold she hath cleaned it in like shameful sort, and shown to be the head of a nail. O my shield ! my shield ! well may I say with Horace, *non bene relicta Parmula*.'

The gossips, not at all inquiring into the cause of his sorrow, only asked if the child had no hurt ; and cried, 'Come, come, all is well ; what has the woman done but her duty ? a tight cleanly wench I warrant her ; what a stir a man makes

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Pope ('Moral Essays,' v. 41), writing of antiquaries who 'the inscription value, but the rust adore':—

'Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devoured,  
Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scoured.'

about a bason, that, an hour ago, before this labour was bestowed upon it, a country barber would not have hung at his shop door.' 'A bason!' cried another, 'no such matter, 'tis nothing but a paltry old sponce, with the nozzle broke off<sup>1</sup>.' The learned gentlemen, who till now had stood speechless, hereupon looking narrowly on the shield, declared their assent to this latter opinion; and desired Cornelius to be comforted, assuring him it was a sponce and no other. But this, instead of comforting, threw the Doctor into such a violent fit of passion that he was carried off groaning and speechless to bed; where being quite spent, he fell into a kind of slumber.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### OF THE SUCTION AND NUTRITION OF THE GREAT SCRIBLERUS IN HIS INFANCY, AND OF THE FIRST RUDIMENTS OF HIS LEARNING.

As soon as Cornelius awaked, he raised himself on his elbow, and casting his eye on Mrs. Scriblerus, spoke as follows: 'Wisely was it said by Homer, that in the cellar of Jupiter are two barrels, the one of good, the other of evil, which he never bestows on mortals separately, but constantly mingles them together. Thus at the same time hath heaven blessed me with the birth of a son, and afflicted me with the scouring of my shield. Yet let us not repine at His dispensations, who gives and who takes away; but rather join in prayer, that the rust of antiquity which He hath been pleased to take from my shield may be added to my son; and that so much of it as it is my purpose he shall contract in his education may never be destroyed by any modern polishing.'

He could no longer bear the sight of the shield, but ordered it should be removed for ever from his eyes. It was not long after purchased by Dr. Woodward, who, by the assistance of Mr. Kemp, incrusted it with a new rust, and is the same whereof a cut has been engraved, and exhibited to the great contentation of the learned.

Cornelius now began to regulate the suction of his child. Seldom did there pass a day without disputes between him and the mother, or the nurse, concerning the nature of aliment.

<sup>1</sup> The same view is expressed in the *Censor* for April 20. 1715.

The poor woman never dined but he denied her some dish or other, which he judged prejudicial to her milk. One day she had a longing desire to a piece of beef, and as she stretched her hand towards it the old gentleman drew it away, and spoke to this effect: 'Hadst thou read the ancients, O nurse, thou wouldst prefer the welfare of the infant which thou nourishest, to the indulging of an irregular and voracious appetite. Beef, it is true, may confer a robustness on the limbs of my son, but will hebetate and clog his intellectuals.' While he spoke this, the nurse looked upon him with much anger, and now and then cast a wishful eye upon the beef.—'Passion,' continued the Doctor, still holding the dish, 'throws the mind into too violent a fermentation; it is a kind of fever of the soul, or, as Horace expresses it, a short madness. Consider, woman, that this day's suction of my son may cause him to imbibe many ungovernable passions, and in a manner spoil him for the temper of a philosopher. Romulus, by sucking a wolf, became of a fierce and savage disposition; and were I to breed some Ottoman emperor, or founder of a military commonwealth, perhaps I might indulge thee in this carnivorous appetite.'—'What,' interrupted the nurse, 'beef spoil the understanding? that's fine indeed—how then could our parson preach as he does upon beef, and pudding too if you go to that? Do not tell me of your ancients; had not you almost killed the poor babe with a dish of demonial black broth?'—'Lacedæmonian black broth, thou wouldst say,' replied Cornelius; 'but I cannot allow the surfeit to have been occasioned by that diet, since it was recommended by the divine Lycurgus. No, nurse, thou must certainly have eaten some meats of ill digestion the day before, and that was the real cause of his disorder. Consider, woman, the different temperaments of different nations: What makes the English phlegmatic and melancholy, but beef? What renders the Welsh so hot and choleric, but cheese and leeks? The French derive their levity from their soups, frogs, and mushrooms: I would not let my son dine like an Italian, lest like an Italian he should be jealous and revengeful: The warm and solid diet of Spain may be more beneficial, as it might endow him with a profound gravity, but at the same time, he might suck in with their food their intolerable vice of pride. Therefore, nurse, in short, I hold it requisite to deny you, at present, not only beef, but likewise whatso-

ever any of those nations eat.' During this speech the nurse remained pouting, and marking her plate with the knife, nor would she touch a bit during the whole dinner. This the old gentleman observing, ordered that the child, to avoid the risk of imbibing ill humour, should be kept from her breast all that day, and be fed with butter mixed with honey, according to a prescription he had met with somewhere in Eustathius upon Homer. This indeed gave the child a great looseness, but he was not concerned at it, in the opinion that whatever harm it might do his body would be amply recompensed by the improvements of his understanding. But from thenceforth he insisted every day upon a particular diet to be observed by the nurse; under which having been long uneasy, she at last parted from the family, on his ordering her for dinner the paps of a sow with pig; taking it as the highest indignity, and a direct insult upon her sex and calling.

Four years of young Martin's life passed away in squabbles of this nature. Mrs. Scriblerus considered it was now time to instruct him in the fundamentals of religion, and to that end took no small pains in teaching him his catechism. But Cornelius looked upon this as a tedious way of instruction, and therefore employed his head to find out more pleasing methods, the better to induce him to be fond of learning. He would frequently carry him to the puppet-show of the creation of the world, where the child, with exceeding delight, gained a notion of the history of the Bible. His first rudiments in profane history were acquired by seeing of raree-shows, where he was brought acquainted with all the princes of Europe. In short, the old gentleman so contrived it to make every thing contribute to the improvement of his knowledge, even to his very dress. He invented for him a geographical suit of clothes, which might give him some hints of that science, and likewise some knowledge of the commerce of different nations. He had a French hat with an African feather, Holland shirts and Flanders lace, English cloth lined with Indian silk, his gloves were Italian, and his shoes were Spanish: he was made to observe this, and daily catechised thereupon, which his father was wont to call 'travelling at home.' He never gave him a fig or an orange but he obliged him to give an account from what country it came. In natural history he was much assisted by his curiosity in sign-posts, in so much that he hath often confessed he owed

to them the knowledge of many creatures which he never found since in any author, such as white lions, golden dragons, &c. He once thought the same of green men, but had since found them mentioned by Kercherus, and verified in the history of William of Newbury<sup>1</sup>.

His disposition to the mathematics was discovered very early, by his drawing<sup>2</sup> parallel lines on his bread and butter, and intersecting them at equal angles, so as to form the whole superficies into squares. But in the midst of all these improvements a stop was put to his learning the alphabet, nor would he let him proceed to letter D, till he could truly and distinctly pronounce C in the ancient manner, at which the child unhappily boggled for near three months. He was also obliged to delay his learning to write, having turned away the writing-master because he knew nothing of Fabius's waxen tables.

Cornelius having read, and seriously weighed the methods by which the famous Montaigne was educated<sup>3</sup>, and resolving in some degree to exceed them, resolved he should speak and learn nothing but the learned languages, and especially the Greek; in which he constantly eat and drank, according to Homer. But what most conduced to his easy attainment of this language was his love of gingerbread; which his father observing, caused to be stamped with the letters of the Greek alphabet; and the child the very first day eat as far as Iota. By his particular application to this language above the rest, he attained so great a proficiency therein, that Gronovius ingenuously confesses he durst not confer with this child in Greek at eight years old<sup>4</sup>; and at fourteen he composed a tragedy in the same language, as the younger Pliny<sup>5</sup> had done before him.

<sup>1</sup> Gul. Neubrig. Book i. ch. 27 (Pope).

<sup>2</sup> There are some extravagant lies told of the excellent Pascal's amazing genius for mathematics in his early youth; and some trifling directions given for the introduction to the elements of science, in Mr. Locke's book of Education (Warburton).

<sup>3</sup> He was taught Latin in his nurse's arms, and not suffered to hear a word of his mother-tongue, till he could speak the other perfectly (Warburton).

<sup>4</sup> So Montaigne says of his Latin, 'George Bucanan et Mark Antoine Muret, mes precepteurs domestiques, m'ont dit souvent que j'avois ce langage en mon enfance si prest et si à main qu'ils craignoient à m'accoster.—Somme, nous nous latinizames tant, qu'il en regorgea jusque à nos villages tout autour, où il y a encores, et ont pris pied par l'usage, plusieurs appellations Latines d'Artisans et d'outils' (Warburton).

<sup>5</sup> Plin. Epist. lib. vii (Pope).

He learned the Oriental languages of Erpenius, who resided some time with his father for that purpose. He had so early a relish for the Eastern way of writing, that even at this time he composed (in imitation of it) the *Thousand and One Arabian Tales*, and also the *Persian Tales*, which have been since translated into several languages, and lately into our own with particular elegance by Mr. Ambrose Philips. In this work of his childhood he was not a little assisted by the historical traditions of his nurse.

## CHAPTER V.

### A DISSERTATION UPON PLAYTHINGS.

Here follow the instructions of Cornelius Scriblerus concerning the plays and playthings to be used by his son Martin.

‘Play was invented by the Lydians as a remedy against hunger. Sophocles says of Palamedes, that he invented dice to serve sometimes instead of a dinner. It is therefore wisely contrived by nature, that children, as they have the keenest appetites, are most addicted to plays. From the same cause, and from the unprejudiced and incorrupt simplicity of their minds it proceeds, that the plays of the ancient children are preserved more entire than any other of their customs<sup>1</sup>. In this matter I would recommend to all who have any concern in my son’s education that they deviate not in the least from the primitive and simple antiquity.

‘To speak first of the whistle, as it is the first of all playthings. I will have it exactly to correspond with the ancient *fistula*, and accordingly to be composed *septem paribus disjuncta cicutis*.

‘I heartily wish a diligent search may be made after the true *crepitaculum*, or rattle of the ancients, for that (as Architus Tarentinus was of opinion) kept the children from breaking earthen ware. The China cups in these days are not at all the safer for the modern rattles; which is an evident proof how far their *crepitacula* exceeded ours.

‘I would not have Martin as yet to scourge a top, till I am better informed whether the *trochus*, which was recommended

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Arbuthnot used to say, that notwithstanding all the boasts of the safe conveyance of tradition, it was no where preserved pure and uncorrupt but amongst children; whose games and plays are delivered down invariably from one generation to another (Warburton).



by Cato, be really our present top or rather the hoop, which the boys drive with a stick. Neither cross and pile, nor ducks and drakes are quite so ancient as handy-dandy, though Macrobius and St. Augustine take notice of the first, and Minutius Fœlix describes the latter; but handy-dandy is mentioned by Aristotle, Plato, and Aristophanes.

‘The play which the Italians call *cinque*, and the French *mourre*, is extremely ancient; it was played at by Hymen and Cupid at the marriage of Psyche, and termed by the Latins, *digitis micare*.

‘Julius Pollux describes the *omilla* or chuck-farthing: though some will have our modern chuck-farthing to be nearer the *aphetinda* of the ancients. He also mentions the *basilinda*, or king I am; and *myinda*, or hoopers-hide.

‘But the *chytindra* described by the same author is certainly not our hot-cockle; for that was by pinching and not by striking; though there are good authors who affirm the *rathapygismus* to be yet nearer the modern hot-cockles. My son Martin may use either of them indifferently, they being equally antique.

‘Building of houses and riding upon sticks have been used by children in all ages, *Ædificare casas, equitare in arundine longa*. Yet I much doubt whether the riding upon sticks did not come into use after the age of the centaurs.

‘There is one play which shows the gravity of ancient education, called the *acinetinda*, in which children contended who could longest stand still. This we have suffered to perish entirely; and, if I might be allowed to guess, it was certainly first lost among the French.

‘I will permit my son to play at *apodidiascinda*, which can be no other than our puss in a corner.

‘Julius Pollux, in his ninth book, speaks of the *melolouthe* or the kite; but I question whether the kite of antiquity was the same with ours; and though the *Ὀρνυγοκοπία* or quail-fighting is what is most taken notice of, they had doubtless cock-matches also, as is evident from certain ancient gems and relievos.

‘In a word, let my son Martin disport himself at any game truly antique, except one, which was invented by a people among the Thracians, who hung up one of their companions in a rope, and gave him a knife to cut himself down; which if he failed in, he was suffered to hang till he was dead; and this

was only reckoned a sort of joke. I am utterly against this, as barbarous and cruel.

‘I cannot conclude without taking notice of the beauty of the Greek names, whose etymologies acquaint us with the nature of the sports; and how infinitely, both in sense and sound, they excel our barbarous names of plays.’

Notwithstanding the foregoing injunctions of Dr. Cornelius, he yet condescended to allow the child the use of some few modern playthings; such as might prove of any benefit to his mind, by instilling an early notion of the sciences. For example, he found that marbles taught him percussion, and the laws of motion; nutcrackers the use of the lever; swinging on the ends of a board, the balance; bottle-screws, the vice; whirligigs, the axis and peritrochia; birdeages, the pulley; and tops, the centrifugal motion.

Others of his sports were farther carried to improve his tender soul even in virtue and morality. We shall only instance one of the most useful and instructive, Bob-cherry, which teaches at once two noble virtues, patience and constancy; the first in adhering to the pursuit of one end, the latter in bearing a disappointment.

Besides all these, he taught him as a diversion, an odd and secret manner of stealing, according to the custom of the Lacedæmonians; wherein he succeeded so well, that he practised it to the day of his death.

## CHAPTER VI.

OF THE GYMNASTICS, IN WHAT EXERCISES MARTINUS WAS EDUCATED; SOMETHING CONCERNING MUSIC, AND WHAT SORT OF A MAN HIS UNCLE WAS.

NOR was Cornelius less careful in adhering to the rules of the purest antiquity, in relation to the exercises of his son. He was stripped, powdered, and anointed, but not constantly bathed, which occasioned many heavy complaints of the laundress about dirtying his linen. When he played at quoits, he was allowed his breeches and stockings; because the *discoboli* (as Cornelius well knew) were naked to the middle only. The mother often contended for modern sports and common customs, but this was his constant reply, ‘Let a daughter be the care of her mother, but the education of a son should be the delight of his father.’

It was about this time he heard, to his exceeding content, that the *harpastus* of the ancients was yet in use in Cornwall, and known there by the name of hurling. He was sensible the common football was a very imperfect imitation of that exercise, and thought it necessary to send Martin into the west, to be initiated in that truly ancient and manly part of the gymnastics. The poor boy was so unfortunate as to return with a broken leg. This Cornelius looked upon but as a slight ailment, and promised his mother he would instantly cure it: he slit a green reed, and cast the knife upward, then tying the two parts of the reed to the disjoined place, pronounced these words<sup>1</sup>, *Daries, daries, astataries, dissunapiter; huat, hanat, huat, ista, pista, fista, domi abo, damnaustra*. But finding, to his no small astonishment, that this had no effect, in five days he condescended to have it set by a modern surgeon.

Mrs. Scriblerus, to prevent him from exposing her son to the like dangerous exercises for the future, proposed to send for a dancing master, and to have him taught the minuet and rigadon. 'Dancing,' quoth Cornelius, 'I much approve, for Socrates said the best dancers were the best warriors; but not those species of dancing which you mention: they are certainly corruptions of the comic and satyric dance, which were utterly disliked by the sounder ancients. Martin shall learn the tragic dance only, and I will send all over Europe, till I find an antiquary able to instruct him in the *saltatio pyrrhica*. Scaliger<sup>2</sup>, from whom my son is lineally descended, boasts to have performed this warlike dance in the presence of the Emperor, to the great admiration of all Germany. What would he say, could he look down and see one of his posterity so ignorant as not to know the least step of that noble kind of saltation?'

The poor lady was at last inured to bear all these things with a laudable patience, till one day her husband was seized with a new thought. He had met with a saying, that 'spleen, garter, and girdle are the three impediments to the *cursor*.' Therefore

<sup>1</sup> Plin. *Hist. Nat.* lib. xvii. in fine. 'Carmen contra luxata membra, cujus verba inserere non equidem serio ausim, quanquam a Catone prodita.' Vid. Caton. *de re rust.* c. 160 (Pope).

<sup>2</sup> Scalig. *Poetic.* l. x. c. 9. 'Hanc

saltationem Pyrrhicam, nos sæpe et diu, jussu Bonifacii patrum, coram Divo Maximiliano, non sine stupore totius Germaniæ, representavimus. Quo tempore vox illa Imperatoris, Hic puer aut thoracem pro pelle aut pro cunis habuit' (Pope).

Pliny (lib. xi. cap. 37) says, that such as excel in that exercise have their spleen cauterised. ‘My son,’ quoth Cornelius, ‘runs but heavily; therefore I will have this operation performed upon him immediately. Moreover it will cure that immoderate laughter to which I perceive he is addicted: for laughter (as the same author hath it, *ibid.*) is caused by the bigness of the spleen.’ This design was no sooner hinted to Mrs. Scriblerus, but she burst into tears, wrung her hands, and instantly sent to his brother Albertus, begging him for the love of God to make haste to her husband.

Albertus was a discreet man, sober in his opinions, clear of pedantry, and knowing enough, both in books and in the world, to preserve a due regard for whatever was useful or excellent, whether ancient or modern: if he had not always the authority, he had at least the art, to divert Cornelius from many extravagances. It was well he came speedily, or Martin could not have boasted the entire quota of his viscera. ‘What does it signify,’ quoth Albertus, ‘whether my nephew excels in the *cursus* or not? Speed is often a symptom of cowardice, witness hares and deer.’—‘Do not forget Achilles,’ quoth Cornelius: ‘I know that running has been condemned by the proud Spartans, as useless in war; and yet Demosthenes could say, Ἄνθρωπος ὁ φεύγων καὶ πάλιν μαχήσεται; a thought which the English Hudibras has well rendered:—

For he that runs may fight again,  
Which he can never do that’s slain.

‘That is true,’ quoth Albertus, ‘but pray consider on the other side that animals spleened<sup>1</sup> grow extremely salacious, an experiment well known in dogs.’ Cornelius was struck with this, and replied gravely: ‘If it be so, I will defer the operation, for I will not increase the powers of my son’s body at the expense of those of his mind. I am indeed disappointed in most of my projects, and fear I must sit down at last contented with such methods of education as modern barbarity affords. Happy had it been for us all had we lived in the age of Augustus! Then my son might have heard the philosophers dispute in the porticos of the Palæstra, and at the same time formed his body and his understanding.’ ‘It is true,’ replied Albertus, ‘we have no *exedra* for the philosophers adjoining to our tennis-courts; but there are ale-houses where he will hear very notable argumenta-

<sup>1</sup> Blackmore’s *Essay on Spleen* (Pope).

tions: though we come not up to the ancients in the tragic-dance, we excel them in the *κυβιστική*, or the art of tumbling. The ancients would have beat us at quoits, but not so much at the *jaculum*, or pitching the bar. The *pugilatus*<sup>1</sup> is in as great perfection in England as in old Rome, and the Cornish hug in the *luctus*<sup>2</sup> is equal to the *volutatorio* of the ancients.' 'You could not,' answered Cornelius, 'have produced a more unlucky instance of modern folly and barbarity, than what you say of the *jaculum*. The Cretans<sup>3</sup> wisely forbid their servants gymnastics, as well as arms; and yet your modern footmen exercise themselves daily in the *jaculum* at the corner of Hyde Park, whilst their enervated lords are lolling in their chariots (a species of vectitation seldom used among the ancients, except by old men).' 'You say well,' quoth Albertus, 'and we have several other kinds of vectitation unknown to the ancients; particularly flying chariots, where the people may have the benefit of this exercise at the small expense of a farthing. But suppose (which I readily grant) that the ancients excelled us almost in everything, yet why this singularity? Your son must take up with such masters as the present age affords; we have dancing-masters, writing-masters, and music-masters.'

The bare mention of music threw Cornelius into a passion. 'How can you dignify,' quoth he, 'this modern fiddling with the name of music? Will any of your best hautboys encounter a wolf nowadays with no other arms but their instruments, as did that ancient piper Pythocaris? Have ever wild boars, elephants, deer, dolphins, whales or turbot, shewed the least emotion at the most elaborate strains of your modern scrapers, all which have been, as it were, tamed and humanized by ancient musicians? Does not Ælian<sup>4</sup> tell us how the Libyan mares were excited to horsing by music? (which ought in truth to be a caution to modest women against frequenting operas; and consider, brother, you are brought to this dilemma, either to give up the virtue of the ladies, or the power of your music.) Whence proceeds the degeneracy of our morals? Is it not from the loss of ancient music, by which (says Aristotle) they taught all the virtues? else might we turn Newgate into a

<sup>1</sup> Fisticuffs (Pope).

(Pope).

<sup>2</sup> Wrestling (Pope).

<sup>4</sup> Ælian. *Hist. Animal.* lib. xi.

<sup>3</sup> Aristot. *Politic.* lib. ii. cap. 3

cap. 18. and lib. xii. cap. 44 (Pope).

college of Dorian musicians, who should teach moral virtues to those people. Whence comes it that our present diseases are so stubborn? whence is it that I daily deplore my sciatical pains? Alas! because we have lost their true cure, by the melody of the pipe. All this was well known to the ancients, as Theophrastus<sup>1</sup> assures us (whence Cælius<sup>2</sup> calls it *loca dolentia decantare*), only indeed some small remains of this skill are preserved in the cure of the tarantula. Did not Pythagoras<sup>3</sup> stop a company of drunken bullies from storming a civil house by changing the strain of the pipe to a sober spondæus? and yet your modern musicians want art to defend their windows from common nickers. It is well known, that when the Lacedæmonian mob were up they commonly<sup>4</sup> sent for a Lesbian musician to appease them, and they immediately grew calm as soon as they heard Terpander sing; yet I don't believe that the Pope's whole band of music, though the best of this age, could keep his Holiness's image from being burnt on a fifth of November.' 'Nor would Terpander himself,' replied Albertus, 'at Billingsgate, nor Timotheus at Hockley-in-the-Hole, have any manner of effect, nor both of them together bring Horneck<sup>5</sup> to common civility.' 'That is a gross mistake,' said Cornelius very warmly, 'and to prove it so, I have here a small lyre of my own, framed, strung, and tuned after the ancient manner. I can play some fragments of Lesbian tunes, and I wish I were to try them upon the most passionate creatures alive.'—'You never had a better opportunity,' says Albertus, 'for yonder are two apple-women scolding, and just ready to uncoil one another.' With that Cornelius, undressed as he was, jumps out into his balcony, his lyre in hand, in his slippers, with his breeches hanging down to his ankles, a stocking upon his head, and waistcoat of murrey-coloured satin upon his body; he touched his lyre with a very unusual sort of an harpegiatura, nor were his hopes frustrated. The odd equipage, the uncouth instrument, the strangeness of the man and of the music, drew the ears and eyes of the whole mob that were got about the two female champions, and at last of the combatants themselves. They all approached the balcony, in as close attention

<sup>1</sup> Athenæus, lib. xiv (Pope).

<sup>2</sup> Lib. de Sanitate Tuenda, cap. 2 (Pope).

<sup>3</sup> Quintilian. lib. i. cap. 10 (Pope).

<sup>4</sup> Suidas in Timotheo (Pope).

<sup>5</sup> Horneck, a scurrilous scribbler, who wrote a weekly paper, called *The High German Doctor*. See *Dunciad*, III. 152.

as Orpheus's first audience of cattle, or that of an Italian opera, when some favourite air is just awakened. This sudden effect of his music encouraged him mightily, and it was observed he never touched his lyre in such a truly chromatic and unharmonic manner as upon that occasion. The mob laughed, sung, jumped, danced, and used many odd gestures, all which he judged to be caused by the various strains and modulations. 'Mark,' quoth he, 'in this the power of the Ionian, in that you see the effect of the Æolian.' But in a little time they began to grow riotous, and throw stones: Cornelius then withdrew, but with the greatest air of triumph in the world. 'Brother,' said he, 'do you observe I have mixed unawares too much of the Phrygian; I might change it to the Lydian, and soften their riotous tempers: but it is enough; learn from this sample to speak with veneration of ancient music. If this lyre in my unskilful hands can perform such wonders, what must it not have done in those of a Timotheus or a Terpander!' Having said this, he retired with the utmost exultation in himself, and contempt of his brother; and, it is said, behaved that night with such unusual haughtiness to his family, that they all had reason to wish for some ancient tibicen to calm his temper.

## CHAPTER VII.

### RHETORIC, LOGIC, AND METAPHYSICS.

Cornelius having (as hath been said) many ways been disappointed in his attempts of improving the bodily forces of his son, thought it now high time to apply to the culture of his internal faculties. He judged it proper, in the first place, to instruct him in Rhetoric. But herein we shall not need to give the reader any account of his wonderful progress, since it is already known to the learned world by his treatise on this subject: I mean the admirable discourse *Περὶ Βαθους*<sup>1</sup>, which he wrote at this time, but concealed from his father, knowing his extreme partiality for the ancients. It lay by him concealed, and perhaps forgot among the great multiplicity of other writings, till, about the year 1727, he sent it us to be printed, with many additional examples drawn from the excellent live poets

<sup>1</sup> *The Art of Sinking in Poetry*, chiefly by Pope. It was published in the *Miscellanies* of 1727.

of this present age. We proceed therefore to Logic and Metaphysics.

The wise Cornelius was convinced that these, being polemical arts, could no more be learned alone than fencing or cudgel-playing. He thought it therefore necessary to look out for some youth of pregnant parts, to be a sort of humble companion to his son in those studies. His good fortune directed him to one of the most singular endowments, whose name was Conradus Crambe, who, by the father's side, was related to the Crouches of Cambridge, and his mother was cousin to Mr. Swan, gamester and punster of the city of London. So that from both parents he drew a natural disposition to sport himself with words, which as they are said to be the counters of wise men, and ready-money of fools, Crambe had great store of cash of the latter sort. Happy Martin in such a parent and such a companion! What might not he achieve in arts and sciences?

Here I must premise a general observation of great benefit to mankind: that there are many people who have the use only of one operation of the intellect, though, like short-sighted men, they can hardly discover it themselves; they can form single apprehensions<sup>1</sup>, but have neither of the other two faculties, the *judicium* or *discursus*. Now as it is wisely ordered that people deprived of one sense have the others in more perfection, such people will form single ideas with a great deal of vivacity; and happy were it indeed if they could confine themselves to such, without forming *judicia*, much less argumentation.

Cornelius quickly discovered, that these two last operations of the intellect were very weak in Martin, and almost totally extinguished in Crambe; however he used to say that rules of logic are spectacles to a purblind understanding, and therefore he resolved to proceed with his two pupils.

Martin's understanding was so totally immersed in sensible objects, that he demanded examples from material things of the abstracted ideas of logic; as for Crambe, he contented himself with the words, and when he could but form some conceit upon them, was fully satisfied. Thus Crambe would tell his in-

<sup>1</sup> When Dr. Mead once urged to our author the authority of Patrick the Dictionary-maker against the Latinity of the expression *amor publicus*, which he had used in an

inscription, he replied, that he would allow a Dictionary-maker to understand a single word, but not two words put together (Warton).



structor that all men were not singular; that individuality could hardly be predicated of any man, for it was commonly said that a man is not the same he was; that madmen are beside themselves, and drunken men come to themselves; which shows that few men have that most valuable logical endowment, individuality<sup>1</sup>. Cornelius told Martin that a shoulder of mutton was an individual, which Crambe denied, for he had seen it cut into commons; 'that's true,' quoth the tutor, 'but you never saw it cut into shoulders of mutton.' 'If it could,' quoth Crambe, 'it would be the most lovely individual of the university.' When he was told a substance was that which was subject to accidents; 'then soldiers,' quoth Crambe, 'are the most substantial people in the world.' Neither would he allow it to be a good definition of accident, that it could be present or absent without the destruction of the subject; since there are a great many accidents that destroy the subject, as burning does a house, and death a man. But as to that, Cornelius informed him that there was a natural death, and a logical death; that though a man, after his natural death, was not capable of the least parish office, yet he might still keep his stall amongst the logical predicaments.

Cornelius was forced to give Martin sensible images. Thus, calling up the coachman, he asked him what he had seen in the bear-garden? The man answered, he saw two men fight a prize; one was a fair man, a serjeant in the Guards; the other black, a butcher: the serjeant had red breeches, the butcher blue; they fought upon a stage about four o'clock, and the serjeant wounded the butcher in the leg. 'Mark,' quoth Cornelius, 'how the fellow runs through their predicaments. Men, *substantia*; two, *quantitas*; fair and black, *qualitas*; serjeant and butcher, *relatio*; wounded the other, *actio et passio*; fighting, *situs*; stage, *ubi*; two [*sic*] o'clock, *quando*; blue and red breeches, *habitus*.' At the same time he warned Martin that

<sup>1</sup> 'But if it be possible for the same man to have distinct incommunicable consciousness at different times, it is without doubt the same man would, at different times, make different persons. Which we see is the sense of mankind in not punishing the madman for the sober man's actions, nor the sober

man for what the madman did, thereby making them two persons; which is somewhat explained by our way of speaking in English, when they say such an one is not himself, or is beside himself.' Locke's *Essay on Hum. Underst.* B. ii. c. 27 (Warburton).

what he learned now as a logician, he must forget as a natural philosopher; that though he now taught them that accidents inhered in the subject, they would find in time there was no such thing; and that colour, taste, smell, heat, and cold, were not in the things, but only phantasms of our brains. He was forced to let them into this secret, for Martin could not conceive how a habit of dancing inhered in a dancing-master, when he did not dance; nay, he would demand the characteristics of relations. Crambe used to help him out, by telling him, a cuckold, a losing gamester, a man that had not dined, a young heir that was kept short by his father, might all be known by their countenance; that, in this last case, the paternity and filiation leave very sensible impressions in the *relatum* and *correlatum*. The greatest difficulty was when they came to the tenth predicament. Crambe affirmed, that his *habitus* was more a system than he was; for his clothes could better subsist without him, than he without his clothes.

Martin supposed an universal man to be like a knight of a shire or a burgess of a corporation, that represented a great many individuals. His father asked him if he could not frame the idea of an universal Lord Mayor? Martin told him that, never having seen but one Lord Mayor, the idea of that Lord Mayor always returned to his mind; that he had great difficulty to abstract a Lord Mayor from his fur gown, and gold chain; nay, that the horse he saw the Lord Mayor ride upon not a little disturbed his imagination. On the other hand, Crambe, to show himself of a more penetrating genius, swore that he could frame a conception of a Lord Mayor, not only without his horse, gown, and gold chain, but even without stature, feature, colour, hands, feet, or any body; which he supposed was the abstract of a Lord Mayor<sup>1</sup>. Cornelius told him, that he was a lying rascal; that an *universale* was not the object of imagination, and that there was no such thing in reality, or *à parte rei*. 'But I can prove,' quoth Crambe, 'that there are clysters *a parte rei*, but clysters are *universales*; ergo. Thus I prove my minor. *Quod aptum est inesse multis*, is an *universale* by definition: but every clyster before it is administered has that quality; therefore every clyster is an *universale*.'

<sup>1</sup> This is not a fair representation of what is said in the *Essay of Human Understanding* concerning general

and abstract ideas. But serious writers have done that philosopher the same injustice. (Warburton.)

He also found fault with the advertisements, that they were not strict logical definitions: in an advertisement of a dog stolen or strayed, he said it ought to begin thus, an irrational animal of the *genus caninum*, &c. Cornelius told them that though those advertisements were not framed according to the exact rules of logical definitions, being only descriptions of things *numero differentibus*, yet they contained a faint image of the *prædicabilia*, and were highly subservient to the common purposes of life; often discovering things that were lost, both animate and inanimate. An Italian greyhound, of a mouse colour, a white speck in the neck, lame of one leg, belongs to such a lady. Greyhound, *genus*; mouse-coloured, &c., *differentia*; lame of one leg, *accidens*; belongs to such a lady, *proprium*.

Though I am afraid I have transgressed upon my reader's patience already, I cannot help taking notice of one thing more extraordinary than any yet mentioned; which was Crambe's treatise of syllogisms. He supposed that a philosopher's brain was like a great forest, where ideas ranged like animals of several kinds; that those ideas copulated, and engendered conclusions; that when those of different species copulate, they bring forth monsters or absurdities; that the *major* is the male, the *minor* the female, which copulate by the middle term, and engender the conclusion. Hence they are called the *præmissa*, or predecessors of the conclusion; and it is properly said by the logicians, *quod pariunt scientium, opinionem*, they beget science, opinion, &c. Universal propositions are persons of quality; and therefore in logic they are said to be of the first figure. Singular propositions are private persons, and therefore placed in the third or last figure, or rank. From those principles all the rules of syllogisms naturally follow.

- I. That there are only three terms, neither more nor less; for to a child there can be only one father and one mother.
- II. From universal premises there follows an universal conclusion, as if one should say, that persons of quality always beget persons of quality.
- III. From the singular premises follows only a singular conclusion, that is, if the parents be only private people, the issue must be so likewise.
- IV. From particular propositions nothing can be concluded,

because the *individua vaga* are (like whoremasters and common strumpets) barren.

- V. There cannot be more in the conclusion than was in the premises ; that is, children can only inherit from their parents.
- VI. The conclusion follows the weaker part ; that is, children inherit the diseases of their parents.
- VII. From two negatives nothing can be concluded, for from divorce or separation there can come no issue.
- VIII. The medium cannot enter the conclusion, that being logical incest.
- IX. An hypothetical proposition is only a contract, or a promise of marriage ; from such therefore there can spring no real issue.
- X. When the premises or parents are necessarily joined (or in lawful wedlock), they beget lawful issue ; but contingently joined, they beget bastards.

So much for the affirmative propositions ; the negative must be deferred to another occasion.

Crambe used to value himself upon this system, from whence, he said, one might see the propriety of the expression, such a one has a barren imagination ; and how common is it for such people to adopt conclusions that are not the issue of their premises ? therefore as an absurdity is a monster, a falsity is a bastard ; and a true conclusion that followeth not from the premises may properly be said to be adopted. ‘But then what is an enthymeme,’ quoth Cornelius ? ‘Why, an enthymeme,’ replied Crambe, ‘is when the major is indeed married to the minor, but the marriage kept secret.’

METAPHYSICS were a large field in which to exercise the weapons logic had put into their hands. Here Martin and Crambe used to engage like any prize-fighters, before their father, and his other learned companions of the symposiacs. And as prize-fighters will agree to lay aside a buckler, or some such defensive weapon, so would Crambe promise not to use *simpliciter et secundum quid*, provided Martin would part with *materialiter et formaliter* : but it was found that, without the help of the defensive armour of those distinctions, the arguments cut so deep, that they fetched blood at every stroke.

Their theses were picked out of Suarez, Thomas Aquinas, and other learned writers on those subjects. I shall give the reader a taste of some of them.

- I. If the innate desire of the knowledge of metaphysics was the cause of the fall of Adam; and the *arbor porphyriana* the tree of knowledge of good and evil? Affirmed.
- II. If transcendental goodness could be truly predicated of the devil? Affirmed.
- III. Whether one or many be first? or if one doth not suppose the notion of many? Suarez.
- IV. If the desire of news in mankind be *appetitus innatus*, not *elicitus*? Affirmed.
- V. Whether there is in human understandings potential falsities? Affirmed.
- VI. Whether God loves a possible angel better than an actually-existent fly? Denied.
- VII. If angels pass from one extreme to another, without going through the middle? Aquinas.
- VIII. If angels know things more clearly in a morning? Aquinas.
- IX. Whether every angel hears what one angel says to another? Denied. Aquinas.
- X. If temptation be *proprium quarto modo* of the devil? Denied. Aquinas.
- XI. Whether one devil can illuminate another? Aquinas.
- XII. If there would have been any females born in the state of innocence? Aquinas.
- XIII. If the creation was finished in six days, because six is the most perfect number; or if six be the most perfect number, because the Creation was finished in six days? Aquinas.

There were several others, of which in the course of the life of this learned person we may have occasion to treat: and one particularly that remains undecided to this day; it was taken from the learned Suarez.

- XIV. *An præter esse reale actualis essentiæ sit aliud esse necessarium quo res actualiter existat?* In English thus:

Whether besides the real being of actual being, there be any other being necessary to cause a thing to be?

This brings into my mind a project to banish metaphysics out of Spain, which it was supposed might be effectuated by this method: that nobody should use any compound or decompound of the substantial verbs but as they are read in the common conjugations; for every body will allow, that if you debar a metaphysician from *ens*, *essentia*, *entitas*, *subsistentia*, &c., there is an end of him.

Crambe regretted extremely that substantial forms, a race of harmless beings which had lasted for many years, and afforded a comfortable subsistence to many poor philosophers, should be now hunted down like so many wolves, without the possibility of a retreat. He considered that it had gone much harder with them than with essences, which had retired from the schools into the apothecaries' shops, where some of them had been advanced to the degree of quintessences. He thought there should be a retreat for poor substantial forms, among the gentleman-ushers at Court; and that there were indeed substantial forms, such as forms of prayer, forms of government, without which the things themselves could never long subsist. He also used to wonder that there was not a reward for such as could find out a fourth figure in logic, as well as for those who should discover the longitude.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### ANATOMY.

Cornelius, it is certain, had a most superstitious veneration for the ancients; and if they contradicted each other, his reason was so pliant and ductile, that he was always of the opinion of the last he read. But he reckoned it a point of honour never to be vanquished in a dispute; from which quality he acquired the title of the Invincible Doctor. While the professor of anatomy was demonstrating to his son the several kinds of intestines, Cornelius affirmed that there were only two, the *colon* and the *aichos*, according to Hippocrates, who it was impossible could ever be mistaken. It was in vain to assure him this error proceeded from want of accuracy in dividing the whole canal of the guts: 'Say what you please,' he replied, 'this is both mine and Hippocrates' opinion.' 'You may with equal

reason,' answered the professor, 'affirm that a man's liver hath five lobes, and deny the circulation of the blood.' 'Ocular demonstration,' said Cornelius, 'seems to be on your side, yet I shall not give it up: show me any viscus of a human body, and I will bring you a monster that differs from the common rule, in the structure of it. If nature shows such variety in the same age, why may she not have extended it further in several ages? Produce me a man now of the age of an antediluvian, of the strength of Samson, or the size of the giants. If in the whole, why not in parts of the body, may it not be possible the present generation of men may differ from the ancients? The moderns have perhaps lengthened the channel of the guts by gluttony, and diminished the liver by hard drinking. Though it shall be demonstrated that modern blood circulates, yet I will believe with Hippocrates, that the blood of the ancients had a flux and reflux from the heart, like a tide. Consider how luxury hath introduced new diseases, and with them, not improbably, altered the whole course of the fluids. Consider how the current of mighty rivers, nay the very channels of the ocean, are changed from what they were in ancient days; and can we be so vain to imagine that the microcosm of the human body alone is exempted from the fate of all things? I question not but plausible conjectures may be made even as to the time when the blood first began to circulate.'—Such disputes as these frequently perplexed the professor to that degree, that he would now and then in a passion leave him in the middle of a lecture, as he did at this time.

There unfortunately happened soon after an unusual accident, which retarded the prosecution of the studies of Martin. Having purchased the body of a malefactor, he hired a room for its dissection near the Pest-fields in St. Giles's, at a little distance from Tyburn Road. Crambe (to whose care this body was committed) carried it thither about twelve o'clock at night in a hackney coach, few housekeepers being very willing to let their lodgings to such kind of operators. As he was softly stalking up stairs in the dark, with the dead man in his arms, his burden had like to have slipped from him, which he (to save from falling) grasped so hard about the belly, that it forced the wind through the *anus*, with a noise exactly like the *crepitus* of a living man. Crambe (who did not comprehend how this part of the animal economy could remain in a dead man) was

so terrified that he threw down the body, ran up to his master, and had scarce breath to tell him what had happened. Martin with all his philosophy could not prevail upon him to return to his post, -- 'You may say what you please,' quoth Crambe, 'no man alive ever broke wind more naturally; nay, he seemed to be mightily relieved by it.' The rolling of the corpse down stairs made such a noise that it awaked the whole house. The maid shrieked, the landlady cried out, Thieves! but the landlord, in his shirt as he was, taking a candle in one hand, and a drawn sword in the other, ventured out of the room. The maid with only a single petticoat ran up stairs, but spurning at the dead body, fell upon it in a swoon. Now the landlord stood still and listened, then he looked behind him, and ventured down in this manner one stair after another, till he came where lay his maid, as dead, upon another corpse unknown. The wife ran into the street, and cried out, Murder! the watch ran in, while Martin and Crambe, hearing all this uproar, were coming down stairs. The watch imagined they were making their escape, seized them immediately, and carried them to a neighbouring Justice; where, upon searching them, several kinds of knives and dreadful weapons were found upon them. The Justice first examined Crambe. -- 'What is your name?' says the Justice. 'I have acquired,' quoth Crambe, 'no great name as yet; they call me Crambe or Crambo, no matter which, as to myself; though it may be some dispute to posterity.' 'What is yours and your master's profession?' 'It is our business to imbrue our hands in blood; we cut off the heads, and pull out the hearts of those that never injured us; we rip up big-bellied women, and tear children limb from limb.' Martin endeavoured to interrupt him; but the Justice, being strangely astonished with the frankness of Crambe's confession, ordered him to proceed; upon which he made the following speech:--

'May it please your Worship, as touching the body of this man, I can answer each head that my accusers allege against me to a hair. They have hitherto talked like numskulls without brains; but if your Worship will not only give me an ear, but regard me with a favourable eye, I will not be brow-beaten by the supercilious looks of my adversaries, who now stand check by jowl by your Worship. I will prove to their faces, that their foul mouths have not opened their lips without a



falsity ; though they have showed their teeth as if they would bite off my nose. Now, Sir, that I may fairly slip my neck out of the collar, I beg this matter may not be slightly skinned over. Though I have no man here to back me, I will unbosom myself, since truth is on my side, and shall give them their bellies-full, though they think they have me upon the hip. Whereas they say I came into their lodgings, with arms, and murdered this man without their privity, I declare I had not the least finger in it ; and since I am to stand upon my own legs, nothing of this matter shall be left till I set it upon a right foot. In the vein I am in, I cannot for my heart's blood and guts bear this usage. I shall not spare my lungs to defend my good name : I was ever reckoned a good liver ; and I think I have the bowels of compassion. I ask but justice, and from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot I shall ever acknowledge myself your Worship's humble servant.'

The Justice stared, the landlord and landlady lifted up their eyes, and Martin fretted, while Crambe talked in this rambling, incoherent manner ; till at length Martin begged to be heard. It was with great difficulty that the Justice was convinced, till they sent for the finisher of human laws, of whom the corpse had been purchased ; who looking near the left ear, knew his own work, and gave oath accordingly.

No sooner was Martin got home, but he fell into a passion at Crambe. 'What demon,' he cried, 'hath possessed thee, that thou wilt never forsake that impertinent custom of punning ? Neither my counsel nor my example have thus misled thee ; thou governest thyself by most erroneous maxims.' 'Far from it,' answers Crambe, 'my life is as orderly as my dictionary, for by my dictionary I order my life. I have made a calendar of radical words for all the seasons, months, and days of the year : every day I am under the dominion of a certain word : but this day in particular I cannot be misled, for I am governed by one that rules all sexes, ages, conditions, nay, all animals, rational and irrational. Who is not governed by the word *led* ? Our noblemen and drunkards are pimp-led, physicians and pulses fee-led, their patients and oranges pil-led, a new married man and an ass are bride-led, an old married man and a pack-horse sad-led, cats and dice are rat-led, swine and nobility are sty-led, a coquette and a tinder-box are spark-led, a lover and a blunderer are grove-led. And that I may not be

tedious——’ ‘Which thou art,’ replied Martin, stamping with his foot, ‘which thou art, I say, beyond all human toleration. Such an unnatural, unaccountable, uncoherent, unintelligible, unprofitable——’ ‘There it is now!’ interrupted Crambe, ‘this is your day for *uns*.’ Martin could bear no longer——however, composing his countenance, ‘Come hither,’ he cried, ‘there are five pounds, seventeen shillings, and nine-pence: thou hast been with me eight months, three weeks, two days, and four hours.’ Poor Crambe, upon the receipt of his salary, fell into tears, flung the money upon the ground, and burst forth in these words:—‘O Cicero, Cicero! if to pun be a crime, ’tis a crime I have learned from thee: O Bias, Bias! if to pun be a crime, by thy example was I biassed.’—Whereupon Martin (considering that one of the greatest of orators, and even a sage of Greece had punned) hesitated, relented, and reinstated Crambe in his service.

## CHAPTER IX.

### HOW MARTIN BECAME A GREAT CRITIC.

It was a most peculiar talent in Martinus, to convert every trifle into a serious thing, either in the way of life, or in learning. This can no way be better exemplified than in the effect which the puns of Crambe had on the mind and studies of Martinus. He conceived that somewhat of a like talent to this of Crambe, of assembling parallel sounds, either syllables or words, might conduce to the emendation and correction of ancient authors, if applied to their works with the same diligence, and the same liberty. He resolved to try first upon Virgil, Horace, and Terence; concluding that, if the most correct authors could be so served, with any reputation to the critic, the amendment and alteration of all the rest would easily follow; whereby a new, a vast, nay boundless field of glory, would be opened to the true and absolute critic.

This specimen on Virgil he has given us, in the Addenda to his Notes on the Dunciad<sup>1</sup>. His Terence and Horace are in every body’s hands, under the names of Richard B[ent]ley and Francis H[a]re. And we have convincing proofs that the late edition of Milton, published in the name of the former of these, was in truth the work of no other than our Scriblerus.

<sup>1</sup> See page 369.

## CHAPTER X.

## OF MARTINUS'S UNCOMMON PRACTICE OF PHYSIC, AND HOW HE APPLIED HIMSELF TO THE DISEASES OF THE MIND.

But it is high time to return to the history of the progress of Martinus in the studies of physic, and to enumerate some at least of the many discoveries and experiments he made therein.

One of the first was his method of investigating latent distempers, by the sagacious quality of setting-dogs and pointers. The success, and the adventures that befel him, when he walked with these animals, to smell them out in the parks and public places about London, are what we would willingly relate; but that his own account, together with a list of those gentlemen and ladies at whom they made a full set, will be published in time convenient. There will also be added the representation which, on occasion of one distemper, which was become almost epidemical, he thought himself obliged to lay before both Houses of Parliament, entitled, A Proposal for a General Flux, to exterminate at one blow the P—x out of this kingdom.

He next proceeded to an enquiry into the nature and tokens of virginity, according to the Jewish doctrines, which occasioned that most curious treatise of the Purification of Queen Esther, with a display of her case at large, speedily also to be published.

But being weary of all practice on foetid bodies, from a certain niceness of constitution (especially when he attended Dr. Woodward through a twelvemonth's course of vomition), he determined to leave it off entirely, and to apply himself only to diseases of the mind. He attempted to find out specifics for all the passions; and as other physicians throw their patients into sweats, vomits, purgations, &c. he cast them into love, hatred, hope, fear, joy, grief, &c. And indeed the great irregularity of the passions in the English nation was the chief motive that induced him to apply his whole studies, while he continued among us, to the diseases of the mind.

To this purpose he directed, in the first place, his late acquired skill in anatomy. He considered virtues and vices as certain habits which proceed from the natural formation and structure of particular parts of the body. A bird flies because he has wings, a duck swims because he is web-footed; and there can be no question but the aduncity of the pounces

and beaks of the hawks, as well as the length of the fangs, the sharpness of the teeth, and the strength of the crural and masseter-muscles in lions and tigers, are the cause of the great and habitual immorality of those animals.

Firstly. He observed, that the soul and body mutually operate upon each other, and therefore if you deprive the mind of the outward instruments whereby she usually expresseth that passion, you will in time abate the passion itself, in like manner as castration abates lust.

Secondly. That the soul in mankind expresseth every passion by the motion of some particular muscles.

Thirdly. That all muscles grow stronger and thicker by being much used ; therefore the habitual passions may be discerned in particular persons by the strength and bigness of the muscles used in the expression of that passion.

Fourthly. That a muscle may be strengthened or weakened by weakening or strengthening the force of its antagonist. These things premised, he took notice,

That complaisance, humility, assent, approbation, and civility, were expressed by nodding the head and bowing the body forward ; on the contrary, dissent, dislike, refusal, pride, and arrogance, were marked by tossing the head, and bending the body backwards : which two passions of assent and dissent the Latins rightly expressed by the words *adnuere* and *abnuere*. Now he observed that complaisant and civil people had the flexors of the head very strong ; but in the proud and insolent there was a great overbalance of strength in the extensors of the neck and muscles of the back, from whence they perform with great facility the motion of tossing, but with great difficulty that of bowing, and therefore have justly acquired the title of stiff-necked. In order to reduce such persons to a just balance, he judged that the pair of muscles called *recti interni*, the mastoidal, with other flexors of the head, neck, and body, must be strengthened ; their antagonists, the *splenii complexi*, and the extensors of the spine weakened : for which purpose nature herself seems to have directed mankind to correct this muscular immorality by tying such fellows neck and heels.

Contrary to this, is the pernicious custom of mothers, who abolish the natural signature of modesty in their daughters, by teaching them tossing and bridling, rather than the bashful posture of stooping, and hanging down the head. Martinus

charged all husbands to take notice of the posture of the head of such as they courted to matrimony, as that upon which their future happiness did much depend.

Flatterers, who have the flexor muscles so strong that they are always bowing and cringing, he supposed might in some measure be corrected by being tied down upon a tree by the back, like the children of the Indians; which doctrine was strongly confirmed by his observing the strength of the *levator scapulae*: this muscle is called the muscle of patience, because in that affection of mind, people shrug and raise up the shoulders to the tip of the ear. This muscle also he observed to be exceedingly strong and large in henpecked husbands, in Italians, and English ministers.

In pursuance of this theory, he supposed the constrictors of the eye-lids must be strengthened in the supercilious, the abductors in drunkards and contemplative men, who have the same steady and grave motion of the eye; that the buccinators or blowers up of the cheeks, and the dilators of the nose, were too strong in choleric people; and therefore nature had again directed us to a remedy, which was to correct such extraordinary dilatation by pulling by the nose.

The rolling amorous eye, in the passion of love, might be corrected by frequently looking through glasses. Impertinent fellows that jump upon tables, and cut capers, might be cured by relaxing medicines applied to the calves of their legs, which in such people are too strong.

But there were two cases which he reckoned extremely difficult. First, affectation, in which there were so many muscles of the bum, thighs, belly, neck, back, and the whole body, all in a false tone, that it required an impracticable multiplicity of applications.

The second case was immoderate laughter: when any of that risible species were brought to the doctor, and when he considered what an infinity of muscles these laughing rascals threw into convulsive motion at the same time; whether we regard the spasms of the diaphragm and all the muscles of respiration, the horrible *rietus* of the mouth, the distortion of the lower jaw, the crisping of the nose, twinkling of the eyes, or spherical convexity of the cheeks, with the tremulous succussion of the whole human body: when he considered, I say, all this, he used to cry out, *Cusus plane deplorabilis!* and give such patients over.

## CHAPTER XI.

THE CASE OF A YOUNG NOBLEMAN AT COURT, WITH THE  
DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION FOR THE SAME.

An eminent instance of Martinus's sagacity in discovering the distempers of the mind, appeared in the case of a young nobleman at Court, who was observed to grow extremely affected in his speech, and whimsical in all his behaviour. He began to ask odd questions, talk in verse to himself, shut himself up from his friends, and be accessible to none but flatterers, poets, and pickpockets; till his relations and old acquaintance judged him to be so far gone, as to be a fit patient for the doctor.

As soon as he had heard and examined all the symptoms, he pronounced his distemper to be love.

His friends assured him that they had with great care observed all his motions, and were perfectly satisfied there was no woman in the case. Scriblerus was as positive that he was desperately in love with some person or other. 'How can this be,' said his aunt, who came to ask the advice, 'when he converses almost with none but himself?' 'Say you so?' he replied, 'why then he is in love with himself, one of the most common cases in the world. I am astonished people do not enough attend this disease, which has the same causes and symptoms, and admits of the same cure with the other: especially since here the case of the patient is the more helpless and deplorable of the two, as this unfortunate passion is more blind than the other. There are people who discover, from their very youth, a most amorous inclination to themselves; which is unhappily nursed by such mothers, as, with their good-will, would never suffer their children to be crossed in love. Ease, luxury, and idleness, blow up this flame as well as the other; constant opportunities of conversation with the person beloved (the greatest of incentives are here impossible to be prevented. Bawds and pimps in the other love will be perpetually doing kind offices, speaking a good word for the party, and carrying about billets-doux. Therefore I ask you, Madam, if this gentleman has not been much frequented by flatterers, and a sort of people who bring him dedications and verses?' 'O Lord! Sir,' quoth the aunt, 'the house is haunted with them.' 'There it is,' replied Scriblerus, 'those are the bawds and pimps that go between a man and himself. Are

there no civil ladies, that tell him he dresses well, has a gentlemanly air, and the like?' 'Why truly, Sir, my nephew is not awkward.'—'Look you, Madam, this is a misfortune to him: in former days these sort of lovers were happy in one respect, that they never had any rivals, but of late they have all the ladies so—Be pleased to answer a few questions more. Whom does he generally talk of?'—'Himself,' quoth the aunt.—'Whose wit and breeding does he most commend?'—'His own,' quoth the aunt.—'Whom does he write letters to?'—'Himself.'—'Whom does he dream of?'—'All the dreams I ever heard were of himself.'—'Whom is he ogling yonder?'—'Himself in his looking-glass.'—'Why does he throw back his head in that languishing posture?'—'Only to be blessed with a smile of himself as he passes by.'—'Does he ever steal a kiss from himself, by biting his lips?'—'Oh continually, till they are perfect vermilion.'—'Have you observed him to use familiarities with any body?'—'With none but himself: he often embraces himself with folded arms, he claps his hand often upon his hip, nay sometimes thrusts it into his breast.'

'Madam,' said the Doctor, 'all these are strong symptoms; but there remain a few more. Has this amorous gentleman presented himself with any love-toys; such as gold snuff-boxes, repeating-watches, or tweezer-cases? those are things that in time will soften the most obdurate heart.'—'Not only so,' said the aunt, 'but he bought the other day a very fine brilliant diamond ring for his own wearing.'—'Nay, if he has accepted of this ring, the intrigue is very forward indeed, and it is high time for friends to interpose. Pray, Madam, a word or two more: Is he jealous that his acquaintance do not behave themselves with respect enough? will he bear jokes and innocent freedoms?'—'By no means; a familiar appellation makes him angry; if you shake him a little roughly by the hand, he is in a rage; but if you chuck him under the chin, he will return you a box on the ear.'—'Then the case is plain; he has the true pathognomic sign of love, jealousy; for nobody will suffer his mistress to be treated at that rate. Madam, upon the whole, this case is extremely dangerous. There are some people who are far gone in this passion of self-love; but then they keep a very secret intrigue with themselves, and hide it from all the world besides. But this patient has not the least care of the reputation of his beloved, he is downright scandalous in his

behaviour with himself ; he is enchanted, bewitched, and almost past cure. However, let the following methods be tried upon him.

‘ First, let him \* \* \* *Hiatus*. \* \* \* Secondly, let him wear a bob-wig. Thirdly, shun the company of flatterers, nay of ceremonious people, and of all Frenchmen in general. It would not be amiss if he travelled over England in a stage-coach, and made the tour of Holland in a track-scout. Let him return the snuff-boxes, tweezer-cases (and particularly the diamond-ring), which he has received from himself. Let some knowing friend represent to him the many vile qualities of this mistress of his : let him be shown that her extravagance, pride, and prodigality, will infallibly bring him to a morsel of bread : let it be proved, that he has been false to himself, and if treachery is not a sufficient cause to discard a mistress, what is ? In short, let him be made to see that no mortal besides himself either loves or can suffer this creature. Let all looking-glasses, polished toys, and even clean plates be removed from him, for fear of bringing back the admired object. Let him be taught to put off all those tender airs, affected smiles, languishing looks, wanton tosses of the head, coy motions of the body, that mincing gait, soft tone of voice, and all that enchanting womanlike behaviour, that has made him the charm of his own eyes, and the object of his own adoration. Let him surprise the beauty he adores at a disadvantage, survey himself naked, divested of artificial charms, and he will find himself a forked straddling animal, with bandy legs, a short neck, a dun hide, and a pot-belly. It would be yet better if he took a strong purge once a week, in order to contemplate himself in that condition ; at which time it will be convenient to make use of the letters, dedications, &c., abovesaid. Something like this has been observed, by Lucretius and others, to be a powerful remedy in the case of women. If all this will not do, I must e’en leave the poor man to his destiny. Let him marry himself, and when he is condemned eternally to himself, perhaps he may run to the next pond to get rid of himself, the fate of most violent self-lovers.’



## CHAPTER XII.

## HOW MARTINUS ENDEAVOURED TO FIND OUT THE SEAT OF THE SOUL, AND OF HIS CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE FREE-THINKERS.

In this design of Martin to investigate the diseases of the mind, he thought nothing so necessary as an inquiry after the seat of the soul<sup>1</sup>; in which, at first, he laboured under great uncertainties. Sometimes he was of opinion that it lodged in the brain, sometimes in the stomach, and sometimes in the heart. Afterwards he thought it absurd to confine that sovereign lady to one apartment, which made him infer that she shifted it according to the several functions of life: the brain was her study, the heart her state-room, and the stomach her kitchen. But as he saw several offices of life went on at the same time, he was forced to give up this hypothesis also. He now conjectured it was more for the dignity of the soul to perform several operations by her little ministers, the animal spirits, from whence it was natural to conclude, that she resides in different parts, according to different inclinations, sexes, ages, and professions. Thus, in epicures, he seated her in the mouth of the stomach, philosophers have her in the brain, soldiers in their heart, women in their tongues, fiddlers in their fingers, and rope-dancers in their toes. At length he grew fond of the *glandula pinealis*, dissecting many subjects to find out the different figure of this gland, from whence he might discover the cause of the different tempers in mankind. He supposed that in factious and restless-spirited people, he should find it sharp and pointed, allowing no room for the soul to repose herself; that in quiet tempers it was flat, smooth, and soft, affording to the soul, as it were, an easy cushion. He was confirmed in this by observing that calves and philosophers, tigers and statesmen, foxes and sharpers, peacocks and fops, cock-sparrows and coquettes, monkeys and players, courtiers and spaniels, moles and misers, exactly resemble one another in the conformation of the pineal gland. He did not doubt likewise to find the same resemblance in highwaymen and conquerors: in

<sup>1</sup> On this subject see Prior's *Alma*.

order to satisfy himself in which it was, that he purchased the body of one of the first species (as hath been before related) at Tyburn, hoping in time to have the happiness of one of the latter too under his anatomical knife.

We must not omit taking notice here, that these inquiries into the seat of the soul gave occasion to his first correspondence with the Society of Free-Thinkers, who were then in their infancy in England, and so much taken with the promising endowments of Martin, that they ordered their secretary to write him the following letter:—

*To the learned Inquisitor into Nature, MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS; the Society of Free-Thinkers greeting.*

Grecian Coffee House, May 7.

It is with unspeakable joy we have heard of your inquisitive genius, and we think it great pity that it should not be better employed than in looking after that theological nonentity commonly called the soul: since after all your inquiries, it will appear you have lost your labour in seeking the residence of such a chimera, that never had being but in the brains of some dreaming philosophers. Is it not demonstration to a person of your sense, that, since you cannot find it, there is no such thing? In order to set so hopeful a genius right in this matter, we have sent you an answer to the ill-grounded sophisms of those crack-brained fellows, and likewise an easy mechanical explication of perception or thinking.

One<sup>1</sup> of their chief arguments is, that self-consciousness cannot inhere in any system of matter, because all matter is made up of several distinct beings, which never can make up one individual thinking being.

This is easily answered by a familiar instance. In every jack there is a meat-roasting quality, which neither resides in the fly, nor in the weight, nor in any particular wheel of the jack, but is the result of the whole composition: so in an animal, the self-consciousness is not a real quality inherent in one being (any more than meat-roasting in a jack) but the result of several modes or qualities in the same subject. As the fly,

<sup>1</sup> This whole Chapter is an imitable ridicule on Collins's arguments against Clarke, to prove the Soul only a Quality. (Warton.)

the wheels, the chain, the weight, the cords, &c., make one jack, so the several parts of the body make one animal. As perception or consciousness is said to be inherent in this animal, so is meat-roasting said to be inherent in the jack. As sensation, reasoning, volition, memory, &c. are the several modes of thinking; so roasting of beef, roasting of mutton, roasting of pullets, geese, turkeys, &c. are the several modes of meat-roasting. And as the general quality of meat-roasting, with its several modifications as to beef, mutton, pullets, &c. does not inhere in any one part of the jack; so neither does consciousness with its several modes of sensation, intellection, volition, &c. inhere in any one, but is the result from the mechanical composition of the whole animal.

Just so, the quality or disposition in a fiddle to play tunes, with the several modifications of this tune-playing quality in playing preludes, sarabands, jigs, and gavots, are as much real qualities in the instrument, as the thought or the imagination is in the mind of the person that composes them.

The parts (say they) of an animal body are perpetually changed, and the fluids which seem to be the subject of consciousness are in a perpetual circulation; so that the same individual particles do not remain in the brain; from whence it will follow, that the idea of individual consciousness must be constantly translated from one particle of matter to another, whereby the particle A, for example, must not only be conscious, but conscious that it is the same being with the particle B that went before.

We answer, this is only a fallacy of the imagination, and is to be understood in no other sense than that maxim of the English law, that the King never dies. This power of thinking, self-moving, and governing the whole machine, is communicated from every particle to its immediate successor; who, as soon as he is gone, immediately takes upon him the government, which still preserves the unity of the whole system.

They make a great noise about this individuality: how a man is conscious to himself that he is the same individual he was twenty years ago; notwithstanding the flux state of the particles of matter that compose his body. We think this is capable of a very plain answer, and may be easily illustrated by a familiar example.

Sir John Cutler<sup>1</sup> had a pair of black worsted stockings, which his maid darned so often with silk, that they became at last a pair of silk stockings. Now, supposing those stockings of Sir John's endued with some degree of consciousness at every particular darning, they would have been sensible that they were the same individual pair of stockings both before and after the darning; and this sensation would have continued in them through all the succession of darnings; and yet, after the last of all, there was not perhaps one thread left of the first pair of stockings, but they were grown to be silk stockings, as was said before.

And whereas it is affirmed, that every animal is conscious of some individual self-moving, self-determining principle; it is answered, that, as in a House of Commons all things are determined by a majority, so it is in every animal system. As that which determines the House is said to be the reason of the whole assembly; it is no otherwise with thinking beings, who are determined by the greater force of several particles; which, like so many unthinking members, compose one thinking system.

And whereas it is likewise objected, that punishments cannot be just that are not inflicted upon the same individual, which cannot subsist without the notion of a spiritual substance; we reply, that this is no greater difficulty to conceive, than that a corporation, which is likewise a flux body, may be punished for the faults, and liable to the debts, of their predecessors.

We proceed now to explain, by the structure of the brain, the several modes of thinking. It is well known to anatomists

<sup>1</sup> Pope ('Moral Essays,' III. 315 seq.) after the famous lines upon Villiers' death, says,

'His Grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee,

And well (he thought) advised him, "Live like me."

As well his Grace replied, "Like you, Sir John?"

That I can do when all I have is gone."

Resolve me, reason, which of these is worse,

Want with a full, or with an empty purse?

Thy life more wretched, Cutler,

was confessed;

Arise and tell me, was thy death more blessed?

Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall;

For very want he could not build a wall.

. . . . .  
Cutler and Brutus dying, both exclaim,

"Virtue and wealth, what are ye but a name?"

It seems that Sir John Cutler, though personally parsimonious, was benevolent and liberal in public causes.

that the brain is a congeries of glands, that separate the finer parts of the blood, called animal spirits; that a gland is nothing but a canal of a great length, variously intorted and wound up together. From the arietation and motion of the spirits in those canals, proceed all the different sorts of thoughts. Simple ideas are produced by the motion of the spirits in one simple canal: when two of these canals disembogue themselves into one, they make what we call a proposition; and when two of these propositional channels empty themselves into a third, they form a syllogism, or a ratiocination. Memory is performed in a distinct apartment of the brain, made up of vessels similar and like situated to the ideal, propositional, and syllogistical vessels, in the primary parts of the brain. After the same manner it is easy to explain the other modes of thinking; as also why some people think so wrong and perversely, which proceeds from the bad configuration of those glands. Some, for example, are born without the proportional or syllogistical canals; in others, that reason ill, they are of unequal capacities; in dull fellows, of too great a length, whereby the motion of the spirits is retarded; in trifling geniuses, weak and small; in the over-refining spirits, too much intorted and winding; and so of the rest.

We are so much persuaded of the truth of this our hypothesis, that we have employed one of our members, a great virtuoso at Nuremberg, to make a sort of an hydraulic engine, in which a chemical liquor resembling blood is driven through elastic channels resembling arteries and veins, by the force of an embolus like the heart, and wrought by a pneumatic machine of the nature of the lungs, with ropes and pullies, like the nerves, tendons, and muscles; and we are persuaded that this our artificial man will not only walk, and speak, and perform most of the outward actions of the animal life, but (being wound up once a week) will perhaps reason as well as most of your country parsons.

We wait with the utmost impatience for the honour of having you a member of our society, and beg leave to assure you that we are, &c.

What return Martin made to this obliging letter, we must defer to another occasion: let it suffice at present to tell, that Cranbe was in a great rage at them, for stealing (as he thought) a hint from his *Theory of Syllogisms*, without doing him the

honour so much as to mention him. He advised his master by no means to enter into their society, unless they would give him sufficient security to bear him harmless from anything that might happen after this present life.

### CHAPTER XIII<sup>1</sup>.

#### OF THE SECESSION OF MARTINUS, AND SOME HINT OF HIS TRAVELS.

It was in the year 1699 that Martin set out on his travels. Thou wilt certainly be very curious to know what they were. It is not yet time to inform thee. But what hints I am at liberty to give, I will.

Thou shalt know then, that in his first voyage he was carried by a prosperous storm, to a discovery of the remains of the ancient Pygmaean Empire.

That in his second, he was as happily shipwrecked on the land of the giants, now the most humane people in the world.

That in his third voyage, he discovered a whole kingdom of philosophers, who govern by the mathematics; with whose admirable schemes and projects he returned to benefit his own dear country; but had the misfortune to find them rejected by the envious Ministers of Queen Anne, and himself sent treacherously away.

And hence it is, that in his fourth voyage he discovered a vein of melancholy, proceeding almost to a disgust of his species;

<sup>1</sup> Chap. XVI, as originally printed. In the first edition of the *Memoirs* there was no Chap. XIII; and Chaps. XIV ('The Double Mistress') and XV ('Of the strange and never to be paralleled Process at Law upon the marriage of Scriblerus, and the Pleadings of the Advocates') have been omitted by all editors since Warburton, except Bowles. These chapters, though very coarse, describe with much wit the troubles that came upon Martin through falling in love with one of two sisters whom he saw at a show, who were inseparably joined together. Even greater than his love was his

admiration of her as a charming monster. Opportunity for satire upon the lawyers and their endless pleadings and appeals from court to court is found in a trial on the question whether the marriage could be dissolved. When the *Memoirs* appeared, a note was prefixed to Chap. XIV, apparently by Pope, in which reference was made to the difference of style in that chapter compared with the rest of the book. It seemed probable, however, that this chapter was written by the Philosopher himself, because he expressly directed that not one word of it should be altered.

but, above all, a mortal detestation to the whole flagitious race of Ministers, and a final resolution not to give in any memorial to the Secretary of State, in order to subject the lands he discovered to the Crown of Great Britain.

Now if, by these hints, the reader can help himself to a further discovery of the nature and contents of these travels, he is welcome to as much light as they afford him; I am obliged, by all the ties of honour, not to speak more openly.

But if any man shall ever see such very extraordinary voyages, into such very extraordinary nations, which manifest the most distinguishing marks of a philosopher, a politician, and a legislator; and can imagine them to belong to a surgeon of a ship, or a captain of a merchantman, let him remain in his ignorance.

And whoever he be, that shall farther observe, in every page of such a book, that cordial love of mankind, that inviolable regard to truth, that passion for his dear country, and that particular attachment to the excellent Princess Queen Anne; surely that man deserves to be pitied, if by all those visible signs and characters, he cannot distinguish and acknowledge the great Scriblerus<sup>1</sup>.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

OF THE DISCOVERIES AND WORKS OF THE GREAT SCRIBLERUS,  
MADE AND TO BE MADE, WRITTEN AND TO BE WRITTEN,  
KNOWN AND UNKNOWN.

Here therefore, at this great period, we end our first book. And here, O reader, we entreat thee utterly to forget all thou hast hitherto read, and cast thy eyes only forward, to that boundless field the next shall open unto thee; the fruits of which (if thine, or our sins do not prevent) are to spread and multiply over this our work, and over all the face of the earth.

In the meantime, know what thou owest, and what thou yet mayest owe, to this excellent person, this prodigy of our age; who may well be called the Philosopher of Ultimate Causes, since by a sagacity peculiar to himself, he hath discovered

<sup>1</sup> *Gulliver's Travels*, here described part of Scriblerus' Memoirs. in brief, were first intended to form

effects in their very cause; and without the trivial helps of experiments, or observations, hath been the inventor of most of the modern systems and hypotheses.

He hath enriched mathematics with many precise and geometrical quadratures of the circle. He first discovered the cause of gravity, and the intestine motion of fluids.

To him we owe all the observations on the parallax of the Pole-star, and all the new theories of the Deluge.

He it was that first taught the right use sometimes of the *fuga vacui*, and sometimes the *materia subtilis*, in resolving the grand phenomena of nature.

He it was that first found out the palpability of colours; and by the delicacy of his touch, could distinguish the different vibrations of the heterogeneous rays of light.

His were the projects of *perpetuum mobiles*, flying engines, and pacing saddles; the method of discovering the longitude by bomb-vessels, and of increasing the Trade Wind by vast plantations of reeds and sedges.

I shall mention only a few of his philosophical and mathematical works.

1. A complete digest of the laws of nature, with a review of those that are obsolete or repealed, and of those that are ready to be renewed and put in force.
2. A mechanical explication of the formation of the universe, according to the Epicurean hypothesis.
3. An investigation of the quantity of real matter in the universe, with the proportion of the specific gravity of solid matter to that of fluid.
4. Microscopical observations of the figure and bulk of the constituent parts of all fluids. A calculation of the proportion in which the fluids of the earth decrease, and of the period in which they will be totally exhausted.
5. A computation of the duration of the sun, and how long it will last before it be burned out.
6. A method to apply the force arising from the immense velocity of light to mechanical purposes.
7. An answer to the question of a curious gentleman: How long a new star was lighted up before its appearance to the inhabitants of our earth? To which is subjoined a calculation, how much the inhabitants of the moon eat for supper, considering that they pass a night equal to fifteen of our natural days.



8. A demonstration of the natural dominion of the inhabitants of the earth over those of the moon, if ever an intercourse should be opened between them, with a proposal of a partition-treaty among the earthly potentates, in case of such discovery.

9. Tide-tables for a comet that is to approximate towards the earth.

10. The number of the inhabitants of London determined by the reports of the gold-finders, and the tonnage of their carriages; with allowance for the extraordinary quantity of the *ingesta* and *egesta* of the people of England, and a deduction of what is left under dead walls, and dry ditches.

It will from hence be evident, how much all his studies were directed to the universal benefit of mankind. Numerous have been his projects to this end, of which two alone will be sufficient to show the amazing grandeur of his genius. The first was a proposal, by a general contribution of all princes, to pierce the first crust or nucleus of this our earth quite through, to the next concentrical sphere. The advantage he proposed from it was, to find the parallax of the fixed stars; but chiefly to refute Sir Isaac Newton's theory of gravity, and Mr. Halley's of the variations. The second was, to build two poles to the meridian, with immense lighthouses on the top of them, to supply the defect of nature, and to make the longitude as easy to be calculated as the latitude. Both these he could not but think very practicable, by the power of all the potentates of the world.

May we presume after these to mention how he descended from the sublime to the beneficial parts of knowledge, and particularly his extraordinary practice of physic? From the age, complexion, or weight of the person given, he contrived to prescribe at a distance, as well as at a patient's bed-side. He taught the way to many modern physicians to cure their patients by intuition, and to others to cure without looking on them at all. He projected a menstruum to dissolve the stone, made of Dr. Woodward's Universal Deluge-water. His also was the device to relieve consumptive or asthmatic persons by bringing fresh air out of the country to town, by pipes of the nature of the recipients of air-pumps: and to introduce the native air of a man's country into any other in which he should travel, with

a seasonable intromission of such steams as were most familiar to him ; to the inexpressible comfort of many Scotsmen, Laplanders, and white bears.

In physiognomy, his penetration is such, that from the picture only of any person he can write his life, and from the features of the parents draw the portrait of any child that is to be born.

Nor hath he been so enrapt in these studies as to neglect the polite arts of painting, architecture, music, poetry, &c. It was he that gave the first hints to our modern painters, to improve the likeness of their portraits by the use of such colours as would faithfully and constantly accompany the life, not only in its present state, but in all its alterations, decays, age, and death itself.

In architecture, he builds not with so much regard to present symmetry or conveniency, as with a thought well worthy of the lover of antiquity, to wit, the noble effect the building will have on posterity, when it shall fall and become a ruin.

As to music, I think Heidegger<sup>1</sup> has not the face to deny that he has been much beholden to his scores.

In poetry, he hath appeared under a hundred different names, of which we may one day give a catalogue.

In politics, his writings are of a peculiar cast, for the most part ironical, and the drift of them often so delicate and refined, as to be mistaken by the vulgar. He once went so far as to write a persuasive to people to eat their own children, which was so little understood as to be taken in ill part<sup>2</sup>. He has often written against liberty in the name of Freeman and Algernon Sidney, in vindication of the measures of Spain under that of Raleigh, and in praise of corruption under those of Cato and Publicola.

It is true, that at his last departure from England, in the reign of Queen Anne, apprehending lest any of these might be perverted to the scandal of the weak, or encouragement of the flagitious, he cast them all, without mercy, into a bog-house near St. James's. Some however have been with great diligence recovered, and fished up with a hook and line, by the Minis-

<sup>1</sup> John James Heidegger (1658-1749) brought masquerades into fashion, and afterwards was manager of the Opera.

<sup>2</sup> Swift's *Modest Proposal*, published in 1729.

terial writers, which make at present the great ornaments of their works.

Whatever he judged beneficial to mankind, he constantly communicated (not only during his stay among us, but ever since his absence) by some method or other in which ostentation had no part. With what incredible modesty he concealed himself, is known to numbers of those to whom he addressed sometimes Epistles, sometimes Hints, sometimes whole Treatises, Advices to Friends, Projects to First Ministers, Letters to Members of Parliament, Accounts to the Royal Society, and innumerable others.

All these will be vindicated to the true author, in the course of these memoirs. I may venture to say they cannot be unacceptable to any, but to those, who will appear too much concerned as plagiarists, to be admitted as judges. Wherefore we warn the public to take particular notice of all such as manifest any indecent passion at the appearance of this work, as persons most certainly involved in the guilt.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

AN ESSAY  
OF THE LEARNED  
MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS,  
CONCERNING THE  
ORIGIN OF SCIENCES<sup>1</sup>.

WRITTEN TO THE MOST LEARNED DR. — F.R.S.<sup>2</sup>, FROM THE  
DESERTS OF NUBIA.

AMONG all the inquiries which have been pursued by the curious and inquisitive, there is none more worthy the search of a learned head than the source from whence we derive those arts and sciences which raise us so far above the vulgar, the countries in which they rose, and the channels by which they have been conveyed. As those who first brought them amongst us attained them by travelling into the remotest parts of the earth, I may boast of some advantages by the same means; since I write this from the deserts of Ethiopia, from those plains of sand, which have buried the pride of invading armies, with my foot perhaps at this instant ten fathom over the grave of Cambyzes; a solitude to which neither Pythagoras nor Apollonius ever penetrated.

It is universally agreed that arts and sciences were derived to us from the Egyptians and Indians; but from whom they first received them is yet a secret. The highest period of time to which the learned attempt to trace them, is the beginning of the Assyrian monarchy, when their inventors were worshipped as gods. It is therefore necessary to go backward into times even more remote, and to gain some knowledge of their history,

<sup>1</sup> The design, Pope said, of this piece—in which it is argued that all learning was derived from the monkeys in Ethiopia — ‘was to ridicule such as build general assertions upon two or three loose quotations from the ancients’ (Spence’s

*Anecdotes*, 126). See page 59 above.

<sup>2</sup> Probably intended for Dr. Woodward, who had published in 1713 ‘Remarks upon the ancient and present State of London, occasioned by some Roman Urns, Coins, and other Antiquities lately discovered.’

from whatever dark and broken hints may any way be found in ancient authors concerning them.

Nor Troy nor Thebes were the first of empires ; we have mention, though not histories, of an earlier warlike people called the Pygmæans. I cannot but persuade myself, from those accounts in Homer<sup>1</sup>, Aristotle, and others, of their history, wars and revolutions, and from the very air in which those authors speak of them as of things known, that they were then a part of the study of the learned. And though all we directly hear is of their military achievements, in the brave defence of their country from the annual invasions of a powerful enemy, yet I cannot doubt but that they excelled as much in the arts of peaceful government ; though there remain no traces of their civil institutions. Empires as great have been swallowed up in the wreck of time, and such sudden periods have been put to them as occasion a total ignorance of their story. And if I should conjecture that the like happened to this nation from a general extirpation of the people by those flocks of monstrous birds, wherewith antiquity agrees they were continually infested, it ought not to seem more incredible, than that one of the Balears was wasted by rabbits, Smythe<sup>2</sup> by mice, and of late Bermudas<sup>3</sup> almost depopulated by rats. Nothing is more natural to imagine, than that the few survivors of that empire retired into the depths of their deserts, where they lived undisturbed, till they were found out by Osiris in his travels to instruct mankind.

He met, says Diodorus<sup>4</sup>, in Ethiopia, a sort of little Satyrs, who were hairy one half of their body, and whose leader Pan accompanied him in his expedition for the civilizing of mankind. Now of this great personage Pan we have a very particular description in the ancient writers ; who unanimously agree to represent him shaggy-bearded, hairy all over, half a man and half a beast, and walking erect with a staff, (the posture in which his race do to this day appear among us.) And, since the chief thing to which he applied himself was the civilizing of mankind, it should seem that the first principles of science must be received from that nation, to which the Gods were by Homer<sup>5</sup> said to resort twelve days every year for the conversation of its wise and just inhabitants.

<sup>1</sup> Il. iii.

<sup>2</sup> Eustathius in Hom. Il. i.

<sup>3</sup> Speed, in Bermudas.

<sup>4</sup> L. i. ch. 18. Diod.

<sup>5</sup> Il. i.

If from Egypt we proceed to take a view of India, we shall find that their knowledge also derived itself from the same source. To that country did these noble creatures accompany Bacchus, in his expedition under the conduct of Silenus, who is also described to us with the same marks and qualifications. 'Mankind is ignorant,' saith Diodorus<sup>1</sup>, 'whence Silenus derived his birth, through his great antiquity; but he had a tail on his loins, as likewise had all his progeny in sign of their descent.' Here then they settled a colony, which to this day subsists with the same tails. From this time they seem to have communicated themselves only to those men, who retired from the converse of their own species to a more uninterrupted life of contemplation. I am much inclined to believe that in the midst of those solitudes they instituted the so much celebrated order of Gymnosophists. For whoever observes the scene and manner of their life, will easily find them to have imitated, with all exactness imaginable, the manners and customs of their masters and instructors. They are said to dwell in the thickest woods, to go naked, to suffer their bodies to be over-run with hair, and their nails to grow to a prodigious length. Plutarch<sup>2</sup> says, 'they ate what they could get in the fields, their drink was water, and their bed made of leaves or moss.' And Herodotus<sup>3</sup> tells us, that they esteemed it a great exploit to kill very many ants or creeping things.

Hence we see, that the two nations which contend for the origin of learning are the same that have ever most abounded with this ingenious race. Though they have contested which was first blest with the rise of science, yet have they conspired in being grateful to their common masters. Egypt is well known to have worshipped them of old in their own images; and India may be credibly supposed to have done the same from that adoration which they paid in latter times to the tooth of one of these hairy philosophers; in just gratitude, as it should seem, to the mouth from which they received their knowledge.

Pass we now over into Greece, where we find Orpheus returning out of Egypt, with the same intent as Osiris and Bacchus made their expeditions. From this period it was, that Greece first heard the name of satyrs, or owned them for

<sup>1</sup> Diod. L. iii. ch. 69.

<sup>2</sup> Plutarch in his Orat. on Alexander's Fortune.

<sup>3</sup> Herodot. L. i.

semi-dei. And hence it is surely reasonable to conclude, that he brought some of this wonderful species along with him, who also had a leader of the line of Pan, of the same name, and expressly called king by Theocritus<sup>1</sup>. If thus much be allowed, we easily account for two of the strangest reports in all antiquity. One is that of the beasts following the music of Orpheus ; which has been interpreted of his taming savage tempers, but will thus have a literal application. The other, which we most insist upon, is the fabulous story of the gods compressing women in woods, under bestial appearances ; which will be solved by the love these sages are known to bear to the females of our kind. I am sensible it may be objected, that they are said to have been compressed in the shape of different animals ; but to this we answer, that women under such apprehensions hardly know what shape they have to deal with.

From what has been last said, 'tis highly credible, that to this ancient and generous race the world is indebted, if not for the heroes, at least for the acutest wits of antiquity. One of the most remarkable instances is that great mimic genius Æsop<sup>2</sup>, for whose extraction from these *sylvestres homines* we may gather an argument from Planudes, who says, that Æsop signifies the same thing as Æthiop, the original nation of our people. For a second argument we may offer the description of his person, which was short, deformed, and almost savage ; insomuch that he might have lived in the woods, had not the benevolence of his temper made him rather adapt himself to our manners, and come to court in wearing apparel. The third proof is his acute and satirical wit ; and lastly, his great knowledge in the nature of beasts, together with the natural pleasure he took to speak of them upon all occasions.

The next instance I shall produce is Socrates<sup>3</sup>. First, it was a tradition, that he was of an uncommon birth from the rest of men : secondly, he had a countenance confessing the line he sprung from, being bald, flat-nosed, with prominent eyes, and a downward look : thirdly, he turned certain fables of Æsop into verse, probably out of his respect to beasts in general, and love to his family in particular.

In process of time the women, with whom these Sylvans would have lovingly cohabited, were either taught by mankind,

<sup>1</sup> Πάν Ἀραξ, Theocr. Id. i.

<sup>2</sup> Vit. Æsop. initio.

<sup>3</sup> Vid. Plato and Xenophon.

or induced by an abhorrence of their shapes, to shun their embraces; so that our sages were necessitated to mix with beasts. This by degrees occasioned the hair of their posterity to grow higher than their middles: it arose in one generation to their arms, in the second it invaded their necks, in the third it gained the ascendant of their heads, till the degenerate appearance, in which the species is now immersed, became completed. Though we must here observe, that there were a few who fell not under the common calamity; there being some unprejudiced women in every age, by virtue of whom a total extinction of the original race was prevented. It is remarkable also, that, even where they were mixed, the defection from their nature was not so entire, but there still appeared marvellous qualities among them, as was manifest in those who followed Alexander in India. How did they attend his army and survey his order! how did they cast themselves into the same form, for march or for combat! what an imitation was there of all his discipline! the ancient true remains of a warlike disposition, and of that constitution which they enjoyed while they were yet a monarchy.

To proceed to Italy: At the first appearance of these wild philosophers, there were some of the least mixed, who vouchsafed to converse with mankind; which is evident from the name of Fauns<sup>1</sup>, *a fando*, or speaking. Such was he, who, coming out of the woods in hatred to tyranny, encouraged the Roman army to proceed against the Etruscans, who would have restored Tarquin. But here, as in all the western parts of the world, there was a great and memorable era, in which they began to be silent. This we may place something near the time of Aristotle, when the number, vanity, and folly of human philosophers increased, by which men's heads became too much puzzled to receive the simpler wisdom of these ancient Sylvans; the questions of that academy were too numerous to be consistent with their ease to answer; and too intricate, extravagant, idle, or pernicious, to be any other than a derision and scorn unto them. From this period, if we ever hear of their giving answers, it is only when caught, bound, and constrained, in like manner as was that ancient Grecian prophet, Proteus.

Accordingly we read in Sylla's<sup>2</sup> time of such a philosopher

<sup>1</sup> Livy.

<sup>2</sup> Plutarch in Vit. Syllæ.



taken near Dyrrachium, who would not be persuaded to give them a lecture by all they could say to him, and only shewed his power in sounds by neighing like a horse.

But a more successful attempt was made in Augustus's reign by the inquisitive genius of the great Virgil; whom, together with Varus, the commentators suppose to have been the true persons, who are related in the sixth *Bucolic* to have caught a philosopher, and doubtless a genuine one, of the race of the old Silenus. To prevail upon him to be communicative (of the importance of which Virgil was well aware) they not only tied him fast, but allured him likewise by a courteous present of a comely maiden called *Ægle*, which made him sing both merrily and instructively. In this song we have their doctrine of the creation, the same in all probability as was taught so many ages before in the great Pygmæan empire, and several hieroglyphical fables under which they couched or embellished their morals. For which reason I look upon this *Bucolic* as an inestimable treasure of the most ancient science.

In the reign of Constantine we hear of another taken in a net, and brought to Alexandria, round whom the people flocked to hear his wisdom; but, as Ammianus Marcellinus reporteth, he proved a dumb philosopher; and only instructed by action.

The last we shall speak of, who seemeth to be of the true race, is said, by St. Jerome, to have met St. Anthony<sup>1</sup> in a desert, who inquiring the way of him, he shewed his understanding and courtesy by pointing, but would not answer, for he was a dumb philosopher also.

These are all the notices, which I am at present able to gather, of the appearance of so great and learned a people on your side of the world. But if we return to their ancient native seats, Africa and India, we shall there find, even in modern times, many traces of their original conduct and valour.

In Africa (as we read among the indefatigable Mr. Purchas's collections) a body of them, whose leader was inflamed with love for a woman, by martial power and stratagem won a fort from the Portuguese.

But I must leave all others at present, to celebrate the praise of two of their unparalleled monarchs in India. The one was Perimal the magnificent, a prince most learned and communicative, to whom, in Malabar, their excess of zeal dedicated

<sup>1</sup> Vit. St. Ant.

a temple, raised on seven hundred pillars not inferior in Maffæus's<sup>1</sup> opinion to those of Agrippa in the Pantheon; the other, Hanimant the marvellous, his relation and successor, whose knowledge was so great, as made his followers doubt if even that wise species could arrive at such perfection; and therefore they rather imagined him and his race a sort of gods formed into apes. His was the tooth which the Portuguese took in Bisnagar, 1559, for which the Indians offered, according to Linschotten<sup>2</sup>, the immense sum of seven hundred thousand ducats. Nor let me quit this head without mentioning, with all due respect, Oran Outang the great, the last of this line; whose unhappy chance it was to fall into the hands of Europeans. Oran Outang, whose value was not known to us, for he was a mute philosopher: Oran Outang, by whose dissection the learned Dr. Tyson<sup>3</sup> has added a confirmation to this system, from the resemblance between the *homo sylvestris* and our human body, in those organs by which the rational soul is exerted.

We must now descend to consider this people as sunk into the *bruta natura* by their continual commerce with beasts. Yet, even at this time, what experiments do they not afford us, of relieving some from the spleen, and others from imposthumes, by occasioning laughter at proper seasons? with what readiness do they enter into the imitation of whatever is remarkable in human life? and what surprising relations have Le Comte<sup>4</sup> and others given of their appetites, actions, conceptions, affections, varieties of imaginations, and abilities capable of pursuing them? If under their present low circumstances of birth and breeding, and in so short a term of life as is now allotted them, they so far exceed all beasts, and equal many men; what prodigies may we not conceive of those, who were *nati melioribus annis*, those primitive, longeval, and antediluvian man-tigers, who first taught science to the world?

This account, which is entirely my own, I am proud to imagine has traced knowledge from a fountain correspondent to several opinions of the ancients, though hitherto undiscovered both by them and the more ingenious moderns. And now what shall I say to mankind in the thought of this great discovery? what, but that they should abate of their pride, and

<sup>1</sup> Maff. l. i.

<sup>2</sup> Linschot. ch. 44.

<sup>3</sup> Dr. Tyson's 'Anatomy of a Pyg-mie compared with that of a Mon-

key, Ape, or Man,' 1699.

<sup>4</sup> Father Le Comte, a Jesuit, in the account of his travels.

consider that the authors of our knowledge are among the beasts. That these, who were our elder brothers, by a day, in the creation, whose kingdom (like that in the scheme of Plato) was governed by philosophers, who flourished with learning in Æthiopia and India, are now undistinguished, and known only by the same appellation as the man-tiger, and the monkey!

As to speech, I make no question that there are remains of the first and less corrupted race in their native deserts, who yet have the power of it. But the vulgar reason given by the Spaniards, 'that they will not speak for fear of being set to work,' is alone a sufficient one, considering how exceedingly all other learned persons affect their ease. A second is, that these observant creatures, having been eye-witnesses of the cruelty with which that nation treated their brother Indians, find it necessary not to show themselves to be men, that they may be protected not only from work, but from cruelty also. Thirdly, they could at best take no delight to converse with the Spaniards, whose grave and sullen temper is so averse to that natural and open cheerfulness, which is generally observed to accompany all true knowledge.

But now were it possible that any way could be found to draw forth their latent qualities, I cannot but think it would be highly serviceable to the learned world both in respect of recovering past knowledge, and promoting the future. Might there not be found certain gentle and artful methods, whereby to endear us to them? Is there no nation in the world, whose natural turn is adapted to engage their society, and win them by a sweet similitude of manners? Is there no nation, where the men might allure them by a distinguishing civility, and in a manner fascinate them by assimilated motions? no nation, where the women with easy freedoms, and the gentlest treatment, might oblige the loving creatures to sensible returns of humanity? The love I bear to my native country prompts me to wish this nation might be Great Britain; but alas! in our present wretched, divided condition, how can we hope that foreigners of so great prudence will freely declare their sentiments in the midst of violent parties, and at so vast a distance from their friends, relations, and country? The affection I bear our neighbour-state, would incline me to wish it were Holland — *Sed levâ in parte mamillæ Nil salit Arcadico.* It is from France then we must expect this restoration of learning, whose

late monarch took the sciences under his protection, and raised them to so great a height. May we not hope their emissaries will some time or other have instructions, not only to invite learned men into their country, but learned beasts, the true ancient man-tigers, I mean, of Æthiopia and India? Might not the talents of each kind of these be adapted to the improvement of the several sciences? The man-tigers to instruct heroes, statesmen, and scholars; baboons to teach ceremony and address to courtiers; monkeys, the art of pleasing in conversation, and agreeable affectations to ladies and their lovers; apes of less learning, to form comedians and dancing-masters; and marmosets, court pages and young English travellers? But the distinguishing each kind, and allotting the proper business to each, I leave to the inquisitive and penetrating genius of the Jesuits in their respective missions.

*Vale & frue.*

# VIRGILIUS RESTAURATUS:

SEU

MARTINI SCRIBLERI,

Summi Critici,

CASTIGATIONUM IN AENEIDEM

## SPECIMEN<sup>1</sup>.

AENEIDEM totam, amice lector, innumerabilibus poene mendis scaturientem, ad pristinum sensum revocabimus. In singulis fere versibus spuriae occurrunt lectiones, in omnibus quos unquam vidi codicibus, aut vulgatis aut ineditis, ad opprobrium usque criticorum, in hunc diem existentes. Interea adverte oculos, et his paucis fruiere. At si quae sint in hisce castigationibus de quibus non satis liquet syllabarum quantitates, *προλεγόμενα* nostra libro ipsi praefigenda, ut consulas, moneo.

### I. SPECIMEN LIBRI PRIMI, VER. I.

Arma Virumque cano, Trojae qui primus ab *oris*  
Italiam, *fato* profugus, *Lavinaque* venit  
Littora. Multum ille et terris *jactatus* et alto,  
Vi superùm—

Arma Virumque cano, Trojae qui primus ab *aris*  
Italiam, *flatu* profugus, *Latinaque* venit  
Littora. Multum ille et terris *vexatus*, et alto,  
Vi superùm—

Ab *aris*, nempe Hercaci Jovis, vide lib. ii. ver. 512, 550.—*flatu* ventorum Aeoli, ut sequitur.—*Latina* certe littora cum Aeneas aderat, *Lavina* non nisi postea ab ipso nominata, lib. xii. ver. 193.—*jactatus terris* non convenit.

<sup>1</sup> See pages 59, 121.

## II. VER. 52.

Et quisquis *numen Junonis* adoret?

Et quisquis *nomen Junonis* adoret?

Longe melius, quam, ut antea, *numen*, et procul dubio sic Virgilius.

## III. VER. 86.

Venti, velut *agmine facto*,

Qua data porta ruunt—

Venti, velut *aggere fracto*,

Qua data porta ruunt—

Sic corrige, meo periculo.

## IV. VER. 117.

*Fidumque* vehebat *Orontem*.

*Fortemque* vehebat *Orontem*.

Non *fidum*, quia Epitheton Achatae notissimum *Oronti* nunquam datur.

## V. VER. 119.

Excutitur, pronusque *magister*

Volvitur in caput—

Excutitur: pronusque *magis ter*

Volvitur in caput—

Aio Virgilium aliter non scripsisse, quod plane confirmatur ex sequentibus—*Ast illum ter fluctus ibidem torquet*.

## VI. VER. 122.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto

*Arma virum*—

*Armi hominum*: ridicule antea *arma virum*, quae, ex ferro conflata, quomodo possunt natare?

## VII. VER. 151.

Atque rotis *summas* leviter perlabitur *undas*.

Atque rotis *spumas* leviter perlabitur *udas*.

*Summas, et leviter perlabi*, pleonasmus est: mirifice altera lectio Neptuni agilitatem et celeritatem exprimit; simili modo noster de Camilla, Aen. xi.

Illa vel intactae segetis per summa volaret, &c. hyperbolice.

## VIII. VER. 154.

Jamque *foces* et saxa volant, *furor arma ministrat*.

Jam *fucces* et saxa volant, *fugiuntque ministri*:

uti solent, instanti periculo.—*Faeces facibus* longe praestant, quid enim nisi faeces jactarent vulgus sordidum?

## IX. VER. 170.

Fronte sub adversa *scopulis pendentibus* antrum,  
Intus aquae dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo.

Fronte sub adversa *populis prandentibus* antrum.

Sic malim, longe potius quam *scopulis pendentibus*: nugae! nonne vides versu sequenti dulces aquas ad potandum et sedilia ad discumbendum dari? in quorum usum? quippe *prandentium*.

## X. VER. 188.

Tres littore *corvos*  
*Prospicit* errantes: hos *tota armenta* sequuntur

A tergo—

Tres littore *corvos*  
*Aspicit* errantes: hos *agmina tota* sequuntur

A tergo—

*Cervi*, lectio vulgata, absurditas notissima: haec animalia in Africa non inventa, quis nescit? at motus et ambulandi ritus *corvorum*, quis non agnovit hoc loco? Littore, locus ubi errant corvi, uti noster alibi,

Et sola in sicca secum spatiatur arena.

Omen praeclarissimum, immo et *agminibus militum* frequenter observatum, ut patet ex historicis.

## XI. VER. 748.

Arcturum, pluviasque Hyades, *geminosque Triones*.  
Error gravissimus. Corrigo,—*septemque Triones*.

## XII. VER. 631.

Quare agite, O juvenes, *tectis* succedite nostris.

*Lectis* potius dicebat Dido, polita magis oratione, et quae unica voce et torum et mensam exprimebat: hanc lectionem probe confirmat appellatio *O juvenes!* Duplicem hunc sensum alibi etiam Maro lepide innuit, Aen. iv. ver. 19.

Huic uni forsán potui succumbere *culpae*:

Anna! fatebor enim—

Sic corriges,

*Huic uni* [viro scil.] forsán potui succumbere; *culpas?*

Anna! fatebor enim, etc.

Vox *succumbere* quam eleganter ambigua!

## LIBER SECUNDUS, VER. I.

*Conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebant ;  
Inde toro pater Aeneas sic orsus ab alto.*

*Concubuerunt omnes, intenteque ora tenebant ;  
Inde toro satur Aeneas sic orsus ab alto.*

*Concubuerunt*, quia toro Aeneam vidimus accumbentem : quin et altera ratio, scil. *conticuere et ora tenebant*, tautologice dictum. In manuscripto perquam rarissimo in patris museo, legitur, *ore gemebant* ; sed magis ingeniose quam vere. *Satur* Aeneas, quippe qui janjam a prandio surrexit : *pater* nihil ad rem.

## II. VER. 3.

*Infandum*, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.

*Infantum*, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.

Sic haud dubito veterimis codicibus scriptum fuisse : quod satis constat ex perantiqua illa Britannorum cantilena vocata *Chery Chace*, cujus auctor hunc locum sibi ascivit in haec verba,

The child may rue that is unborn.

## III. VER. 4.

Trojanas ut *opes*, et lamentabile regnum  
*Eruerint* Danaï.

Trojanas ut *oves* et lamentabile regnum  
*Diruerint*.

Mallem *oves* potius quam *opes*, quoniam in antiquissimis illis temporibus oves et armenta divitiae regum fuere. Vel fortasse *oves Paridis* innuit, quas super Idam nuperrime pascebat, et jam in vindictam pro Helenae raptu, a Menelao, Ajace, [vid. Hor. Sat. ii. 3.] aliisque ducibus, merito occisas.

## IV. VER. 5.

Quaeque ipse *miserrima vidi*,  
Et quorum pars magna fui.

Quaeque ipse *miserrimus audi*,  
Et quorum pars magna fui—

Omnia tam *audita* quam *visa* recta distinctione enarrare hic Aeneas profitetur : multa, quorum nox ea fatalis sola conscia fuit, vir probus et pius tanquam *visa* referre non potuit.



## V. VER. 7.

Quis talia *fundo*  
Temperet a lacrymis?

Quis talia *flendo*  
Temperet in lacrymis?

Major enim doloris indicatio, absque modo lacrymare, quam solummodo a lacrymis non temperare.

## VI. VER. 9.

Et jam nox *humida* coelo  
Praecipitat, suadentque *cadentia* sydera somnos.

Et jam nox *lumina* coelo  
Praecipitat, suadentque *latentia* sydera somnos.

Lectio, *humida*, vespertinum rorem solum innuere videtur: magis mi arridet *lumina*, quae *latentia* postquam praecipitantur, Aurorae adventum annunciant.

Sed si tantus amor *casus* cognoscere *nostros*,  
Et *breviter* Trojae *supremum* audire *laborem*.

Sed si tantus amor *curas* cognoscere *noctis*,  
Et *brevè ter* Trojae *superùmque* audire *labores*.

*Curae noctis* (scilicet noctis excidii Trojani) magis compendiose (vel, ut dixit ipse, *breviter*) totam belli catastrophen denotat, quam diffusa illa et indeterminata lectio, *casus nostros*. *Ter* audire gratum fuisse Didoni, patet ex libro quarto, ubi dicitur, *Iliacosque* iterum *demens audire labores exposcit*: *Ter* enim pro *saepe* usurpatur. *Trojae, superùmque labores*, recte, quia non tantum homines sed et Dii sese his laboribus immiscuerunt. Vide Aen. ii. ver. 610, etc.

Quanquam animus meminisse horret, *luctuque* *refugit*,

Incipiam.—

Quanquam animus meminisse horret, *luctusque* *resurgit*.

*Resurgit* multo proprius dolorem renascentem notat, quam, ut hactenus, *refugit*.

## VII. VER. 19.

*Fracti* bello, fatisque repulsi  
Ductores Danaum, tot jam labentibus annis,  
Instar montis Equum, divina Palladis arte,  
Aedificant—etc.

*Tracti* bello, fatisque repulsi  
*Tracti* et *repulsi*, antithesis perpulchra! *Fracti*, frigide  
 et vulgaritèr.

*Equum* jam Trojanum (ut vulgus loquitur) adeamus: quem si *equam Graccam* vocabis, lector, minime pecces: Solae enim femellae utero gestant. Uterumque *armato milite complent*—Uteroque *recusso Insonuere cauae*—*Atque* utero *sonitum quater arma dedere*—*Inclusos* utero *Danaos*, etc. *Vox foeta* non convenit maribus,—*Scandit fatalis machina muros*, *Foeta armis*.—Palladem virginem, equo mari fabricando invigilare decuisse, quis putat? incredibile prorsus! Quamobrem existimo veram *equae* lectionem passim restituendam, nisi ubi forte, metri caussa, *equum* potius quam *equam*, *genus* pro *sexu*, dixit Maro. Vale! dum haec paucula corriges, majus opus moveo.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE MAYOR AND ALDERMEN OF THE  
CITY OF LONDON.

THE HUMBLE PETITION

OF THE

COLLIERS, COOKS, COOK-MAIDS, BLACKSMITHS,  
JACKMAKERS, BRAZIERS AND OTHERS<sup>1</sup>,

SHEWETH,

That whereas certain *virtuosi* disaffected to the government, and to the trade and prosperity of this kingdom, taking upon them the name and title of the CATOPTICAL VICTUALLERS, have presumed by gathering, breaking, folding, and bundling up the sunbeams by the help of certain glasses, to make, produce, and kindle up several new focuses or fires within these his Majesty's dominions, and thereby to boil, bake, stew, fry, and dress all sorts of victuals and provisions, to brew, distil spirits, smelt cre, and in general to perform all the offices of culinary fires, and are endeavouring to procure to themselves the monopoly of this their said invention, We beg leave humbly to represent to your honours,

That such grant or patent will utterly ruin and reduce to beggary your petitioners, their wives, children, servants, and trades on them depending; there being nothing left to them, after the said invention, but warming of cellars and dressing of suppers in the winter time. That the abolishing so considerable a branch of the coasting trade as that of the colliers, will destroy the navigation of this kingdom. That whereas the said catoptrical victuallers talk of making use of

<sup>1</sup> Published in 1716. See page 88.

the moon by night, as of the sun by day, they will utterly ruin the numerous body of tallow-chandlers, and impair a very considerable branch of the revenue, which arises from the tax upon tallow and candles.

That the said catoptrical victuallers do profane the emanations of that glorious luminary the sun, which is appointed to rule the day, and not to roast mutton. And we humbly conceive it will be found contrary to the known laws of this kingdom to confine, forestall, and monopolize the beams of the sun. And whereas the said catoptrical victuallers have undertaken by burning-glasses made of ice to roast an ox upon the Thames next winter, we conceive all such practices to be an encroachment upon the rights and privileges of the company of watermen.

That the diversity of exposition of the several kitchens in this great city, whereby some receive the rays of the sun sooner, and others later, will occasion great irregularity as to the time of dining of the several inhabitants, and consequently great uncertainty and confusion in the despatch of business : and to those, who by reason of their northern exposition will be still forced to be at the expenses of culinary fires, it will reduce the price of their manufacture to such inequality, as is inconsistent with common justice : and the same inconveniency will affect landlords in the value of their rents.

That the use of the said glasses will oblige cooks and cook-maids to study optics and astronomy, in order to know the due distances of the said focuses or fires, and to adjust the position of their glasses to the several altitudes of the sun, varying according to the hours of the day, and the seasons of the year ; which studies, at these years, will be highly troublesome to the said cooks and cook-maids, not to say anything of the utter incapacity of some of them to go through with such difficult arts ; or (which is still a greater inconvenience) it will throw the whole art of cookery into the hands of astronomers and glass-grinders, persons utterly unskilled in other parts of that profession, to the great detriment of the health of his Majesty's good subjects.

That it is known by experience, that meat roasted with sunbeams is extremely unwholesome ; witness several that have died suddenly after eating the provisions of the said catoptrical victuallers ; forasmuch as the sunbeams taken inwardly render

the humours too hot and adust, occasion great sweatings, and dry up the rectual moisture.

That sunbeams taken inwardly shed a malignant influence upon the brain by their natural tendency towards the moon ; and produce madness and distraction at the time of the full moon. That the constant use of so great quantities of this inward light will occasion the growth of Quakerism to the danger of the Church, and of poetry to the danger of the State.

That the influences of the constellations, through which the sun passes, will with his beams be conveyed into the blood ; and, when the sun is among the horned signs, may produce such a spirit of unchastity as is dangerous to the honour of your worships' families.

That, mankind living much upon the seeds and other parts of plants, these, being impregnated with the sunbeams, may vegetate and grow in the bowels ; a thing of more dangerous consequence to human bodies than breeding of worms ; and this will fall heaviest upon the poor, who live upon roots, and the weak and sickly, who live upon barley and rice-gruel, &c., for which we are ready to produce to your honours the opinions of eminent physieians ; and the taste and property of the victuals is much altered to the worse by the said solar cookery, the fricassees being deprived of the *haut goût* they acquire by being dressed over charcoal.

Lastly, should it happen by an eclipse of an extraordinary length that this city should be deprived of the sunbeams for several months, how will his Majesty's subjects subsist in the interim, when common cookery, with the arts depending upon it, is totally lost ?

In consideration of these, and many other inconveniences, your petitioners humbly pray that your honours would either totally prohibit the confining and manufacturing the sunbeams for any of the useful purposes of life, or in the ensuing parliament procure a tax to be laid upon them, which may answer both the duty and price of coals, and which we humbly conceive cannot be less than thirty shillings per yard square, reserving the sole right and privilege of the catoptrical cookery to the Royal Society, and to the commanders and crew of the bomb-vessels, under the direction of Mr. Whiston for

finding out the longitude<sup>1</sup>, who, by reason of the remoteness of their stations, may be reduced to straits for want of firing.

And we likewise beg that your honours, as to the forementioned points, would hear the Reverend Mr. Flamsteed<sup>2</sup>, who is the legal officer appointed by the government to look after the heavenly luminaries, whom we have constituted our trusty and learned solicitor.

<sup>1</sup> See pages 67, 71-3.

<sup>2</sup> See pages 36-7.

# REASONS

HUMBLY OFFERED BY

THE COMPANY EXERCISING THE TRADE AND  
MYSTERY OF UPHOLDERS,

AGAINST PART OF THE BILL FOR THE BETTER VIEWING,  
SEARCHING, AND EXAMINING DRUGS,  
MEDICINES, &c., 1724<sup>1</sup>.

BEING called upon by several retailers and dispensers of drugs and medicines about town, to use our endeavours against the bill now depending for viewing, &c., in regard of our common interest, and in gratitude to the said retailers and dispensers of medicines, which we have always found to be very effectual, we presume to lay the following reasons before the public against the said bill.

That the Company of Upholders are far from being averse to the giving of drugs and medicines in general, provided they may be of such qualities as we require, and administered by such persons, in whom our Company justly repose the greatest confidence; and provided they tend to the encouragement of trade, and the consumption of the woollen manufacture<sup>2</sup> of this kingdom.

We beg leave to observe, that there hath been no complaint from any of the nobility, gentry, and citizens whom we have attended; our practice, which consists chiefly in outward applications, having been always so effectual, that none of our patients have been obliged to undergo a second operation, excepting one gentlewoman, who, after her first burial, having burthened her husband with a new brood of posthumous children, her second funeral was by us performed without any

<sup>1</sup> In the year 1724 the physicians made application to parliament to prevent apothecaries dispensing medicine without the prescription of a physician: during which this tract was dispersed in the Court of

Requests. See page 107.

<sup>2</sup> An Act of 1678 obliged the dead to be buried in woollen, to protect homespun goods against foreign linen.

further charges to the said husband of the deceased. And we humbly hope that one single instance of this kind, a misfortune owing merely to the avarice of a sexton in cutting off a ring, will not be imputed to any want of skill or care in our Company.

We humbly conceive that the power by this bill lodged in the Censors of the College of Physicians to restrain any of his Majesty's subjects from dispensing, and well-disposed persons from taking what medicines they please, is a manifest encroachment on the liberty and property of the subject.

As the Company exercising the trade and mystery of Upholders have an undisputed right in and upon the bodies of all and every the subjects of the kingdom, we conceive the passing of this bill, though not absolutely depriving them of their said right, might keep them out of possession by unreasonable delays, to the great detriment of our company and their numerous families.

We hope it will be considered, that there are multitudes of necessitous heirs and penurious parents, persons in pinching circumstances with numerous families of children, wives that have lived long, many robust aged women with great jointures, elder brothers with bad understandings, single heirs of great estates, whereby the collateral line are for ever excluded, reversionary patents, and reversionary promises of preferments, leases upon single lives, and play-debts upon joint lives, and that the persons so aggrieved have no hope of being speedily relieved any other way than by the dispensing of drugs and medicines in the manner they now are ; burying alive being judged repugnant to the known laws of this kingdom.

That there are many of the deceased, who by certain mechanical motions and powers are carried about town, who would have been put into our hands long before this time by any other well-ordered government : by want of a due police in this particular our Company have been great sufferers.

That frequent funerals contribute to preserve the genealogies of families, and the honours conferred by the crown, which are no where so well illustrated as on this solemn occasion ; to maintain necessitous clergy ; to enable the clerks to appear in decent habits to officiate on Sundays ; to feed the great retinue of sober and melancholy men, who appear at the said funerals, and who must starve without constant and regular



employment. Moreover we desire it may be remembered that by the passing of this bill the nobility and gentry will have their old coaches lie upon their hands, which are now employed by our Company.

And we further hope that frequent funerals will not be discouraged, as is by this bill proposed, it being the only method left of carrying some people to church.

We are afraid that by the hardships of this bill our Company will be reduced to leave their business here, and practise at York and Bristol, where the free use of bad medicines will still be allowed.

It is therefore hoped that no specious pretence whatsoever will be thought sufficient to introduce an arbitrary and unlimited power for people to live (in defiance of art) as long as they can by the course of nature, to the prejudice of our Company, and the decay of trade.

That as our Company are like to suffer in some measure by the power given to physicians to dissect the bodies of malefactors, we humbly hope that the manufacture of cases for skeletons will be reserved solely to the coffin-makers.

We likewise humbly presume that the interests of the several trades and professions which depend upon ours may be regarded ; such as that of hearses, coaches, coffins, epitaphs, and bell-ropes, stone-cutters, feather-men, and bell-ringers ; and especially the manufacturers of crapes, and the makers of snuff, who use great quantities of old coffins, and who, considered in the consumption of their drugs, employ by far the greatest number of hands of any manufacture of the kingdom.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF  
MR. JOHN GINGLICUTT'S TREATISE  
CONCERNING THE  
ALTERCATION OR SCOLDING OF THE ANCIENTS.  
BY THE AUTHOR<sup>1</sup>.

I WAS born near the Monument of that dreadful fire which consumed this august city, where my mother, Mrs. Judith Ginglicutt, being soon after my birth left a widow, has continued to sell some fishes of the testaceous kind, which exert their stimulating quality on the constitutions of such as eat them, and in the discourse of such as vend them. My mother, by an assiduous and honest traffic in the aforesaid commodity, acquired wherewith, not only to maintain, but liberally to educate me, her only child.

When I became thoroughly acquainted with the Greek and Roman authors, I thought it incumbent upon me to do something towards the honour of the place of my nativity, and to vindicate the rhetoric of this ancient forum of our metropolis from the aspersions of the illiterate, by composing a Treatise of the Altercation of the Ancients; wherein I have demonstrated that the purity, sincerity, and simplicity of their diction is no where so well preserved as amongst my neighbourhood.

The word altercation, which properly signifies debating, has likewise been translated scolding; therefore, complying with modern barbarity, I have taken it in the most extensive sense.

I propose publishing this my treatise by subscription; the reasons which have induced me to do it at this time are, first, to rectify a general mistake of the moderns, who find fault

<sup>1</sup> Published in 1731. See pages 132-3.

with the acute style of the present political disputations. Secondly, to administer comfort unto such as think themselves abused on either side, by shewing that calling of names is true Greek and Roman eloquence, and bearing such appellations is Greek and Roman virtue. Thirdly, to dissipate the fears of some well-meaning people, who think our liberty in danger, which is impossible, as long as this truly ancient and polite rhetoric subsists, which is both the symptom and cause of public liberty. Fourthly, to assist the promising geniuses which are daily rising in my native country.

The mistake of people who censure the plain appellations and epithets which the political antagonists on each side bestow on their adversaries proceeds from two causes; the first is the not sufficiently distinguishing between propriety and truth of speech. Propriety of language is when an author maketh use of the expression which is most apposite to his own idea, but doth not suppose the idea to be either absolutely true or false: thus he who thinks, and calls his adversary a rogue, certainly speaks properly, though perhaps not truly; those terms of oburgation which so offend the moderns, are only short and significant words to express a complex idea. Thus tell a modern, 'Sir, you have often deceived me,' it would only put him upon his own vindication; but if you call him a cheat, you run the risk of a drubbing: and pray what should make so wide a difference between a circumlocution and a noun-substantive, which both express the same thing? The second cause of this general mistake, is ignorance of the languages and manners of purest antiquity, wherein this opprobrious language (so much censured nowadays) was quite familiar, as I have showed through the whole body of my work. In the first chapter I have settled the notion of the term barbarous, which was constantly applied to every thing that was not Greek or Roman, and ought still to retain the same signification; in consequence of which, I have proved that the ceremonious, humble, low manner of speech and address of the moderns, their pompous titles of honour, coats of arms, and all the jargon of heraldry and chivalry, are gothic and barbarous, introduced by the fall of the republics of Greece and Rome. Did ever a citizen of any of those republics say to his equal or superior, 'your devoted slave'? On the contrary, the dialect of those republics, where they call things by

their plain names, is quite polite, as the other is unclassical and barbarous. Polite and civil, the first a Greek, the second a Latin word, signify what is customary in a well-ordered city, or commonwealth; and though the ignorant may be forgiven, it is quite scandalous in men of a liberal education, to find fault with calling of names in public papers and harangues, and much more so, to make them the subjects of quarrels, which every body knows is gothic. In my first chapter, I settle the original right of this sort of altercation, which is most indefeasible and unlimited in the female sex amongst all ranks and degrees, except between old and young women; the latter being supposed to want the protection and benevolent assistance of the former. Secondly, that there is no mutual right of altercation between different sexes, except in the matrimonial state. Thirdly, that the right of altercation subsists between personages of equal rank, gods, goddesses, monarchs, generals, and public orators; likewise between republican orators and monarchs. Fourthly, between the people of free governments and their magistrates; but not between monarchs and their individual subjects. I have shown that antiquity abounds with examples of all those kinds.

Homer has given us a very pompous and decent representation of the altercation of the divinities in a full assembly: Juno tells Jupiter, that he was quite insufferable, surly and reserved as to her; though that hussy, Venus, would get it out of him. Jupiter as sharply rebukes her for her curiosity, and at last threatens her with a little corporal correction; and which is most strange, poor Vulcan the blacksmith seems to be the only civil person in the whole assembly, (according to the modern notion of civility) for he speaks to his mother not to disturb good company. Another time, when Juno was reproaching Jupiter for being hard-hearted to her, in not letting her get her will of the Trojans, he tells her politely, 'I wish you had Priamus and all his children raw in your guts.' Neptune rails at his brother Jupiter most bitterly; 'Let him,' quoth he, 'govern his own bastards, and not meddle out of his province.' What a terrible scuffle amongst those deities, when Jupiter gave them leave each to act according to his own inclination in the Trojan War! What scolding, kicking, tripping up of heels! Minerva calls Mars a blockhead, &c. — Apollo calls Neptune a fool, &c. — Jupiter all the

while shaking his sides with laughter, well judging that it was necessary to give the divinities proper opportunities to vent their spleen at each other; nor does it appear that there was ever any offence taken at words.

In this chapter, for the benefit of the ladies, I have made a collection of epithets in use amongst the divinities, proper on parallel occasions; for sure no person of quality can think herself abused in the language of the goddesses?

Homer, according to his usual propriety of manners and sentiments, introduceth his heroes talking in the same dialect. Achilles, the first word, calls Agamemnon covetous, impudent, cunning fox, Volpone, as you might say, (which I have observed, has always been a fatal word for raising sedition) dog-eyed, deer-hearted, drunken sot. Agamemnon answers very sharply, 'be gone with your Myrmidons, I will take your wench from you in spite of your teeth.' The poet imagined no less than three scolding bouts necessary to support this episode, and makes Jupiter approve of the termagant spirit of Achilles on all these occasions. Hector, without any offence, chides his brother Paris, (who by the way wanted not courage) for being too handsome, well dressed, and a favourite of the ladies, &c. Ulysses rebukes Agamemnon most sharply for proposing a retreat, and Agamemnon thanks him for it.

This laudable right of objurgation descended to the heroes of latter times, which they used with great freedom in terms which, for time immemorial, have been in fashion in the place of my nativity.

Philip, King of Macedon, asserted this right of scolding as a conqueror, after the Battle of Cheronæa, indulged his joy for the victory by getting extremely drunk, dancing all night in the field of battle, and going from rank to rank calling his prisoners names; Damades, one of them, with the same decent freedom, told Philip, that he acted the part of Thersites, rather than that of Agamemnon. Philip, sensible that his prisoner might still use his tongue, which was not disarmed, was highly delighted with the smartness of the repartee, and for the sake of this *bon mot* dismissed the prisoners without ransom, though by the way, there was not so much in it, for Agamemnon was both a great scold and a great captain.

When polite learning revived in this part of the world, about the time of Charles the Fifth and Francis the First, both

those monarchs asserted their right of altercation: the lie was given, but though the language was quite polite, the challenge was gothic. There has been an instance of the same nature in our own days, and I was quite ashamed to see men of polite literature censure the proceeding.

I have likewise collected many of the polite compliments of republican ambassadors and orators to monarchs: that of Demochares the Athenian ambassador, who, when King Philip asked him and his colleagues if there was any thing in which he could serve them, smartly replied, 'go hang yourself, that is the greatest service you can do us': and indeed, though it sounds uncouth to a modern ear, it was the greatest compliment he could make; for it was as much as to say, you must be the terror of the Athenians as long as you live.

King Philip honoured Demosthenes with the title of the rampart of Athens, (an appellation superior to any yet bestowed upon our *Craftsman*) and yet Demosthenes was so far from being corrupted by his compliment, that he continued to exercise the rights of his function with his usual politeness and frankness. The epithets he bestows upon Philip are perfidious, perjured, barbarous usurper; a cheat; wickedness in the abstract; a wretched Macedonian, born in a corner of the world where one could not so much as purchase a good slave; that his court (no doubt a very polite one) was composed of parasites, prostitutes, robbers, bardashes, good-for-nothing rascals, Athenian exiles, mountebanks, pantomimes, harlequins, ballad-makers that revelled and danced after an obscene manner; that Philip himself was what we call a sodomite, that his son Alexander was an idiot, &c. As for the *jus altercationis*, the mutual right of scolding amongst publick orators, Demosthenes was so far from giving it up, or complaining of it, that he only reprimands the orators on the other side for making their exordiums of calling names too long, and not coming sooner to their motion. He distinguisheth judiciously between accusation and invective; the first being the allegation of a crime punishable by law, and the last, some loose reflections which people, in the heat of discourse, thought incumbent upon them to make upon their antagonists. Eschines calls heaven and earth to witness, that none of the rogues and wizards of former times ever come up to the villany of Demosthenes; he reproaches him for taking a box

on the ear, and compounding it for thirty marks ; that he was a coward, and run away at the Battle of Cheronæa ; he calls him wild beast, iron-head, and tells him that his grandfather was a banished felon, his mother a barbarous Seythian, and himself a pitiful attorney that took money on both sides ; a hangman that had murdered his landlord, &c. Demosthenes returns his compliments with 'cheat, disgrace of human nature, a poor scrivener's clerk, pettifogger, cesspool of vice, how should you have any learning? was not your father Elpias's slave, and your mother a common strumpet, till she had the happiness to be kept by a hautboy, and was afterwards known by the name of the old witch? You pitiful slave of a poor schoolmaster, where all your employment was sweeping the school, because you are used to drubbing yourself ; poor wretched stroller, you call me coward, forsooth, because I am not inured to such dangers : if it was not for fear of offending against good manners (for which I am noted) I would use you as you deserve, you impudent wretch.' By good manners here, is meant sincerity, in opposition to what we call compliments, which would have been deemed an abuse.

The orators exercised the same jurisdiction over their audience. Demosthenes twits the Athenians often with the simplicity of the manners of their ancestors ; calls them a parcel of lazy drones, framers of votes and resolutions, news-mongers, timeservers, spendthrifts, ragamuffins, who would do any thing for money to spend in their diversions. There is nothing gives a stronger idea of the politeness of the ancient altercation compared with the modern forms of civility, than French translations ; that of a very learned person skilled in both languages runs thus, 'Messieurs (gentlemen) you are a pack of scoundrels.'

What relates to our present circumstances are speeches against incendiaries, and against ministers, of both which I have made a choice collection out of that Roman orator Tully. I hope the incendiaries will not disdain the polite treatment of Catiline and company, of being the dregs, the jakes, the sink, the common sewer of the republic. Nor the other side that of Verres, L. Piso, or Anthony, men of the highest dignity. I take Verres, (the subject of a whole volume of orations) to have been much such a man as a Governor of one of our plantations or factories, who, one may say, did not

go over to learn the language; a lover of fine painting, statues, &c.; what one would nowadays call a fine gentleman, very avaricious because expensive. Tully, who certainly knew the rules of decorum better than any man of his time, apostrophizeth this fine gentleman in the usual terms of Art, wicked fellow, thief, robber, prevaricator, traitor, whore-master, impudent, mad, audacious fellow, monster, prodigy of wickedness. When he allows a neutrality, in not attacking him on some of his vices, it is only to save the honour and reputation of families whose wives and daughters he had debauched, and the amours of his youth, because of their turpitude; he tells him that the villainies of all the condemned criminals in the world could not equal the smallest part of his guilt. He goes on with a description of his youth spent in rioting, whoring, and drinking. What a work doth he make with the spiriting away a fiddler? There is not a town in which he had not a whore, a picture, or a statue. A great part of some of the orations seem to be a particular of his estate and household-goods. There is hardly a vessel, candlestick, picture, lamp, statue, carpet, &c. a bribe received, or a present given, but is mentioned by our orator. Why so many pots of honey? Why so many beds? . . .

Then he falls upon his person, and calls his audience to observe the impudence of his looks; tells you how he became the favourite of all the porters, footmen, and chambermaids: not contented with his censure of the gentleman himself, he falls upon his friends, acquaintance and company, particularly a poor fellow, one Corbo that was dead, whom he calls all to naught. Then he tells the judges, that they had now an opportunity to clear themselves with the people from the infamy with which their whole order was charged, and yet he was not called to the bar, being before men of taste and judgment, who understood the sacred inviolable right of liberty of speech. What a polite, noble, plain bluntness reigns through all those orations? who could take it ill to be corrected in such well-chosen epithets, and well-turned periods?

His oration on L. Piso, I think, far exceeds those upon Verres; in those genuine flowers of ancient rhetoric, it is much to be regretted that some of the first sentences are wanting; however it begins bluntly enough. 'Beast, don't you see how the audience is offended at your impudent coun-



tenance?' Then goes on with a description of his complexion, beard, rotten teeth, brazen face, stupidity, impediment of speech. The orator, after having done himself justice, and expatiated upon his own extraordinary merits, tells him, that instead of consul, he was the tomb, the funeral-pile of the common-wealth. 'Thou hangman, thou temple-robber, thou clod of earth; from what brothel did thou come up in pattens (*soleatus*) muffled up, with thy breath smelling of the stews?' It seems the great subject of quarrel was, L. Piso having ordered the senate to leave off their mourning for Tully, when he was in distress; he tells him, 'you answered, forsooth, with one eye-brow turned up to your forehead, and the other depressed to your chin, that you did not love cruelty; you did not love cruelty, you kennel-raker, you gibbet-carrier; you a consul, issuing out of a dark cellar with a dancing wench; you forbid the people to mourn for me; could one have any assistance from thee, thou beast, lump of rotten flesh, block, trunk, madman, fool? When thy colleague's house rung with riot, and noise, and dancing, thou wast weltering (like one of the Lapithæ) in thy own spew; so that no body could tell whether thou drank, vomited, or . . . most.' If I remember right, our orator, in one of his philippics, describes much such another evacuation of Anthony in the forum, tells him how he vomited, where it was a shame for a *magister equitum*, captain-general of the horse, to belch. It is much to be regretted, that our language is neither strong nor copious enough to do justice to this excellent oratory in a translation. I can appeal to all the matrons in my neighbourhood, if such compellations as I have mentioned, are not far beyond our little sneaking expression, 'the unfortunate gentleman at the bar.' At the same time, I need not be at much pains to convince my readers that those who declaimed in this style, understood the rules of decorum and true oratory; and those who suffered these objurgations, did not want courage, nor were ignorant of the rules of honour.

Anthony, in murdering Tully, was censured by the Romans, rather for being captious, than revengeful; for not understanding common modes of behaviour amongst gentlemen, more than for want of generosity.

I own that there is no reconciling most of this sort of altercation, nor the anger from which it proceeds, with the

Christian morals ; yet many Presbyters, Bishops, Popes, and some recorded as saints, have naturally fallen into it. But a collection of their epithets and compellations would be too voluminous ; and as they are rather in the sacred than political style, as little devil, imp of Satan, cursed heretic, &c., abounding with anathemas, curses, and execrations, they are not so apposite to my design. I shall only take the liberty to observe that if gentlemen will not lay aside this captious, quarrelsome temper, there will be an absolute necessity of putting the monopoly of political altercation in the hands of such of the clergy whose persons are sacred, and who are not tied down to the ridiculous, corrupt maxims of laics in gothic governments. And any attempts of this kind are so far from being blame-worthy, that they ought to be highly applauded, as decent, convenient, and charitable.

My next chapter is spent upon the usefulness and necessity of such altercations in all governments. First, as it allows the people the means of working off their passions in a way, which is least detrimental to the common-wealth : The Romans, from their intimate knowledge of human nature, were so sensible of this, that they allowed even their slaves their annual season of scolding : it is now by custom grown to be sab-batical in Britain ; but if the legislature should think it more proper to confine it to the month of December and the Christmas holy-days, according to the custom of ancient Rome, nobody could find fault ; provided there be care taken of due evacuations of the poutical bile, in proper seasons.

The same prudential considerations induced the Romans to allow the soldiers to sing abusive ballads upon their general in the procession of his triumph, which no doubt prevented many a mutiny. How much did the soldiers endear themselves unto Cæsar by celebrating his filthy amours on that occasion ?

There is some footsteps of this polite custom continue still in our fleet ; for the seamen have a privilege of railing and joking on their officers at the careening of a ship, an objurgation truly classical in a double sense.

As to ministers, 'tis only a small tax on their power and riches ; a sort of *memento mori* ; a warning like the barking of a dog before he bites. It was the saying of a great man, That there were but few ministers who had not done some-

thing for which they deserved to be hanged ; and I believe there are hardly any that do not deserve some classical objurgation.

This altercation contributes exceedingly to the vigour of the administration, like the je-ho to loitering horses, that lug along the wheels of the government.

'Tis of no less benefit to such as censure, than to those that govern, in preserving their purity of manners, because (according to Tully himself) the title of an accuser to his right of altercation is founded upon his own innocence of those crimes which he lays to the charge of his adversaries.

The price of the book in sheets is ten shillings, one half to be paid down ; only the polemical writers on each side shall have one copy gratis ; and my cousin Ginglicutt have two.

Receipts will be delivered at Mr. Franklin's, Mr. Roberts's, Mr. Warner's, Mr. Peele's, and at most of the book and pamphlet-sellers in London and Westminster.

## A SERMON

PREACHED TO THE PEOPLE AT THE MERCAT CROSS OF EDINBURGH, ON THE SUBJECT OF THE UNION IN 1706, WHILE THE ACT FOR UNITING THE TWO KINGDOMS WAS DEPENDING BEFORE THE PARLIAMENT THERE<sup>1</sup>.

WITH A PREFACE BY THE EDITOR,

SETTING FORTH THE ADVANTAGES WHICH HAVE, IN FACT, ACCRUED TO THE KINGDOM OF SCOTLAND BY ITS UNION WITH ENGLAND.

O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona nôrint.—*Virg.*

### PREFACE.

THE following little piece was printed at Edinburgh in the year 1706, while the Act for the union of the two Kingdoms was depending before the Parliament there. The author seems to have been thoroughly acquainted with the interests of his native country: a vein also of good sense runs through the whole: it is therefore hoped, that the reprinting of it may be of some service now, to undeceive those honest Scots who will rather attend to the still voice of reason, than the noisy clamours of a giddy multitude. To promote this end, it may be proper to make a few more observations on the advantages that have, in fact, accrued to the kingdom of Scotland by its union with England: these I shall briefly trace as they lie in the Articles of Union.

By the second article, the succession to the United Monarchy of Great Britain was settled upon the Princess Sophia and the heirs of her body, being Protestants; and all Papists, or

<sup>1</sup> The title of the original 4<sup>o</sup> pamphlet was as follows: *A Sermon preach'd to the people at the Mercat-Cross of Edinburgh; on the subject of the Union. Eccles. chap. 10, ver. 27. Printed in the*

*Year 1706. The preface was written by Duncombe in 1745, when the Sermon was reprinted. See page 30. The Sermon has sometimes been attributed to Sir David Dalrymple.*

persons marrying Papists, are for ever excluded from the throne.

This article must and will be considered as a singular benefit by Protestants of all denominations, who know their own interest; especially as the Protestant branch of the Royal Family is now so numerous: as for bigoted Papists, we must allow them to look upon it as a great grievance; for they always have, and always will think they are persecuted themselves, unless they have the power of persecuting others. But the moderate Catholics (and such I make no doubt there are,) who are friends to the civil rights and liberties of mankind, have no reason to be displeas'd with it, since they are treated with the utmost lenity by the British Government.

By the fourth article, it is provided that all the subjects of the United Kingdom shall, from and after the Union, have full freedom and intercourse of trade and navigation to or from any port or place within the said United Kingdom, and the dominions and plantations thereunto belonging.

By the seventh article, Scotland is liable to less excise than England; for a barrel of beer or ale (containing thirty-four gallons English measure, and twelve gallons Scotch measure) is never to pay more than two shillings sterling excise-duty; whereas strong beer and ale now pay in England about four shillings and four pence per barrel.

By the ninth article, whenever the sum of one million, nine hundred, ninety-seven thousand, seven hundred and sixty pounds, odd shillings and pence, shall be raised in England on land, (at four shillings in the pound,) and on other things usually charged in Acts of Parliament there, for granting an aid to the crown, by a land-tax; Scotland is to be charged only with the further sum of forty-eight thousand pounds.

The proportion of Scotland to England is here but as one to forty-one, whereas we shall find by the twenty-second article that the proportion of Scotland to England in the House of Peers<sup>1</sup> of Great Britain, is one to thirteen, and, in the House of Commons<sup>2</sup> nearly as one to eleven and one-third.

By the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth articles, Scotland was exempted from several duties then payable in England:

<sup>1</sup> There were about 208 English, and 16 Scotch Peers.

<sup>2</sup> Supposing 513 English and 45 Scotch members.

viz., by article the tenth, from the payment of the duties on stamp paper, vellum, and parchment: by article the eleventh, from the duties payable in England on windows and lights: by article the twelfth, from the duties payable in England on coals, culm, cinders.

By the fifteenth article, the sum of three hundred, ninety-eight thousand, and eighty-five pounds, ten shillings, was agreed to be granted to Scotland, as an equivalent for contributing to debts contracted by England before the union. Which said sum was accordingly paid, and applied towards discharging the public debts of Scotland, and encouraging the fisheries, manufactures, and improvements in Scotland, with other purposes, as particularly mentioned in the article here referred to.

By the eighteenth article, no alteration was to be made in the laws which concern private right.

By the nineteenth article, the Court of Session, and other Courts in Scotland, are confirmed; and no causes in Scotland are cognizable by the Courts of Westminster Hall in England.

By the twentieth article, all heritable offices and offices for life are reserved to the owners as rights of property.

By the twenty-first article, the rights of the Royal Burghs in Scotland shall remain entire.

By the twenty-second article, sixteen of the Peers of Scotland, to be elected by the whole body, were to sit and vote in the House of Lords of the United Kingdom, and forty-five Commoners in the House of Commons; and the Parliament is not to meet till fifty days after proclamation.

By comparing this article with the ninth we shall find that Scotland has about a twelfth share in the legislative power, whereas it contributes but a fortieth part towards the land and malt-taxes, and much less for the customs and other duties.

By the twenty-third article, all the Peers of Scotland were to be Peers of Great Britain, and to enjoy all privileges as fully as the Peers of England, except only sitting in the House of Lords, and upon trials of Peers, which privileges were reserved to the sixteen Peers only.

So much for the articles.

I shall now mention some farther advantages which the people of Scotland enjoyed by their union with England.

They carry on a very advantageous commerce with the English plantations, by which the city of Glasgow and many other ports of the Western Coast have greatly enriched themselves; which occasions a circulation of money throughout the whole kingdom.

England is the only mart for their linens, for which the English pay above £200,000 per annum. And the Scots, by their exemption from all duties, are enabled to sell them at 20 per cent. less disadvantage than the English can sell foreign linens of the same goodness.

They supply England also with black cattle, sheep, coals, and many other articles of their own product.

They are much easier taxed than even the Northern Counties of England.

If they have not the pomp and splendour of a court at Edinburgh, neither, on the other hand, do they contribute to the support of it. For all, or the far greater part, of the taxes raised in Scotland (if I am not misinformed) are distributed among the natives of it.

They enjoy great security from foreign wars, for, as they have no fleet of their own, they must be exposed to continual depredations from abroad, if divided from England; and their trade with England and the plantations would be entirely cut off, and all their commerce precarious.

If some of their Burgh towns have been reduced, it has been owing to their own monopolies and restraints upon trade, which loss however has been abundantly compensated by the increasing trade and flourishing condition of a great many other towns and burghs.

The value of lands in Scotland is increased since the union; and that they have not advanced to a greater degree is owing to the known turbulent spirit of the Highlanders, which renders property more precarious there than in England.

The natives of Scotland have a much larger share in all places, civil and military, than they could reasonably expect from the small quota Scotland contributes towards the public burdens and taxes. This is not mentioned as if any here repined at it, for they have undoubtedly among them many persons of great learning, true courage, and singular merit, but only to show there is no just ground of complaint.

The riches of Scotland have of late years increased much

more in proportion than those of England ; which is, at least, a strong presumptive proof that the union has been favourable to it.

To conclude, it is undoubtedly the interest of North and South Britain to maintain the union : let therefore the natives of both parts of this flourishing island, now incorporated, unite as brethren ; and, laying aside every invidious distinction and reflection, let all of us, who are sincerely attached to the Protestant religion, and for supporting this ancient constitution, (founded on the basis of law and liberty,) have no other contention with one another, but who shall be most zealous to quell the present rebellion<sup>1</sup>, to chastise the disturbers of the public peace, and to restore again that happy tranquillity, for which we were lately so justly envied by the neighbouring nations.

## A SERMON

PREACHED AT THE MERCAT CROSS OF EDINBURGH.

Eccles. Chap. X, Ver. 27.

*Better is he that laboureth, and aboundeth in all things, than he that boasteth himself, and wanteth bread.*

DEARLY beloved countrymen and fellow-citizens, suffer me to stop you a little in the furious career of your passion, to hear a few words of sober and unprejudiced reason ; I hope they will not be the less grateful, if I accost you in that manner of rhetoric which your ears are most accustomed to. I have chosen an Apocryphal text, because my subject is not sacred, but secular ; but if it has not the stamp of divine inspiration, it is taken from a book, which, of all that are not canonical, contains the most sublime, the most useful, and the most approved maxims of wisdom, whether private, economical or political ; and, as all wisdom and truth cometh from God, in that sense my text may be said to be of divine authority.

Dearly beloved countrymen, a generous, a powerful, a victorious nation invites you to an intimate union with themselves, a nation whose laws are more just, whose government

<sup>1</sup> The rising of 1745.



is more mild, whose people are more free, easy and happy, than any other in Europe; a nation who by their wealth, wisdom, and valour, have broke the most formidable power that ever threatened Christendom; to whose victorious arms even you yourselves owe your present security. This nation, I say, invites you to a copartnership of all the advantages they now enjoy, or may reasonably hope for: a gracious Queen, of the ancient line of our own Monarchs, desires nothing more than that the people, from whom she derives her blood, should enjoy the same liberty and plenty with others whom Providence has called her to govern. It might justly have been expected, that such a generous proposal would have been welcomed with the universal acclamations of all ranks and degrees of people; instead of that you have received it with riots, mobs, and tumults. If the offer had not been profitable, it was at least civil, and deserved a friendly reception, and a courteous answer: a treaty that was entered into at the desire of your own Parliament, as well as that of your neighbours, and carried on by the authority of the common Sovereign of both; such a treaty, I say, was a matter of that weight, as made it a very unfit subject for the judgment (much more for the scorn and contempt) of boys, apprentices, and tradesmen: but since the transcendent wisdom of your leaders have thought otherwise, let me beseech you in the words of my author, *Eccles. xi. 7*, 'Blame not before thou hast examined the truth; understand first and then rebuke.' To enable you in some measure to make such an enquiry. I have chosen the words of my text, 'Better is he that laboureth, and aboundeth in all things, than he that boasteth himself, and wanteth bread.'

From the words you may observe a very intimate conjunction betwixt three dismal companions, pride, poverty, and idleness; this is a worse union a great deal than that which we are to discourse of at present. These three love extremely to keep company, and I could never guess for what reason, unless it be to tease and vex one another: poverty does what she can to starve pride; and pride eats out the heart, blood, and guts of poverty; and laziness will not stir an inch to relieve either: that these three fatal sisters may not only be separated, but eternally banished this kingdom, it shall be the subject of my following discourse to show that it is better to increase

our trade, manufacture, and riches by an union with England, than to boast of our sovereignty and starve: 'For better is he that laboureth, and aboundeth in all things, than he that boasteth himself, and wanteth bread.'

And here indeed it must be proved that an union with England will increase our trade and manufacture: in order to which, I will ask the greatest zealot against the union a few questions, and let him answer me if he can. Is the great difference betwixt the wealth of Scotland and England entirely owing to the natural advantages of England, as of fruitfulness of soil, situation, &c.; or does it not in some measure proceed from political causes? Scotland is equal, at least, in extent to a third of England; its people more healthful, more prolific, and more temperate; why has England then seven times the number of people? Every acre in Scotland is not barren, nor every acre in England fruitful; how comes it then that England has fifty times the riches of Scotland? For example, why does Oxfordshire, not so big as Fife, pay to a land-tax near as much as all Scotland? Are there not many places on each side the Firth of Forth, which exceed the town of Newcastle in soil, situation, products natural and artificial: how comes it to pass then that the town of Newcastle has more trade, more rich merchants, and pays more customs than all the towns in Scotland put together? It is plain these great differences do not proceed merely from natural, but likewise from political causes; nay, it is easy to assign a portion of England equal in extent, and much inferior in the gifts of nature to some part of Scotland, and yet triple in value.

I know Wales is brought by some as an instance to prove that an union will not increase the trade and riches of a mountainous country; it is said that their condition is not bettered by an union with England. To this I answer, first, that the matter of fact is false. If the objection has any strength, it ought to prove that Wales would not be the worse if deprived of the trade of England; a paradox too sublime for any Welshman, but most obvious to the elevated understandings of some of our worthy patriots. Secondly, I say, the comparison is not fairly stated betwixt the worst part of England and the best of Scotland. Wales in many places does not exceed the Highlands of Scotland in any thing

except the height of the mountains; but, setting aside all these things, let us state the comparison. The twelve very small counties of Wales contain 917 parishes, 58 market-towns, 316,000 people, and pay £43,752 sterling to the land-tax, which shews they are almost equal to half the number of people in Scotland, and pay near as much taxes as the whole. And it is known that Wales is more under-rated in their taxes, and easier in the excise than Scotland. Thus you see it would be hard to find twelve of the richest counties in Scotland to compare with an equal number, and less in extent, of the worst in England, which is, as I said, a demonstration that the riches of England are the effect of policy more than of nature; and is it not as plain, that the protection of the same laws, the influence of the same government, the partnership of the same plantations, and of all other privileges, foreign and domestic, will much better the condition of Scotland?

There is hardly any subject of trade, of the growth of England, which we are totally deprived of; and we have one peculiar, which kind Providence and nature have afforded us, though we never had the grace nor industry to make use of it; I mean our fish. Thus we starve with that commodity at our doors, from which our neighbours the Dutch draw the very foundations of their wealth and maritime power. Will you then still be fond of that ill government and ill management which even deprives you of the provision which indulgent nature has thrown into your mouths? But some will say, have not our convention of Burghs chosen men, skilled in the deepest mysteries of trade, of eminent abilities and great integrity; have not they told us that the trade of England is unsupportable; that it is intolerable, and not to be endured; which is as much as if they had said, we have not grandeur of soul to support so great wealth and prosperity: we must be contented to live like pedlars, whilst English merchants live like princes? Where is now your pride? Where is now your boasting?

But say you again, the same convention of Burghs, not less skilled in politics than in trade, has told us that the trade of England is precarious. It is hard to answer all the unreasonable fears and jealousies of people. Has Wales, since their union, ever complained of the breach of one article?

Is there any one privilege that an Englishman enjoys, which a Welshman is deprived of? Do all the other counties unite to oppress Yorkshire? There are indeed some inequalities of taxes among themselves, wherein they have thought fit not to depart from a rule once established. But this is so far from being a discouragement to Scotland, that 'tis her greatest security; it shews how unwilling and uncapable a Parliament is to recede from quotas already settled, although unequal.

Besides, matters in a free government never go with that unanimity, nor in a British Parliament will parties ever be so unequally trimmed, that it will not be in the power of a lesser number than the Scots members to cast the balance; and, if necessary, so to preserve themselves from oppression: and it is highly probable that the party of the north and west, who are under-taxed, will after an union be much strengthened.

I shall add no more on this head, but that England has oppressed Scotland ten times more since the union of the two crowns than ever they will be able to do after the union of the two Parliaments. But, says the same ingenious convention, to shew their skill in political arithmetic, the taxes of England are unsupportable: to this I answer, that it was hardly ever known that a nation was afraid of high customs upon their import and consumption; when did that ever ruin any people? That is just as if a man should complain that he could not be rich, because he has not leave to spend his money; or that he will not accept of a lairdship, for fear of paying two months' cess. With those intolerable customs the English merchants live higher, and acquire much greater riches than ours do.

As for the land-tax, it can hardly ever be higher, and will be often nothing, or much lower than what we now pay. Indeed the increase of trade will be attended with an increase of excise, and the benefit of the one will be much greater than the damage of the other; but then the effect will not exceed the cause, with this advantage, that all that is raised by the public beyond the present sum, by the articles of the treaty, is to remain in the country.

If, after all, you should want money to pay your taxes, I can propose no better expedient than that of the Gospel, 'Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets'; and you

may fetch your tribute-money out of your fishes; for, after an union, you will have stock to employ your people to catch them, and vent for them when they are caught.

Another objection is, that the union with England will draw our people out of Scotland to the metropolis of the government, and to the plantations. To which I answer,

First, that after an union there are many reasons and inducements for our people to stay at home, that do not subsist in the present state, but not any one (saving their attendance in the British Parliament) to draw them abroad. How many people at present leave their country for want of employment, I may say for want of bread, is evident to everybody that knows either Scotland, or other countries where multitudes of Scots are to be met with: nay, I appeal to every family in the Kingdom, if they have not relations abroad, somewhere or another; and this is the chief cause why Scotland, notwithstanding the health, temperance, and fruitfulness of the inhabitants, is under-peopled. Now is it not extremely probable that the increase of trade would employ and keep many at home, who are now forced to seek their bread in foreign countries? and not only so, but when the restraint of the laws on trade is taken off, the cheapness of living and manufacture will invite people from other parts into Scotland; particularly the Scots, who are now settled in the West Indies, would choose to purchase and establish their families in their own country, not being any more restrained by Acts of Navigation from returning their effects thither.

Secondly, if any Scotsman at present has a mind to settle in England, the minute he sets his foot on English ground he has the privileges of an Englishman. What then can entice him to leave his own country after an union, more than before? I should imagine he would be less tempted to do so, because he can then have the same privileges of trade, and all other immunities in staying at home, which now he cannot have without going into England. If you say that, after an union, his access to preferment in the public-stations of the government, and consequently his temptations to go to London, will be greater; that is an advantage, for then he goes to get an estate, and not to spend one; and he will readily purchase in his own country. If our gentry and nobility have a mind to spend their estates at London, I know

no law at present that restrains them ; only necessity, which has no law : that indeed, after an union, may be less. Many of our nobility and gentry are now continually at London, a few to govern, some to oppress, many to complain, and all for strife and contention ; and suppose by their attendance on a British Parliament, the number of those should be doubled, Scotland gets little by an union, if it is not able to discharge the expense of thirty noblemen and gentlemen, at the rate of £2000 sterling a man, and perhaps the times may not be so hard, but some of them will carry more down than they brought up.

Thus, I think, I have fully answered this objection, which is so far from being of any weight, that I must intreat you. by the kindness and natural affection you bear to your dear children and relations ; by the comfort of their society, and having them established among yourselves, in a flourishing condition ; by the casualties and dangers, and by the unfortunate and fatal end, which their strolling into foreign countries often exposes them to : by all these moving arguments, I beseech you to embrace so fair an opportunity of making them and yourselves happy for ages to come ; for, as the wise man says, *Eccles.* 29 and 24 : ‘ It is a miserable life to go from house to house ; for where thou art a stranger, thou darest not open thy mouth ; thou shalt entertain and feast, and have no thanks : moreover thou shalt hear bitter words : these things are grievous to a man of understanding.’ Thus I have gone through my first head, and proved that the sun shines at noon-day ; and I call the same sun to witness against your matchless ignorance and stupidity, if you reject so favourable an offer of liberty, peace, and plenty.

I proceed now to the second part of my text, which is, your boasting of your sovereignty ; must we lose that ? must we be no more a kingdom ? In the first place, I would ask any reasonable man, do we lose our sovereignty in any other sense than England does ? Is there not a new title, new seal, new arms, and the same changes for them as for us ? for I take an incorporating union to be, as if two pieces of metal were melted down into one mass ; neither can be said to retain its former form or substance, as it did before the mixture. We can never be so unreasonable as to pretend to an equal number of representatives in a British Parliament : when two nations

join in a common assembly, the most powerful and most numerous will still be the most powerful and most numerous ; whatever metal exceeded before the mixture, the same will exceed in the mass. It is impossible to change the nature of things. According to this way of reasoning, it is not only impossible for Scotland ever to unite with England, but for any lesser nation ever to unite with a greater : why is it more dishonourable for Scotland to unite with England, than it is for England to unite with Scotland ? What is it that Scotland loses ? The country, the people, are not annihilated ; nor does an union cause all the worthy deeds, that have been done at any time by the Scotch nation, to be forgotten. A Welshman would take it very unkindly, if we should tell him that by his union with England he has sullied the glory and antiquity of the ancient British race. None can have a greater value for the noble achievements and honour of our ancestors than I have. But as for our independency, so much boasted of, though it be most certainly true in itself, and undeniable in law, as well as justifiable from history, yet, at present, it is in effect precarious, imaginary, and fantastical ; and is no more than the privilege to be governed by a ministry under foreign influence ; which I say not to insinuate the least reflection on our present ministry, who have had the honour to act a great part, in putting an end to a grievance so much complained of ; a blessing perhaps in vain to be expected or looked for at another time. Can any man be so destitute of common sense, as to think his liberty and property more safely and more honourably lodged in such hands, than in those of a British Parliament ? Now in lieu of this titular sovereignty and imaginary independency, you acquire by a union true and solid power and dominion, viz. to have sixty members in a British Parliament ; the twelfth share of disposing of £6,000,000 of money, which is the same with the sole power of disposing of £500,000 ; to have your fleets and armies conquering abroad ; the arbitration of the affairs of Europe ; yourselves represented in foreign courts and assemblies. When had sixty Scotchmen affairs of that importance laid before them ? To have your nobility peers of Great Britain, with their persons and reputation sacred over the island, and their lives only subject to the inquest of a British House of Lords : to have your quota of the most eminent posts of the government of Great Britain.

Are not these things substantial power and dominion, and preferable to the trifles you now enjoy ; besides that the value even of those will be increased ; and is it not more eligible to have such a share both of the government of yourselves and of England, than to be managed by favourites, often contrary to your most apparent interests ?

But all these advantages may be obtained by a federal union, some say. It is an amazing thing, to consider how people are bantered out of their common sense with mere names and chimeras. To avoid multiplicity of words, I suppose by a federal union is meant, that the English should barter their trade for our settling of their successor. I would desire any man who thinks such a bargain feasible, to make the following reflections. In any vote that ever passed yet in Scotland against settling the succession, whether he thinks that England could not purchase the majority of that difference, at a cheaper rate than the liberty of their trade and plantations ? Let them ask the consciences of those who voted against the settlement of the succession, if the hopes of a federal union was the motive that induced them to do so ? Let them ask those that voted for it, if they will vote so no more till they have obtained it ? To show how unsincerely they deal who make this their pretence, many of these gentlemen will be contented to settle the succession on any terms. But secondly, where is there such a federal union betwixt two nations, without a common Assembly ? The Confederate Provinces, and the Confederate Cantons have one, where the representatives of all the particular bodies meet. Thirdly, can any man believe that the English will maintain plantations, garrison them, and defend them with their fleets and armies, to let the Scots, who are at none of these charges, reap the profit of the trade ? Will they establish customs and duties, as the rule of their export abroad, and consumption at home, and suffer the Scots to trade without any rule of customs, or with no customs, or with customs high or low, as they please ? If they would do this, it were no hard matter to have the monopoly of their trade. This were a most precious jewel indeed, and very well worth contending for. But if such a concession should be thought unreasonable, I would desire in the next place to know, how a common expense in maintaining and providing for forts, plantations, and factories, can be carried on without



a common treasury and government. And, lastly, if the English should allow us such a privilege, can we be secure of it, without we have our representatives in their Parliament to take care of our interest? And can any man of sense think that we should be more unsecure of our privileges, when we have members in their assembly, than when we have none? When we are domestics, than when we are strangers? In the former case, nothing destroys our privileges but what dissolves the union; for it is hardly possible to conceive that all the other counties should unite to hinder a Yorkshireman to trade to the plantations, when the riches he acquires by his trade go to the support of the government, of which they themselves are members. In the case of one nation, and one people, it is indifferent to the supreme power in what part of Great Britain their riches lie.

I shall conclude this article with the words of the wise man (*Eccles.* xxxiv. 1), 'The hopes of a man void of understanding are vain and false; and dreams lift up fools.' I have set before you to-day, on one hand, industry and riches; on the other, pride and poverty. I have not required a blind assent to what I affirm; I have not imposed my opinion because it is fashionable, or because such a Lord, who is my friend and patron, thinks so; or because Mr. John, or Mr. James said so; or because my drunken companions swear, damn them it is so. I deal with you as reasonable men, and have purposely insisted on such arguments as are obvious to the meanest understanding.

I shall conclude with a general exhortation to all ranks and degrees of people, to promote this good work. It is manifestly the interest of your landed men, for the increase of trade and manufacture will increase the value of your estates, by raising the price of the product, and the number of the purchasers: besides, your lands being generally in the worst repair, that is, in the most improveable condition, and your security, by the use of a register, the best in the island, no doubt, after the restraint of laws is taken off, strangers will be encouraged to purchase among you. Why then will you choose to live in a miserable moiling condition, paying high interest for money, which land rents cannot discharge, having no way to dispose of your younger children, but by sending them abroad into the wide world to seek their fortunes; whereas, after the

conclusion of this great affair, you will have opportunities to employ them in trade and business, and access (according to merit) to the best posts of Great Britain? As for your tenants, the necessity of their masters is the occasion of their poverty; trade will enable them to let longer leases, and you to take them; and conform you in time to English customs, where masters govern a free people, and are duly paid their rents; and tenants enjoy what remains with equal security. As for your tradesmen, the value of your manufacture will be raised, you will have the opportunity to dispose of it, not only over all the island, but over all the world: you are ingenious, industrious, and live cheap, what then can hinder you to be more rich than those who have less of all these qualities? Where there are hands to work, and simples to work upon, and vent for the manufacture, it is impossible but there must be trade: if our own stock is not sufficient, you will be assisted by that of England: the very novelty of the thing will in some measure contribute to this; for all the branches of traffic in England, being traded bare, where there are new subjects of trade, merchants will try new projects; their interest will never suffer them to be partial to this or that country, but they will spend their money where they can have the best bargain. And your poor labourers may expect to raise their wages considerably.

You see, the objections used by the opposers of an union are either frivolous, founded upon gross falsehoods, or do plainly prove the contrary of what they are adduced for. And I have that opinion of the understanding of several of the anti-uniterers, that they do not so much as convince themselves: they are only a veil drawn over your eyes, to hide from you your present poverty and slavery, and the glorious prospect which an union with England presents you with. You are used only as tools and machines, to bring about their factious and ambitious designs. However, I shall beseech all such gentlemen and persons of quality to consider, that it is not a slight matter to sacrifice the present and future prosperity of their country to an unreasonable humour; to make a numerous people and their posterity, beggars and slaves for ages to come; and perhaps their country a field of blood, by endeavouring to entail this upon their neighbours as well as themselves: or if they are swayed with some reason of less

importance, as the treaty not being of their own framing, I desire them to consider, that this is so very childish, that a senator should be ashamed to own it. If the pretty little masters, their children, should take their fathers' places in Parliament, such a reason would hardly be allowed to pass current among them: an union is a matter of great weight and importance, and very good or bad in itself. If it is a bad thing, our most intimate friends the treaters can never recommend it; if it is a good thing, it is so great a good, that we ought not to refuse it from those against whom our personal resentments run highest. Among the opposers of the union, I know a great many persons of honour, who have as true a sense of liberty, and as great a concern for the welfare of their country as any; such need only lay aside some few prejudices, and reflect; their judgments will quickly inform them of the true value of the proposal. To such as are afraid of the Church and religion, I shall only say, that the religion of the Church of England is imposed upon no man within the dominions of England. As for the squeamishness of sitting in Parliament with prelates, and the fear of being disarmed of all other weapons, but what are allowed by the Gospel; these are such unchristian dissuasives from an union, that to mention them only is to refute them. The putting an end to uncharitable and unreasonable divisions about our trifling differences in religion, is one of the great benefits Scotland will reap by this union. I am not so much terrified at the vision of a noble lord<sup>1</sup>, as he is himself, but heartily wish to see a plantation of as rich Jews as any in Amsterdam, as rich Independents, Quakers, and Anabaptists as any in England, settled in all the trading towns of the kingdom. Not but that I think all motives that are not penal ought to be used for their conversion, but I would not have churchmen afraid of the increase of their manufacture too; for heretics are properly the subject which they are to work upon: to be afraid to live among heretics, is to refuse the task their Master has imposed upon them. Their predecessors, the Apostles, used to go, at the hazard of their persons, to preach the Gospel to the Jews; they are afraid the Jews should come to them, where they run no risk at all in attempting their conversion. In a word, if

<sup>1</sup> 'The Lord Belhaven's Speech the 2nd of November, on the subject in the Scotch Parliament, Saturday, matter of an Union,' 1706.

any unjust tyranny over the persons, estates, or consciences of men be the motive which prevails with some to oppose this union, I would have such consider, that to govern a free people, is a more noble and honourable character, than to insult over slaves and beggars ; and if any such there be, who hug their chains, and are fond of their rags, and, as a wretched people once did by the Romans, refuse their liberty when offered, they are unworthy of so generous and beneficial a proposal. Lastly, if this is only a scuffle raised by the united force of the Skillin and Louis d'Or, let such consider, that both of them are not to be put in the balance with the Guinea, which they may get by their industry.

Consider then, in this your day, the happy condition of your neighbouring nation : survey their verdant fields, their beautiful plantations and sumptuous gardens, where culture, art, and expenses reign ; their populous and flourishing cities. View the magnificence of their public structures ; the neatness, cleanliness, conveniency, and costly furniture of their private houses : consider the liberty and plenty of their meanest commoners ; the comfortable estates which even the lowest of their tradesmen leave to their families ; the immense riches of their merchants ; the grandeur and magnificence of the learned societies ; the prodigious stocks of their trading companies ; the unconquerable force of their fleets and armies ; the justice and exact execution of their laws ; and the wise administration of their government : ponder all these things, and then sure you will not reckon them your enemies, who offer you a partnership in so great blessings ; but will conclude with the wise man in my text, 'Better is he that laboureth, and aboundeth in all things, than he that boasteth himself, and wanteth bread.'

# A N E S S A Y

ON THE

## USEFULNESS OF MATHEMATICAL LEARNING,

IN A LETTER FROM A GENTLEMAN IN THE CITY TO HIS FRIEND  
IN OXFORD<sup>1</sup>.

I AM glad to hear from you that the study of the mathematics is promoted and encouraged among the youth of your University. The great influence which these sciences have on philosophy and all useful learning, as well as the concerns of the public, may sufficiently recommend them to your choice and consideration ; and the particular advantages which you of that place enjoy, give us just reason to expect from you a suitable improvement in them. I have here sent you some short reflections upon the usefulness of mathematical learning, which may serve as an argument to incite you to a closer and more vigorous pursuit of it.

In all ages and countries where learning hath prevailed, the mathematical sciences have been looked upon as the most considerable branch of it. The very name *Μάθησις* implies no less ; by which they were called either for their excellency, or because of all the sciences they were first taught, or because they were judged to comprehend *πάντα τὰ Μαθήματα*. And amongst those that are commonly reckoned to be the seven liberal arts, four are mathematical, to wit, arithmetic, music, geometry, and astronomy.

But notwithstanding their excellency and reputation, they have not been taught nor studied so universally as some of the rest ; which I take to have proceeded from the following causes : the aversion of the greatest part of mankind to serious attention and close arguing ; their not comprehending sufficiently the necessity or great usefulness of these in other parts of learning ;

<sup>1</sup> See pages, 24-26.

an opinion that this study requires a particular genius and turn of head, which few are so happy as to be born with ; and the want of public encouragement, and able masters. For these, and perhaps some other reasons, this study hath been generally neglected, and regarded only by some few persons whose happy genius and curiosity have prompted them to it, or who have been forced upon it by its immediate subserviency to some particular art or office.

Therefore I think I cannot do better service to learning, youth, and the nation in general, than by shewing that the mathematics of all parts of human knowledge, for the improvement of the mind, for their subserviency to other arts, and their usefulness to the commonwealth, deserve most to be encouraged. I know a discourse of this nature will be offensive to some, who, while they are ignorant of mathematics, yet think themselves masters of all valuable learning ; but their displeasure must not deter me from delivering an useful truth.

The advantages which accrue to the mind by mathematical studies consist chiefly in these things : first, in accustoming it to attention ; secondly, in giving it a habit of close and demonstrative reasoning ; thirdly, in freeing it from prejudice, credulity, and superstition. First, the mathematics make the mind attentive to the objects which it considers. This they do by entertaining it with a great variety of truths which are delightful and evident, but not obvious. Truth is the same thing to the understanding, as music to the ear, and beauty to the eye. The pursuit of it does really as much gratify a natural faculty implanted in us by our wise Creator, as the pleasing of our senses ; only in the former case, as the object and faculty are more spiritual, the delight is the more pure, free from the regret, turpitude, lassitude and intemperance that commonly attend sensual pleasures. The most part of other sciences consisting only of probable reasonings, the mind has not where to fix ; and wanting sufficient principles to pursue its searches upon, gives them over as impossible. Again, as in mathematical investigations truth may be found, so it is not always obvious : this spurs the mind, and makes it diligent and attentive. *In Geometria* (says Quintilian, l. i. c. 10) *partem fatentur esse utilem teneris aetatibus : agitari namque animos, atque acui ingenia, et celeritatem percipiendi venire inde concedunt.* And Plato (in *Repub.* lib. vii.) observes, that the youth who

are furnished with mathematical knowledge are prompt and quick at all other sciences, *εἰς πάντα τὰ Μαθήματα ὀξεῖς φαίνονται*. Therefore he calls it, *κατὰ παιδείαν ὁδόν*. And indeed youth is generally so much more delighted with mathematical studies than with the unpleasant tasks that are sometimes imposed upon them, that I have known some reclaimed by them from idleness and neglect of learning, and acquire in time a habit of thinking, diligence, and attention; qualities which we ought to study by all means to beget in their desultory and roving minds.

The second advantage which the mind reaps from mathematical knowledge, is a habit of clear, demonstrative, and methodical reasoning. We are contrived by nature to learn by imitation more than by precept; and I believe in that respect reasoning is much like other inferior arts (as dancing, singing, &c.) acquired by practice. By accustoming ourselves to reason closely about quantity, we acquire a habit of doing so in other things. It is surprising to see what superficial inconsequential reasonings satisfy the most part of mankind. A piece of wit, a jest, a simile, or a quotation of an author, passes for a mighty argument: with such things as these are the most part of authors stuffed, and from these weighty premises they infer their conclusions. This weakness and effeminacy of mankind in being persuaded where they are delighted, have made them the sport of orators, poets, and men of wit. Those *lumina orationis* are indeed very good diversion for the fancy, but are not the proper business of the understanding; and where a man pretends to write on abstract subjects in a scientific method, he ought not to debauch in them. Logical precepts are more useful, nay, they are absolutely necessary for a rule of formal arguing in public disputations, and confounding an obstinate and perverse adversary, and exposing him to the audience, or readers. But in the search of truth, an imitation of the method of the geometers will carry a man further than all the dialectical rules. Their analysis is the proper model we ought to form ourselves upon, and imitate in the regular disposition and progress of our enquiries; and even he who is ignorant of the nature of mathematical analysis uses a method somewhat analogous to it. The composition of the geometers, or their method of demonstrating truths already found out, viz. by definitions of words agreed upon, by self-evident truths, and

propositions that have been already demonstrated, is practicable in other subjects, though not to the same perfection, the natural want of evidence in the things themselves not allowing it; but it is imitable to a considerable degree. I dare appeal to some writings of our own age and nation, the authors of which have been mathematically inclined. I shall add no more on this head, but that one who is accustomed to the methodical systems of truths, which the geometers have reared up in the several branches of those sciences which they have cultivated, will hardly bear with the confusion and disorder of other sciences, but endeavour as far as he can to reform them.

Thirdly, mathematical knowledge adds a manly vigour to the mind, frees it from prejudice, credulity, and superstition. This it does two ways: first, by accustoming us to examine, and not to take things upon trust; secondly, by giving us a clear and extensive knowledge of the system of the world; which, as it creates in us the most profound reverence of the almighty and wise Creator, so it frees us from the mean and narrow thoughts which ignorance and superstition are apt to beget. How great an enemy mathematics are to superstition appears from this, that in those countries, where Romish priests exercise their barbarous tyranny over the minds of men, astronomers, who are fully persuaded of the motion of the earth, dare not speak out; but though the Inquisition may extort a recantation, the Pope and a General Council too will not find themselves able to persuade to the contrary opinion. Perhaps this may have given occasion to a calumnious suggestion, as if mathematics were an enemy to religion, which is a scandal thrown both on the one and the other; for truth can never be an enemy to true religion, which appears always to the best advantage when it is most examined:—

Si propius stes  
Te capiet magis.

On the contrary, the mathematics are friends to religion; inasmuch as they charm the passions, restrain the impetuosity of imagination, and purge the mind from error and prejudice. Vice is error, confusion and false reasoning; and all truth is more or less opposite to it. Besides, mathematical studies may serve for a pleasant entertainment for those hours which young men are apt to throw away upon their vices; the delightfulness



of them being such, as to make solitude not only easy, but desirable.

What I have said may serve to recommend mathematics for acquiring a vigorous constitution of mind ; for which purpose they are as useful, as exercise is for procuring health and strength to the body. I proceed now to shew their vast extent and usefulness in other parts of knowledge. And here it might suffice to tell you, that mathematics is the science of quantity, or the art of reasoning about things that are capable of more and less, and that the most part of the objects of our knowledge are such : as matter, space, number, time, motion, gravity, &c. We have but imperfect ideas of things without quantity, and as imperfect a one of quantity itself without the help of mathematics. All the visible works of God Almighty are made in number, weight, and measure ; therefore to consider them we ought to understand arithmetic, geometry, and statics ; and the greater advances we make in those arts, the more capable we are of considering such things as are the ordinary objects of our conceptions. But this will farther appear from particulars.

And first, if we consider to what perfection we now know the courses, periods, order, distances, and proportions of the several great bodies of the universe, at least such as fall within our view, we shall have cause to admire the sagacity and industry of the mathematicians, and the power of numbers and geometry well applied. Let us cast our eyes backward, and consider astronomy in its infancy ; or rather let us suppose it still to begin : for instance, a colony of rude country people, transplanted into an island remote from the commerce of all mankind, without so much as the knowledge of the calendar, and the periods of the seasons, without instruments to make observations, or any the least notion of observations or instruments. When is it we could expect any of their posterity should arrive at the art of predicting an eclipse ? Not only so, but the art of reckoning all eclipses that are past or to come, for any number of years ? When is it we could suppose that one of those islanders transported to any other place of the earth, should be able by the inspection of the heavens to find how much he were south or north, east or west of his own island, and to conduct his ship back thither ? For my part, though I know this may be, and is daily done, by what is

known in astronomy; yet when I consider the vast industry, sagacity, multitude of observations, and other extrinsic things necessary for such a sublime piece of knowledge, I should be apt to pronounce it impossible, and never to be hoped for. Now we are let so much into the knowledge of the machine of the universe and motion of its parts by the rules of this science, perhaps the invention may seem easy. But when we reflect what penetration and contrivance were necessary to lay the foundations of so great and extensive an art, we cannot but admire its first inventors; as Thales Milesius, who, as Diogenes Laertius and Pliny say, first predicted eclipses; and his scholar Anaximander Milesius, who found out the globous figure of the earth, the equinoctial points, the obliquity of the ecliptic, the principles of gnomonics, and made the first sphere or image of the heavens; and Pythagoras, to whom we owe the discovery of the true system of the world, and order of the planets, though it may be they were assisted by the Egyptians and Chaldeans. But whoever they were that first made these bold steps in this noble art, they deserve the praise and admiration of all future ages.

Felices animos, quibus haec cognoscere primis,  
 Inque domos superas scandere cura fuit!  
 Credibile est illos pariter vitiisque jocisque  
 Altius humanis exeruisse caput.  
 Non Venus et vinum sublimia pectora fregit;  
 Officiumque fori, militiaeque labor.  
 Non levis ambitio, perfusaque gloria fuco,  
 Magnarumve fames sollicitavit opum.  
 Admovere oculis distantia sidera nostris;  
 Aetheraque ingenio supposuere suo.—*Ovid, Fast. I.*

But though the industry of former ages had discovered the periods of the great bodies of the universe, and the true system and order of them, and their orbits pretty near; yet was there one thing still reserved for the glory of this age, and the honour of the English nation, the grand secret of the whole machine; which, now it is discovered, proves to be (like the other contrivances of infinite wisdom) simple and natural, depending upon the most known and most common property of matter, viz. gravity. From this the incomparable Mr. Newton<sup>1</sup> has demonstrated the theories of all the bodies of the solar

<sup>1</sup> Sir Isaac Newton (1642-1727). *Principia Mathematica*, appeared in His great work, *Philosophiæ Naturalis* 1687.

system, of all the primary planets and their secondaries, and among others, the moon, which seemed most averse to numbers; and not only of the planets, the slowest of which completes its period in less than half the age of a man, but likewise of the comets, some of which it is probable spend more than 2000 years in one revolution about the sun; for whose theory he has laid such a foundation, that after ages, assisted with more observations, may be able to calculate their returns. In a word, the precession of the equinoctial points, the tides, the unequal vibration of pendulous bodies in different latitudes, &c., are no more a question to those that have geometry enough to understand what he has delivered on those subjects: a perfection in philosophy that the boldest thinker durst hardly have hoped for; and, unless mankind turn barbarous, will continue the reputation of this nation, as long as the fabric of nature shall endure. After this, what is it we may not expect from geometry joined to observations and experiments?

The next considerable object of natural knowledge I take to be light. How unsuccessful enquiries are about this glorious body without the help of geometry, may appear from the empty and frivolous discourses and disputations of a sort of men that call themselves philosophers; whom nothing will serve perhaps, but the knowledge of the very nature and intimate causes of every thing: while on the other hand, the geometers not troubling themselves with those fruitless enquiries about the nature of light, have discovered two remarkable properties of it, in the reflexion and refraction of its beams; and from those, and their straightness in other cases, have invented the noble arts of optics, catoptrics, and dioptrics; teaching us to manage this subtile body for the improvement of our knowledge, and useful purposes of life. They have likewise demonstrated the causes of several celestial appearances, that arise from the inflection of its beams, both in the heavenly bodies themselves and other phenomena, as Parhelia, the Iris, &c., and by a late experiment they have discovered the celerity of its motion. And we shall know yet more surprising properties of light, when Mr. Newton shall be pleased to gratify the world with his book of light and colours<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Newton's *Optics, or a Treatise of the Reflexions, Refractions, Inflections and Colours of Light*, was published in 1704. His theory of Light and Colours had been printed in the Transactions of the Royal Society

The fluids which involve our earth, viz. air and water, are the next great and conspicuous bodies that nature presents to our view; and I think we know little of either, but what is owing to mechanics and geometry. The two chief properties of air, its gravity and elastic force, have been discovered by mechanical experiments. From thence the decrease of the air's density according to the increase of the distance of the earth has been demonstrated by geometers, and confirmed by experiments of the subsidence of the mercury in the Torricellian experiment. From this likewise, by assistance of geometry, they have determined the height of the atmosphere, as far as it has any sensible density; which agrees exactly with another observation of the duration of the twilight. Air and water make up the object of the hydrostatics, though denominated only from the latter, of which the principles were long since settled and demonstrated by Archimedes, in his book *περὶ τῶν ὀχουμένων*, where are demonstrated the causes of several surprising phenomena of nature, depending only on the equilibrium of fluids, the relative gravities of these fluids, and of solids swimming or sinking therein. Here also the mathematicians consider the different pressures, resistances, and celerities of solids moved in fluids; from whence they explain a great many appearances of nature, unintelligible to those who are ignorant of geometry.

Next, if we descend to the animal kingdom, there we see the brightest strokes of divine mechanics. And whether we consider first the animal economy in general, either in the internal motion and circulation of the juices forced through the several canals by the motion of the heart, or their exter-motions, and the instruments wherewith these are performed, we must reduce them to mechanical rules, and confess the necessity of the knowledge of mechanics to understand them, or explain them to others. Borelli in his excellent treatise *De motu Animalium*, Steno in his admirable *Myologiae specimen*, and other mathematical men on the one hand, and the nonsensical, unintelligible stuff that the common writers on these subjects have filled their books with on the other, are sufficient instances to shew how necessary geometry is in such speculations. The only organ of an animal body whose structure and manner of operation is

in 1672, but its novelty provoked so much opposition that Newton put on one side for a time the

optical lectures which he had prepared for the press.

fully understood, has been the only one which the geometers have taken to their share to consider. It is incredible, how sillily the greatest and ablest physicians talked of the parts of the eye and their use, and of the *modus visionis*, before Kepler by his geometry found it out, and put it past dispute, though they applied themselves particularly to this, and valued themselves on it; and Galen pretended a particular divine commission to treat of it. Nay, notwithstanding the full discovery of it, some go on in copying their predecessors, and talk as ungeometrically as ever. It is true, we cannot reason so clearly of the internal motions of an animal body as of the external, wanting sufficient data and decisive experiments; but what relates to the latter (as the articulation, structure, insertion, and *vires* of the muscles) is as subject to strict mathematical disquisition as anything whatsoever; and even in the theory of diseases and their cures, those who talk mechanically talk most intelligibly. Which may be the reason for the opinion of the ancient physicians, that mathematics are necessary for the study of medicine itself, for which I could bring quotations out of their works. Among the letters that are ascribed to Hippocrates, there is one to his son Thessalus, recommending to him the study of arithmetic and geometry, as necessary to medicine. Galen, in his book intitled, *ὅτι ἄριστος ἰατρὸς καὶ φιλόσοφος*, begins, *Οἷόν τι πεπόνθασιν οἱ πολλοὶ τῶν ἀθλητῶν, ἐπιθυμοῦντες μὲν Ὀλυμπιοῦκαί γενέσθαι, μηδὲν δὲ πράττειν, ὡς τούτου τυχεῖν, ἐπιτηδεύοντες, τοιοῦτόν τι καὶ τοῖς πολλοῖς τῶν ἰατρῶν συμβέβηκεν' ἐπαινοῦσι μὲν γὰρ Ἱπποκράτην καὶ πρῶτον ἀπάντων ἡγοῦνται' γενέσθαι δὲ αὐτοὺς ἐν ὁμοίῳ ἐκείνῳ πάντα μᾶλλον ἢ τοῦτο πράττουσι. οἱ μὲν γὰρ οὐ μικρὰν μοῖραν εἰς ἰατρικὴν φασὶ συμβάλλεσθαι τὴν ἀστρονομίαν, καὶ δηλονότι τὴν ταύτης ἡγουμένην ἐξ ἀνάγκης Γεωμετρίαν. οἱ δὲ οὐ μόνον αὐτοὶ μετέρχονται τοιούτων οὐδέτερον, ἀλλὰ καὶ τοῖς μετιοῦσι μέμφονται.* If one of the reasons of the ancients for this be now somewhat unfashionable, to wit, because they thought a physician should be able to know the situation and aspects of the stars, which they believed had influence upon men and their diseases, (and positively to deny it, and say, that they have none at all, is the effect of want of observation) we have a much better and undoubted one in its room; viz. that mathematics are found to be the best instrument of promoting natural knowledge. Secondly, if we consider, not only the animal economy in general, but likewise the wonderful structure of the different sorts of animals, according to the

different purposes for which they were designed, the various elements they inhabit, the several ways of procuring their nourishment, and propagating their kind, the different enemies they have, and accidents they are subject to, here is still a greater need of geometry. It is a pity that the qualities of an expert anatomist and skilful geometer have seldom met in the same person. When such a one shall appear, there is a whole *terra incognita* of delightful knowledge to employ his time, and reward his industry.

As for the other two kingdoms, Borelli and other mathematical men seem to have talked very clearly of vegetation; and Steno, another mathematician, in his excellent treatise *De Solido intra Solidum naturaliter contento*, has applied this part of learning very handsomely to fossils and some other parts of natural history. I shall add only one thing more, that if we consider motion itself, the great instrument of the actions of bodies upon one another, the theory of it is entirely owing to the geometers; who have demonstrated its laws both in hard and elastic bodies; shewed how to measure its quantity, how to compound and resolve the several forces by which bodies are agitated, and to determine the lines which those compound forces make them describe: of such forces gravity, being the most constant and uniform, affords a great variety of useful knowledge, in considering several motions that happen upon the earth; viz. as to the free descent of heavy bodies; the curve of projectiles; the descent and weight of heavy bodies when they lie on inclined plains; the theory of the motion of pendulous bodies, &c.

From what I have said, I shall draw but one corollary, that a natural philosopher without mathematics is a very odd sort of a person, that reasons about things that have bulk, figure, motion, number, weight, &c., without arithmetic, geometry, mechanics, statics, &c. I must needs say, I have the last contempt for those gentlemen that pretend to explain how the earth was framed, and yet can hardly measure an acre of ground upon the surface of it; and as the philosopher speaks, *Qui repente pedibus illotis ad Philosophos divertunt, non hoc est satis, quod sint omnino ἀεώρητοι, ἄμουντοι, ἀγεωμέτρητοι, sed legem etiam dant, quâ Philosophari discant.*

The usefulness of mathematics in several other arts and sciences is fully as plain. They were looked upon by the

ancient philosophers as the key to all knowledge. Therefore Plato wrote upon his school, Οὐδέεις ἀγεωμέτρητος εἰσίτω, 'let none unskilled in geometry enter'; and Xenocrates told one ignorant in mathematics, who desired to be his scholar, that he was fitter to card wool, λαβὰς γὰρ οὐκ ἔχεις Φιλοσοφίας, 'you want the handle of philosophy,' viz. geometry. There is no understanding the works of the ancient philosophers without it. Theo Smyrnaeus has wrote a book entitled, *An explanation of those things in Plato*; Aristotle illustrates his precepts and other thoughts by mathematical examples, and that not only in logic, &c., but even in ethics, where he makes use of geometrical and arithmetical proportion, to explain commutative and distributive justice.

Everybody knows that chronology and geography are indispensable preparations for history: a relation of matter of fact being a very lifeless insipid thing without the circumstances of time and place. Nor is it sufficient for one that would understand things thoroughly, that he knows the topography, that is, the name of the country, where such a place lies, with those of the near adjacent places, and how these lie in respect of one another; but it will become him likewise to understand the scientific principles of the art: that is, to have a true idea of a place, we ought to know the relation it has to any other place, as to the distance and bearing, its climate, heat, cold, length of days, &c., which things do much enliven the reader's notion of the very action itself. Just so, it is necessary to know the technical or doctrinal part of chronology, if a man would be thoroughly skilled in history, it being impossible without it to unravel the confusion of historians. I remember Mr. Halley has determined the day and hour of Julius Caesar's landing in Britain, from the circumstances of his relation. And everybody knows how great use our incomparable historian Mr. Dodwell<sup>1</sup> has made of the calculated times of eclipses for settling the times of great events, which before were as to this essential circumstance almost fabulous. Both chronology and geography, and also the knowledge of the sun's and moon's motions, so far as they relate to the constitution of the calendar and year, are necessary to a divine, and how sadly some other-

<sup>1</sup> Henry Dodwell published at Oxford, in 1701, his 'De veteribus Graecorum Romanorumque Cyclis, obiterque de Cyclo Judaeorum aetate Christi, dissertationes decem.' The second part is dated 1702.

wise eminent have blundered, when they meddled with things that relate to these, and border on them, is too apparent.

Nobody, I think, will question the interest that mathematics have in painting, music, and architecture, which are all founded on numbers. Perspective and the rules of light and shadows are owing to geometry and optics; and I think those two comprehend pretty near the whole art of painting, except decorum and ordinance; which are only a due observance of the history and circumstances of the subject you represent. For by perspective may be understood the art of designing the outlines of your solid, whether that be a building, landscape, or animal; and the draught of a man is really as much the perspective of a man, as the draught of a building is of a building; though for particular reasons, as because it consists of more crooked lines, &c., it is hard to reduce the perspective of the former to the ordinary established rules.

If mathematics had not reduced music to a regular system, by contriving its scales, it had been no art, but enthusiastic rapture, left to the roving fancy of every practitioner. This appears by the extraordinary pains which the ancients have taken to fit numbers to three sorts of music, the diatonic, chromatic, and enharmonic: which if we consider with their nicety in distinguishing their several modes, we shall be apt to judge they had something very fine in their music, at least for moving the passions with single instruments and voices. But music had been imperfect still, had not arithmetic stepped in once more, and Guido Aretinus by inventing the temperament making the fifth false by a certain determined quantity, taught us to tune our organs, and intermix all the three kinds of the ancients, to which we owe all the regular and noble harmony of our modern music.

As for civil architecture (of military I shall speak afterwards) there is hardly any part of mathematics but is some way subservient to it. Geometry and arithmetic for the due measure of the several parts of a building, the plans, models, computation of materials, time and charges; for ordering right its arches and vaults, that they may be both firm and beautiful: mechanics for its strength and firmness, transporting and raising materials: and optics for the symmetry and beauty. And I would not have any assume the character of an architect without a competent skill in all of these. You see that Vitruvius requires



these and many more for making a complete architect. I must own, that should anyone set up to practise in any of the fore-mentioned arts, furnished only with his mathematical rules, he would produce but very clumsy pieces. He that should pretend to draw by the geometrical rules of perspective, or compose music merely by his skill in harmonical numbers, would shew but awkward performances. In those composed subjects, besides the stiff rules, there must be fancy, genius, and habit. Yet nevertheless these arts owe their being to mathematics, as laying the foundation of their theory, and affording them precepts, which being once invented, are securely relied upon by practitioners. Thus many design, that know not a tittle of the reason of the rules they practise by; and many no better qualified in their way compose music, better perhaps than he could have done that invented the scale, and the numbers upon which their harmony is founded. As mathematics laid the foundation of these arts, so they must improve them; and he that would invent, must be skilled in numbers; besides it is fit a man should know the true grounds and reasons of what he studies; and he that does so, will certainly practise in his art with greater judgment and variety, where the ordinary rules fail him.

I proceed now to shew the more immediate usefulness of mathematics in civil affairs. To begin with arithmetic, it were an endless task to relate its several uses in public and private business. The regulation and quick dispatch of both seem entirely owing to it. The nations that want it are altogether barbarous, as some Americans, who can hardly reckon above twenty. And I believe it would go near to ruin the trade of the nation, were the easy practice of arithmetic abolished; for example, were the merchants and tradesmen obliged to make use of no other than the Roman way of notation by letters, instead of our present. And if we should feel the want of our arithmetic in the easiest calculations, how much more in those that are something harder; as interest simple and compound, annuities, &c., in which it is incredible how much the ordinary rules and tables influence the dispatch of business. Arithmetic is not only the great instrument of private commerce, but by it are (or ought to be) kept the public accounts of a nation; I mean those that regard the whole state of a commonwealth, as to the number, fructification of its people, increase of stock,

improvement of lands and manufactures, balance of trade, public revenues, coinage, military power by sea and land, &c. Those that would judge or reason truly about the state of any nation must go that way to work, subjecting all the fore-mentioned particulars to calculation. This is the true political knowledge. In this respect the affairs of a commonwealth differ from those of a private family, only in the greatness and multitude of particulars that make up the accounts. Machiavel goes this way to work in his account of different estates. What Sir William Petty and several others of our countrymen have wrote in political arithmetic, does abundantly shew the pleasure and usefulness of such speculations. It is true, for want of good information, their calculations sometimes proceed upon erroneous suppositions; but that is not the fault of the art. But what is it the government could not perform in this way, who have the command of all public records?

Lastly, numbers are applicable even to such things as seem to be governed by no rule, I mean such as depend on chance: the quantity of probability and proportion of it in any two proposed cases being subject to calculation as much as anything else. Upon this depend the principles of game. We find sharpers know enough of this to cheat some men that would take it very ill to be thought bubbles; and one gamester exceeds another, as he has a greater sagacity and readiness in calculating his probability to win or lose in any proposed case. To understand the theory of chance thoroughly, requires a great knowledge of numbers, and a pretty competent one of Algebra.

The several uses of geometry are not much fewer than those of arithmetic. It is necessary for ascertaining of property both in plains and solids, or in surveying and gauging. By it land is sold by the measure as well as cloth; workmen are paid the due price of their labour, according to superficial or solid measure of their work; and the quantity of liquors determined for a due regulation of their price and duty. All which do wonderfully conduce to the easy dispatch of business, and the preventing of frauds and controversies. I need not mention the measuring distances, laying down of plans and maps of countries, in which we have daily experience of its usefulness. These are some familiar instances of things to which geometry is ordinarily applied; of its use in civil, military, and naval architecture we shall speak afterwards.

From astronomy we have the regular disposition of our time, in a due succession of years, which are kept within their limits as to the return of the seasons, and the motion of the sun. This is no small advantage for the due repetition of the same work, labour and actions. For many of our public, private, military, and the country affairs, appointments, &c., depending on the products of the ground, and they on the seasons, it is necessary that the returns of them be adjusted pretty near to the motion of the sun; and we should quickly find the inconveniency of a vague undetermined year, if we used that of the Mahometans, whose beginning and every month wanders through all the days of ours or the solar year, which shews the seasons. Beside, the adjusting of the moon's motion to the sun's is required for the decent observation and celebration of the church-feasts and fasts according to the ancient custom and primitive institution; and likewise for the knowing of the ebbing and flowing of the tides, the spring and neap tides, currents, &c. So that whatever some people may think of an almanac where all these are set down, it is sometimes the most useful paper that is published the same year with it: nay, the nation could better spare all the voluminous authors in the term-catalogue, than that single sheet. Besides, without a regular chronology, there can be no certain history; which appears by the confusion amongst historians before the right disposition of the year, and at present among the Turks, who have the same confusion in their history as in their calendar. Therefore a matter of such importance might well deserve the care of the great Emperor, to whom we owe our present calendar; who was himself a great proficient in astronomy. Pliny has quoted several things from his books of the rising and setting of the stars, Lib. XVIII. cap. 25, 26, &c., and Lucan makes him say,

*Media inter praelia semper  
Stellarum coelique plagis, superisque vacavi.*

The mechanics have produced so many useful engines, subservient to conveniency, that it would be a task too great to relate the several sorts of them: some of them keep life itself from being a burden. If we consider such as are invented for raising weights, and are employed in building and other great works, in which no impediment is too great for them; or hydraulic engines for raising of water, serving for great use and

comfort to mankind, where they have no other way to be supplied readily with that necessary element; or such as, by making wind and water work for us, save animal force and great charges, and perform those actions, which require a vast multitude of hands, and without which every man's time would be too little to prepare his own aliment and other necessaries; or those machines, that have been invented by mankind for delight and curiosity, imitating the motions of animals, or other works of nature; we shall have reason to admire and extol so excellent an art. What shall we say of the several instruments which are contrived to measure time? We should quickly find the value of them, if we were reduced to the condition of those barbarous nations that want them. The pendulum-clock invented and completed by that famous mathematician Monsieur Huygens is an useful invention. Is there anything more wonderful than several planetary machines, which have been invented to shew the motions of the heavenly bodies, and their places at any time? Of which the most ingenious, according to the exactest numbers and true system, was made by the same M. Huygens: to which we may very justly apply Claudian's noble verses upon that of Archimedes:—

Jupiter in parvo cum cerneret aethera vitro,  
 Risit, et ad superos talia dicta dedit:  
 Hucce mortalis progressa potentia curae?  
 Jam meus in fragili luditur orbe labor.  
 Jura poli, rerumque fidem, legesque deorum  
 Ecce Syracusius transtulit arte senex.  
 Inclusus variis famulatur spiritus astris,  
 Et vivum certis motibus urget opus.  
 Percurrit proprium mentitus signifer annum,  
 Et simulata novo Cynthia mense redit.  
 Jamque suum volvens audax industria mundum  
 Gaudet, et humana sidera mente regit.  
 Quid falso insontem tonitru Salmonea miror?  
 Aemula naturae parva reperta manus.

Here I ought to mention the sciatherical instruments, for want of which there was a time when the Grecians themselves were forced to measure the shadow, in order to know the hour; and as Pliny (cap. ult. Lib. VII.) tells us, the Romans made use of an erroneous sun-dial for ninety-nine years, till Q. Martius Philippus their censor set up a better; which no doubt at that time was thought a jewel. And at last, that famous pyramid was set up in the *Campus Martius*, to serve for a gnomon to a

dial marked on the street. To this sort of engines ought to be referred spheres, globes, astrolabes, projections of the sphere, &c. These are such useful and necessary things, that alone may recommend the art by which they are made. For by these we are able in our closet to judge of the celestial motions, and to visit the most distant places of the earth, without the fatigue and danger of voyages; to determine concerning their distance, situation, climate, nature of the seasons, length of their days, and their relation to the celestial bodies, as much as if we were inhabitants. To all these I might add those instruments, which the mathematicians have invented to execute their own precepts, for making observations either at sea or land, surveying, gauging, &c.

The catoptrics and dioptrics furnish us with variety of useful inventions, both for the promoting of knowledge, and the conveniencies of life; whereby sight, the great instrument of our perception, is so much improved, that neither the distance nor the minuteness of the object are any more impediments to it. The telescope is of so vast use, that besides the delightful and useful purposes it is applied to here below, as the descrying ships and men, and armies at a distance, we have by its means discovered new parts of the creation, fresh instances of the surprising wisdom of the adorable Creator. We have by it discovered the satellites of Jupiter, the satellites and ring of Saturn, the rotation of the planets about their own axes; besides other appearances, whereby the system of the world is made plain to sense, as it was before to reason. The telescope has also improved the manner of astronomical observations, and made them much more accurate than it was possible for them to be before. And these improvements in astronomy have brought along with them (as ever) correspondent improvements in geography. From the observation of Jupiter's satellites, we have a ready way to determine the longitude of places on the earth. On the other hand, the microscope has not been less useful in helping us to the sight of such objects as by their minuteness escape our naked eye. By it men have pursued nature into its most retired recesses; so that now it can hardly any more hide its greatest mysteries from us. How much have we learned by the help of the microscope of the contrivance and structure of animal and vegetable bodies, and the composition of fluids and solids? But if these sciences had never gone

further, than by their single *specula* and *lenses* to give those surprising appearances of objects and their images, and to produce heat unimitable by our hottest furnaces, and to furnish infallible, easy, cheap, and safe remedies for the decay of our sight arising commonly from old age, and for purblindness, they had merited the greatest esteem, and invited to the closest study: especially if we consider, that such as naturally are almost blind, and either know not their nearest acquaintance at the distance of a room's breadth, or cannot read in order to pass their time pleasantly, are by glasses adapted to the defect of their eyes set on a level again with those that enjoy their eyesight best, and that without danger, pain or charge.

Again, mathematics are highly serviceable to a nation in military affairs. I believe this will be readily acknowledged by everybody. The affairs of war take in number, space, force, distance, time, &c. (things of mathematical consideration) in all its parts, in tactics, castrametation, fortifying, attacking, and defending. The ancients had more occasion for mechanics in the art of war than we have; gunpowder readily producing a force far exceeding all the engines they had contrived for battery. And this I reckon has lost us a good occasion of improving our mechanics: the cunning of mankind never exerting itself so much as in their arts of destroying one another. But, as gunpowder has made mechanics less serviceable to war, it has made geometry more necessary; there being a force or resistance in the due measures and proportions of the lines and angles of a fortification, which contribute much toward its strength. This art of fortification has been much studied of late, but I dare not affirm that it has attained its utmost perfection. And though where the ground is regular, it admits but of small variety, the measures being pretty well determined by geometry and experience, yet where the ground is made up of natural strengths and weaknesses, it affords some scope for thinking and contrivance. But there is another much harder piece of geometry, which gunpowder has given us occasion to improve, and that is the doctrine of projectiles; whereon the art of gunnery is founded. Here the geometers have invented a beautiful theory, and rules and instruments, which have reduced the casting of bombs to great exactness. As for tactics and castrametation, mathematics retain the same place in them as ever. And some tolerable skill in these is necessary for

officers, as well as for engineers. An officer that understands fortification, will *cæteris paribus* much better defend his post, as knowing wherein its strength consists, or make use of his advantage to his enemy's ruin, than he that does not. He knows, when he leads never so small a party, what his advantages and disadvantages in defending and attacking are, how to make the best of his ground, &c., and hereby can do truly more service than another of as much courage, who, for want of such knowledge, it may be, throws away himself and a number of brave fellows under his command; and it is well if the mischief reaches no further. As for a competent skill in numbers, it is so necessary to officers, that no man can be safely trusted with a company that has it not. All the business is not to fire muskets; the managing of affairs, the dealing with agents, &c., happen more frequently. And the higher the command is, the more skill in all the aforesaid things is required. And I dare appeal to all the nations in Europe, whether *cæteris paribus* officers are not advanced in proportion to their skill in mathematical learning; except that sometimes great names and quality carry it; but still so, as that the prince depends upon a man of mathematical learning, that is put as director to the quality, when that learning is wanting in it.

Lastly, navigation, which is made up of astronomy and geometry, is so noble an art, and to which mankind owes so many advantages, that upon this single account those excellent sciences deserve most of all to be studied, and merit the greatest encouragement from a nation that owes to it both its riches and security. And not only does the common art of navigation depend on mathematics, but whatever improvements shall be made in the *Architectura Navalis* or building of ships, or ships of war, whether swift running, or bearing a great sail, or lying near the wind be desired, these must all be the improvements of geometry. Ship-carpenters indeed are very industrious; but in these things they acknowledge their inability, confess that their best productions are the effects of chance, and implore the geometer's help. Nor will common geometry do the business; it requires the most abstruse to determine the different sections of a ship, according as it is designed for any of the aforesaid ends. A French mathematician, P. Le Hoste, has lately endeavoured something in this way; and though it is not free

from errors, as requiring a fuller knowledge in geometry, yet is the author much to be commended for this, as having bravely designed, and paved the way for other mathematicians; and also for the former and bigger part of his book, wherein he brings to a system the working of ships, and the naval tactics, or the regular disposition of a fleet in attacking, fighting and retreating, according to the different circumstances of wind, tides, &c.

The great objection that is made against the necessity of mathematics in the forementioned great affairs of navigation, the art military, &c. is, that we see those affairs are carried on and managed by such as are not great mathematicians; as seamen, engineers, surveyors, &c., and that the mathematicians are commonly speculative, retired, studious men, that are not for an active life and business, but content themselves to sit in their studies, and pore over a scheme or a calculation. To which there is this plain and easy answer: the mathematicians have not only invented and ordered all the arts above-mentioned, by which those grand affairs are managed; but have laid down precepts, contrived instruments and abridgments so plainly, that common artificers are capable of practising by them, though they understand not a tittle of the grounds on which the precepts are built. And in this they have consulted the good and necessities of mankind. Those affairs demand so great a number of people to manage them, that it is impossible to breed so many good or even tolerable mathematicians. The only thing then to be done was to make their precepts so plain, that they might be understood and practised by a multitude of men. This will best appear by examples. Nothing is more ordinary than dispatch of business by common arithmetic, by the tables of simple and compound interest, annuities, &c. Yet how few men of business understand the reasons of common arithmetic or the contrivance of those tables, now they are made; but securely rely on them as true. They were the good and the thorough mathematicians, that made those precepts so plain and calculated those tables that facilitate the practice so much. Nothing is more universally necessary than the measuring of plains and solids; and it is impossible to breed so many good mathematicians, as that there may be one that understands all the geometry requisite for surveying and measuring of prisms and pyramids, and their parts, and measuring frustums of



conoids and spheroids, in every market-town where such work is necessary: the mathematicians have therefore inscribed such lines on their common rulers, and slipping rulers, and adapted so plain precepts to them, that every country carpenter and gauger can do the business accurately enough; though he knows no more of those instruments, tables, and precepts he makes use of than a hobby-horse. So in navigation, it is impossible to breed so many good mathematicians as would be necessary to sail the hundredth part of the ships of the nation. But the mathematicians have laid down so plain and distinct precepts, calculated necessary tables, and contrived convenient instruments, so that a seaman, that knows not the truths on which his precepts and tables depend, may practise safely by them. They resolve triangles every day, that know not the reason of any one of their operations. Seamen in their calculations make use of artificial numbers or logarithms, that know nothing of their contrivance: and indeed all those great inventions of the most famous mathematicians had been almost useless for those common and great affairs, had not the practice of them been made easy to those who cannot understand them. From hence it is plain, that it is to those speculative retired men we owe the rules, the instruments, the precepts for using them, and the tables which facilitate the dispatch of so many great affairs, and supply mankind with so many conveniences of life. They were the men, that taught the world to apply arithmetic, astronomy, and sailing, without which the needle would be still useless. Just the same way in the other parts of mathematics, the precepts that are practised by multitudes, without being understood, were contrived by some few great mathematicians.

Since then it has been shewn, how much mathematics improve the mind, how subservient they are to other arts, and how immediately useful to the commonwealth, there needs no other arguments or motives to a government, to encourage them. This is the natural conclusion from these premises. Plato in his *Republic* (Lib. VII) takes care that whoever is to be educated for magistracy, or any considerable post in the commonwealth, may be instructed first in arithmetic, then in geometry, and thirdly in astronomy. And however necessary those arts were in Plato's time, they are much more so now; the arts of war and trade requiring much more the assistance of

those sciences now than they did then, as being brought to a greater height and perfection. And accordingly we see these sciences are the particular care of princes that design to raise the force and power of their countries. It is well known that this is none of the least arts whereby the French king has brought his subjects to make that figure at sea which they at this time do; I mean, the care he takes for educating those appointed for sea-service in mathematical learning. For in the *Ordonnance Marine*, tit. viii., he orders that there 'be professors to teach navigation publicly in all the sea-port towns, who must know designing, and teach it to their scholars, in order to lay down the appearances of coasts, &c. They are to keep their schools open, and read four times a week to the seamen, where they must have charts, globes, spheres, compasses, quadrants, astrolabes, and all books and instruments necessary to teach their art. The directors of hospitals are obliged to send thither yearly two or three of their boys to be taught, and to furnish them with books and instruments. Those professors are obliged to examine the journals deposited in the Office of Admiralty, in the place of their establishment; to correct the errors in presence of the seamen, and to restore them within a month, &c.' King Charles the Second, who well understood the importance of establishments of this nature, founded one such school in Christ's Hospital, London; which, I believe, is inferior to none of the French: but it is to be wished there were many more such. His present Majesty, during the time of the late war, established a mathematical lecture to breed up engineers and officers, as knowing very well the importance thereof. And this continued some time after the peace. And it is worthy the consideration of the wisdom of the nation, whether the restoring and continuing this, even in peace, be not expedient for the breeding of engineers, who are so useful and valuable, and so difficult to be had in time of war, and so little dangerous in times of peace.

Besides the crowd of merchants, seamen, surveyors, engineers, ship-carpenters, artisans, &c., that are to be instructed in the practice of such parts of mathematics as are necessary to their own business respectively, a complete number of able mathematicians ought to be entertained, in order to apply themselves to the practice; not only to instruct the former sort, but likewise to remove those obstacles, which such as do not think

beyond their common rules cannot overcome. And no doubt it is no small impediment to the advancement of arts, that speculative men and good mathematicians are unacquainted with their particular defects, and the several circumstances in them that render things practicable or impracticable. But if there were public encouragement, we should have skilful mathematicians employed in those arts, who would certainly find out and remedy the imperfections of them. The present Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, knowing that there are still two great *desiderata* in navigation, to wit, the theory of the variation of the magnetical needle, and a method of studying out the longitude of any place that may be practicable at sea by seamen, and being sensible of what importance it would be to find out either of them, have employed a very fit person, the ingenious Mr. Halley, who has joined an entire acquaintance in the practice to a full and thorough knowledge of the more abstruse parts of mathematics<sup>1</sup>. And now that he is returned, it is not doubted, but he will satisfy those that sent him, and in due time the world too, with his discoveries in both those particulars, and in many other, that he has had occasion to make. And where a long series of observations and experiments is necessary, he has no doubt laid such a foundation, as that after-observers may gradually perfect them. If it were not for more than the correcting the situation of the coasts where he touched, and by them others, whose relation to the former is known, the nation is more than triply paid; and those who sent him have by his mission secured to themselves more true honour and lasting fame, than by actions that at first view appear more magnificent.

The next thing that is necessary for the improvement of mathematical learning is, that mathematics be more generally

<sup>1</sup> Edmund Halley (1656-1742) was appointed by William the Third Commander of the 'Paramour Pink,' in 1698, with orders to seek the discovery of the rule of the variation of the needle. Owing to troubles with the crew, he returned in 1699, but soon set out again, in charge of two ships. After a long cruise, he again reached England in September 1700; and next year he published

a *General Chart, showing at one view the variation of the Compass in all those seas where the English navigators were acquainted*. Soon afterwards Halley was sent on another mission. The question of finding the longitude at sea was a problem which constantly interested him. Afterwards he became Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford, Secretary to the Royal Society, and Astronomer Royal.

studied at our Universities than hitherto they have been. From those seminaries the State justly expects and demands those who are acquainted both with the speculation and practice. In those are all the encouragements to them imaginable, leisure and assistance. There are still at hand books and instruments, as also other scholars that have made equal progress, and may be comrades in study, and the direction of the professors. There are also in perfection all the incitements to this study, and especially an acquaintance with the works of the ancients, where this learning is so much recommended: there other faculties are studied, to which it is subservient. There also are the nobility and gentry bred, who, in due time must be called to their share in the government of the fleets, army, treasury, and other public employments, where mathematical learning is absolutely necessary, and without which they, though of never so great natural parts, must be at the mercy and discretion of their servants and deputies; who will first cheat them, and then laugh at them. And not only public employments, but their private concerns demand mathematical knowledge. If their fortunes lie in woods, coal, salt, manufactures, &c., the necessity of this knowledge is open and known; and even in land-estates, no undertaking for improvement can be securely relied upon without it. It not only makes a man of quality and estate his whole life more illustrious, and more useful for all affairs, (as Hippocrates says<sup>1</sup>, *Ἱστορίας δὲ μελέτω σοὶ ὦ παῖ, Γεωμετρικῆς καὶ Ἀριθμήσιος. οὐ γὰρ μόνον σέο καὶ τὸν βίον εὐκλέα καὶ ἐπὶ πολλὰ χρήσιμον ἐς ἀνθρωπίνην μοίρην ἐπιτελέσει, ἀλλὰ καὶ τὴν ψυχὴν ὀξυτέρην τε καὶ τηλαυγεστέραν, &c.*) but in particular, it is the best companion for a country life. Were this once become a fashionable study (and the mode exercises its empire over learning as well as other things) it is hard to tell how far it might influence the morals of our nobility and gentry, in rendering the serious, diligent, curious, taking them off from the more fruitless and airy exercises of the fancy, which they are apt to run into.

The only objection I can think of, that is brought against these studies is, that mathematics require a particular turn of head. and a happy genius that few people are masters of, without which all the pains bestowed upon the study of them are in vain: they imagine that a man must be a mathematician.

<sup>1</sup> In this and other quotations I have, as a rule, retained the reading given by Arbuthnot, correcting only obvious mistakes.

I answer, that this exception is common to mathematics and other arts. That there are persons that have a particular capacity and fitness to one more than another, everybody owns; and from experience I dare say, it is not in any higher degree true concerning mathematics than the others. A man of good sense and application is the person that is by nature fitted for them; especially, if he begins betimes; and if his circumstances have been such that this did not happen, by prudent direction the defect may be supplied as much as in any art whatsoever. The only advantage this objection has, is, that it is on the side of softness and idleness, those two powerful allies.

There is nothing further remains, Sir, but that I give you my thoughts in general concerning the order and method of studying mathematics; which I shall do very shortly, as knowing that you are already acquainted with the best methods, and others with you may have them easily from the best and ablest hands.

First then, I lay down for a principle, that nobody at an University is to be taught the practice of any rule without the true and solid reason and demonstration of the same. Rules without demonstration must and ought to be taught to seamen, artisans, &c., as I have already said; and schools for such people are fit in sea-ports and trading-towns; but it is far below the dignity of an University, which is designed for solid and true learning, to do this. It is from the Universities that they must come, who are able to remedy the defects of the arts; and therefore nothing must be taken on trust there. Seamen and surveyors, &c., remember their rules, because they are perpetually practising them; but scholars, who are not thus employed, if they know not the demonstration of them, presently forget them.

Secondly, no part of mathematics ought to be taught by compendiums. This follows from the former. Compendiums are fit to give a general and superficial knowledge, not a thorough one. It is time, and not the bulk of books, we ought to be sparing of; and I appeal to any person of experience, whether solid knowledge is not acquired in shorter time by books treating fully of their subjects, than by compendiums and abridgments.

From hence it follows, that the elements of arithmetic and

geometry are to be taught. Euclid in his thirteen books of Elements gives us both; but our present way of notation supersedes some of those of arithmetic, as demonstrating the rules from the operations themselves. There remain then the first six books for the geometry of plains, and the last three for stereometry. The rest ought to be read in their own place for the perfection of arithmetic. In teaching these, care ought to be taken to make use of such examples as suit with the condition of the scholar. For instance, merchants' accounts and affairs for examples of the operations of arithmetic, to one that is afterwards to have a concern that way; whereas to a man of the first quality, examples from the increase and decrease of the people, or from land or sea-force, and from the tactics, ought to be proposed. For it is certain, nothing makes one tired sooner, than the frivolous and trifling examples that are commonly brought for the exercise of the rules of arithmetic and geometry; though this is common to them with the other arts, as grammar, logic, &c.

The manner of writing of the mathematicians of this and the former age makes trigonometry, with the manner of constructing its tables, &c., almost elementary; and the practical geometry, commonly so called, is very fit to come next as an elegant application of the elements of geometry to business, as surveying, gauging, &c.

After the elements of spherics, which are perfectly well handled by Theodosius, a full insight into the principles of astronomy will be necessary.

Mechanics come next to be read, which are the ground of a great part of natural learning: and afterwards optics, catoptrics, and dioptrics.

But none of these except the elements can be fully understood until one is pretty well skilled in conic sections; and all these are made more easy by some tolerable skill in algebra, and its application geometry.

These foundations being laid, anyone may with great ease pursue the study of the mathematics, as his occasions require: either in its abstract parts, and the more recondite geometry, and its application to natural knowledge; or in mechanics, by prosecuting the statics, hydrostatics, ballistics, &c., or in astronomy, by its application to geography, navigation, gnomonics, astrolabes, &c. But in most of these a particular

order is not necessary. Anyone may take that first which he is most inclined to.

I shall not offer you any advice concerning the choice of books, but refer you (if you want any) to the direction of those who are eminent among you in this part of learning. I ask your pardon for the omission of ceremony in these papers, having followed rather the ordinary way of essay than letter: and wishing you good success in your studies, I am,

Sir,

Your Friend and Servant.

25 November, 1700.

## ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕ'ΑΥΤΟΝ. KNOW YOURSELF<sup>1</sup>.

WHAT am I? how produced? and for what end?  
Whence drew I being? to what period tend?  
Am I the abandoned orphan of blind chance,  
Dropt by wild atoms in disordered dance?  
Or from an endless chain of causes wrought?  
And of unthinking substance, born with thought?  
By motion which began without a cause,  
Supremely wise, without design or laws.  
Am I but what I seem, mere flesh and blood;  
A branching channel, with a mazy flood?  
The purple stream that through my vessels glides,  
Dull and unconscious flows like common tides:  
The pipes through which the circling juices stray,  
Are not that thinking I, no more than they:  
This frame, compacted, with transcendent skill,  
Of moving joints obedient to my will;  
Nursed from the fruitful glebe, like yonder tree,  
Waxes and wastes; I call it mine, not me:  
New matter still the mouldering mass sustains,  
The mansion changed, the tenant still remains:  
And from the fleeting stream repaired by food,  
Distinct, as is the swimmer from the flood.  
What am I then? sure, of a nobler birth,  
Thy parents right, I own a mother, earth;  
But claim superior lineage by my Sire,  
Who warmed the unthinking clod with heavenly fire:

<sup>1</sup> 'A Poem, London 1734. Advertisement. The following poem was wrote several years ago: as it may do good to some, and cannot hurt the reputation of the author, though he should be known, I have given it to my bookseller to publish. It

contains some thoughts of Monsieur Pascal, which cannot make it less acceptable to the Public.'—I have printed this piece, the only one of which we have the author's manuscript, first, as it was published, and secondly, as it was originally written.



Essence divine, with lifeless clay allayed,  
By double nature, double instinct swayed,  
With look erect, I dart my longing eye,  
Seem winged to part, and gain my native sky ;  
I strive to mount, but strive, alas ! in vain,  
Tied to this massy globe with magic chain.  
Now with swift thought I range from pole to pole,  
View worlds around their flaming centres roll :  
What steady powers their endless motions guide,  
Through the same trackless paths of boundless void !  
I trace the blazing comet's fiery trail,  
And weigh the whirling planets in a scale ;  
Those godlike thoughts, while eager I pursue,  
Some glittering trifle offered to my view,  
A gnat, an insect, of the meanest kind,  
Erase the new born image from my mind ;  
Some beastly want, craving, importunate,  
Vile as the grinning mastiffs at my gate,  
Calls off from heavenly truth this reasoning me,  
And tells me I'm a brute as much as he.  
If on sublimer wings of love and praise  
My soul above the starry vault I raise,  
Lured by some vain conceit, or shameful lust,  
I flag, I drop, and flutter in the dust.  
The towering lark thus from her lofty strain  
Stoops to an emmet, or a barley grain.  
By adverse gusts of jarring instincts tossed,  
I rove to one, now to the other coast ;  
To bliss unknown my lofty soul aspires,  
My lot unequal to my vast desires.  
As 'mongst the hinds a child of royal birth  
Finds his high pedigree by conscious worth,  
So man, amongst his fellow brutes exposed,  
Sees he's a king, but 'tis a king deposed.  
Pity him, beasts ! you by no law confined,  
Are barred from devious paths by being blind ;  
Whilst man, through opening views of various ways,  
Confounded, by the aid of knowledge strays ;  
Too weak to choose, yet choosing still in haste,  
One moment gives the pleasure and distaste ;  
Bilked by past minutes, while the present cloy,

The flattering future still must give the joy.  
 Not happy, but amused upon the road,  
 And like you thoughtless of his last abode,  
 Whether next sun his being shall restrain  
 To endless nothing, happiness, or pain.

Around me, lo, the thinking thoughtless crew,  
 (Bewildered each) their different paths pursue ;  
 Of them I ask the way ; the first replies,  
 Thou art a god ; and sends me to the skies.  
 Down on this turf (the next) thou two-legged beast,  
 There fix thy lot, thy bliss, and endless rest ;  
 Between those wide extremes the length is such,  
 I find I know too little or too much.

‘Almighty power, by whose most wise command,  
 Helpless, forlorn, uncertain here I stand ;  
 Take this faint glimmering of thyself away,  
 Or break into my soul with perfect day !’  
 This said, expanded lay the sacred text,  
 The balm, the light, the guide of souls perplexed :  
 Thus the benighted traveller that strays  
 Through doubtful paths, enjoys the morning rays ;  
 The nightly mist, and thick descending dew,  
 Parting, unfold the fields, and vaulted blue.  
 ‘O truth divine ! enlightened by thy ray,  
 I grope and guess no more, but see my way ;  
 Thou clear’dst the secret of my high descent,  
 And told me what those mystic tokens meant ;  
 Marks of my birth, which I had worn in vain,  
 Too hard for worldly sages to explain ;  
 Zeno’s were vain, vain Epicurus’ schemes,  
 Their systems false, delusive were their dreams ;  
 Unskilled my twofold nature to divide,  
 One nursed by pleasure, and one nursed by pride ;  
 Those jarring truths which human art beguile,  
 Thy sacred page thus bid me reconcile.’  
 Ofspring of God, no less thy pedigree,  
 What thou once wert, art now, and still may be,  
 Thy God alone can tell, alone decree ;  
 Faultless thou dropped from His unerring skill,  
 With the bare power to sin, since free of will ;  
 Yet charge not with thy guilt His bounteous love ;

For who has power to walk, has power to rove,  
 Who acts by force impelled, can nought deserve ;  
 And wisdom short of infinite, may swerve.  
 Born on thy new-imped wings, thou took'st thy flight,  
 Left thy Creator, and the realms of light ;  
 Disdained His gentle precept to fulfil ;  
 And thought to grow a god by doing ill :  
 Though by foul guilt thy heavenly form defaced,  
 In nature changed, from happy mansions chased,  
 Thou still retain'st some sparks of heavenly fire,  
 Too faint to mount, yet restless to aspire ;  
 Angel enough to seek thy bliss again,  
 And brute enough to make thy search in vain.  
 The creatures now withdraw their kindly use,  
 Some fly thee, some torment, and some seduce ;  
 Repast ill-suited to such different guests,  
 For what thy sense desires, thy soul distastes ;  
 Thy lust, thy curiosity, thy pride,  
 Curbed, or deferred, or balked, or gratified,  
 Rage on, and make thee equally unblessed  
 In what thou want'st, and what thou hast possessed ;  
 In vain thou hop'st for bliss on this poor clod,  
 Return, and seek thy father, and thy God :  
 Yet think not to regain thy native sky,  
 Born on the wings of vain philosophy ;  
 Mysterious passage ! hid from human eyes ;  
 Soaring you'll sink, and sinking you will rise :  
 Let humble thoughts thy wary footsteps guide,  
 Regain by meekness what you lost by pride.

### ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕ'ΑΥΤΟΝ. KNOW THYSELF.

*(From the autograph MS. in the British Museum.)*

WHAT am I ? how produc'd ? & for what end ?  
 Whence drew I being ? to what period tend ?  
 Am I th' Abandon'd orphan of blind chance ?  
 Dropt by wild atoms, in disorderd dance ;  
 Or from an endless chain of causes wrought ?  
 And of unthinking substance Born with thought.  
 The purple stream, that through my vessels glides,  
 Dull & unconscious Flows like common tides.

The pipes through which the circling juices stray,  
 Are not that thinking I, no more than they.  
 This Frame compacted, with transcendent skill,  
 Of moving joynts obedient to my will,  
 Nurs'd from the fruitfull Glebe, like yonder Tree,  
 Waxes & wasts; 'tis mine, but 'tis not me.  
 New matter still my mouldering Mass sustains,  
 The Fabrick changd; the Tenant still remains:  
 The self same I; not Bone, nor Flesh, nor Blood;  
 Not the fixed solid, nor the circling Flood.  
 Unchanged within the Fleeting Frame resides  
 & through each point of life, its Motion Guides.  
 What am I then? sure, of a nobler Birth.  
 Thy parents Right, I own O Mother Earth;  
 But claim superior Lineage by my Sire,  
 Who warmd th'unthinking clod with heavenly Fire.  
 Essense divine, with lifeless clay allayd,  
 By double nature, double instinet swayd.

With Look erect, I dart my Longing eye,  
 Seem wingd to part, & climb my native Skye.  
 I strive to mount; But strive alas in vain,  
 Tyd to this massy Globe by magick chain.  
 Now on swift thought I flye from pole to pole,  
 View worlds around their Flaming Centers Roll.  
 What stedy powers their Lasting motions guide,  
 Through the same trackless paths of Boundless Void.  
 I weigh the ponderous planets in a scale,  
 & trace the Blazing Comets Fiery Trail.  
 These godlike thoughts, while eager I pursue,  
 Some glittering trifle, offerd to my view,  
 A Gnat or insect of the meanest kind,  
 Can Rase the new Born image from my Mind.  
 Some Beastly want, urging, importunate,  
 Vile as the grüning mastifs at my gate,  
 Calls off from heav'nly truth this reasoning me,  
 & tells me I'me a Brute as much as he.  
 Whilst on seraphick wings of love & praise,  
 My Soul above the starry vault I raise,  
 Lur'd by some vain conceit, or shamefull Lust,  
 I flag, I drop, & Flutter, in the dust.  
 The Touring Lark, thus from her lofty strain,  
 Stoops to an emmet, or a Barly Grain.  
 By passing gusts of differing passions tost,  
 I rove to this, now to the other cost.  
 My restless soul at Bliss untasted aims,  
 In earthy mansions Glows with heavenly Flames.

As 'mongst the Hinds a child of Royal Birth  
 Finds his high pedegree, by conscious worth,  
 So man amongst his fellow Brutes exposd  
 Feels he's a King, but 'tis a King depos'd.  
 Pity him, Beasts; you by no Law confiu'd  
 Are Bar'd from Devious paths by being Blind.

Whilst man, by opening views of various wayes  
 Confounded, by the aid of knowledge strays.  
 To find impatient, yet too weak to chuse  
 Fond to discover what he should refuse,  
 Pleas'd with his vain amusements on the Road  
 Yet like yow thoughtless of his Last abode.  
 Whether next sun, his Being shall restrain  
 To endless nothing, Happiness, or pain ?

Arround me I behold the thinking crew,  
 Bewilder'd each their different paths pursue.  
 Of them I ask the way ; the First replies,  
*Thow art a god*, & sends me to the skys.  
*Down on this Turf* (the next) thow two-legd Beast,  
 Here fix thy Lott, thy Bliss, & endless rest.  
 Between those wide extremes my doubts are such,  
 I find I know too litle or too much.

Allmighty Power, by whose most dread command,  
 Helpless, Forlorn, uncertain here I stand,  
 Take this faint glimmering of thy self away,  
 Or Break into my Soul with perfect day.  
 This said ; expanded lay the sacred text,  
 The light the Balm the Guide of Souls perplexd :  
 Stupendous is thy power ; O light divine  
 The sons of darkness tremble at each Line.  
 Black doubt, & Hell-Born error shun thy Ray  
 As tardy sprights are startled at the day.  
 Thow cleard the secret of my high descent,  
 Thow told me what those Motly tokens meant,  
 Marks of my Birth, which I had worn in vain,  
 Too hard for worldly sages to explain.  
 Zenos were false, vain Epicurus s[c]hemes,  
 Their systems false ; delusive were their dreams.  
 Unskild my two fold nature to divide ;  
 One nursd by pleasure, & one nursd my pride.  
 Those jarring truths which human art beguild  
 Thus in thy page I read ; & reconcild.  
 I am thy god ; thow canst alone from me  
 Learn what thow wert, thow art, & still may Be.  
 Faultless thou dropt from my unerring Skill,  
 With the Bare power to sin, since Free of will,  
 Nor for this freedome, could thow blame my love.  
 For he may wander, who has power to move.  
 Born on thy new urgd wings, thow took thy Flight,  
 Left thy Creator, & the Realms of light ;  
 Under thy Feet, my dread commandments trode,  
 And thought by doing ill, to grow a god.  
 Thy heavenly Beauty thus by sin defaed,  
 In nature changd, from happy Mansions chasd,  
 Thow still conceals't some sparks of heavnly Fire,  
 Too faint to mount, yet restless to aspire.  
 Angel enough to seek thy Bliss again,  
 And Brute enough, to make this search in vain.

From hence it is that warring tempests Roll  
Within thy Breast, & Rend thy torturd soul.  
Thy lust, thy curiosity, thy Pride,  
Curbd, or deferrd, or Baulkd, or Gratifyd  
Rage on, & make the[e] equally unblesd  
In what thow wants or what thou hast possesst ;  
Repast ill swited, to such differing guests  
For what thy sense desires thy soul distasts.  
In vain thow seeks thy Bliss, on this poor clod,  
Return to me, thy Father, & thy god.  
But think not to regain thy native Skye  
By towring thoughts of vain philosophy ;  
Strange is the way that Leads to paradise  
Thow must by creeping mount & sinking Rise.  
Lett Lowly thoughts thy wary Footsteps guide,  
Regain thus humbly, what thow lost by pride.

DOUBTFUL WORKS.





# NOTES AND MEMORANDUMS

OF THE

SIX DAYS PRECEDING THE DEATH OF A LATE  
RIGHT REVEREND —

CONTAINING

Many remarkable passages, with an Inscription designed  
FOR HIS MONUMENT<sup>1</sup>.

Non moreris G—te voles, sed vivus ad Astra.  
Aetheriis vectus qualis Enochus equis.—*Dr. Bentley.*

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THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1714(-5).

Quicquid erit vitae, scribam, color.—*Hor.*

Rose at five: slipped on my morning-gown: purified my outside. Meditated on the vanity of washings, and the superfluity of habits. Walked about my room half an hour precisely. Exercise useful; throws off corrupt humours; much need of it. Look out the window; hemmed three times; much easier than before. Three ejaculations for that. Cast my eyes about. I am positive I see a Romish priest: omen of an evil import. O! the depths of Satan! few know them; I do. Look into the glass: choler begins to rise; face reddens, eyes sparkle, hands shake, body trembles. Sad meditation! whence could that fellow come? O Rome, Rome! debaucher of morals, seducer of souls, painted whore, filthy abomination! Great perturbation of mind: sigh for ease in the spirit. Servant enters: inquire

<sup>1</sup> As regards this attack on Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, see page 85. Burnet was a politician and broad churchman, whose chief weakness was vanity. He always said what he thought, though it

might sometimes have been more discreet to keep silent. Swift attacked him in 'A Preface to the Bishop of Sarum's Introduction to the third volume of the History of the Reformation,' and elsewhere.

who that fellow is? answered, the small-coal-man: unexpected exultation, dawns of comfort, gleams of recovery! Give my man sixpence for the good news: a guinea saved in a doctor. Ask again if he is sure it was the small-coal-man? answered, yes. Am satisfied. Call for my tea; drink thirty dishes: read over the *Daily Courant*: more work in the North: dangerous conjunctions! Saxony, Sweden. Poor protestants! Few people understand the interests of princes: I have been acquainted with all Europe for near half a century. Company comes in: politics interrupted. They stay till night: talk of secret history; I tell a great many stories: all friends, everybody pleased. Retire to my chamber: read over a small treatise of my own: go to sleep.

## FRIDAY MORNING.

Non si malè nunc, et olim

Sic erit.

Waked at three: . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . Lie upon my left side, get a little rest; dream that I am dead, and conversing with the ghosts of emperors, popes, and kings. Wake in a cold sweat at five: call for a light: look into *Partridge's Almanack*: some obscure hints about a Right Reverend: sick at heart. March, ay March: dismal Ides of March! Abundance of Caesars died in that month; desperate, lion-like, killing month; pray a little: faith and grace, good things: worldly possessions hard to part with. Rise in a fright. Consider of my dream: prove myself no prophet, and therefore an unfit vessel for visions of truth: more comfort from the proverb, 'dream of death, hear of marriage': new fears! perhaps son Tom is married<sup>1</sup>: better than my dying still. Sure he has more grace; heartily afraid he has not. Variety of doubts, perplexities, and uncertain anxieties. Send for Tom. Wish Radcliffe<sup>2</sup> was alive: hang him, he would not come to me. Come to no resolution. Tom not to be found: a sad child. Resolved not to be afraid: repeat three verses of the 110th Psalm; say, what is man? three times: call for my tea: tea is

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Burnet (1694-1753), Bishop Burnet's youngest son. He was knighted in 1745; and never married. He was a wit and de-

bauchee, but is said to have turned out an upright judge.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. John Radcliffe.

insipid, nauseous, offends my stomach : try to expectorate : phlegm viscid. Bad signs. Everything out of order : suppose I should bleed : signifies nothing ; things predestinated must come to pass. Want diversion : call for a pamphlet at twelve : read over ten pages all in my own commendation : grow better apace : order a light dinner. Drink a glass of sack. New spirits, new life. Partridge a fool, and no trust in almanacks, especially the Oxford. March as good a month as any in the year. Go to dinner, eat moderately : drink prosperity to their high and mightinesses ; to Lord Thomas, Lord John, Lord Charles, and all our friends. Grow merry ; don't despair of L[ambe]th still : he is older than I am : a good man, a very good man ;—but we must all die<sup>1</sup>. A sudden qualm comes upon me : retire to my chamber : consider of the crime of forecasting our neighbour's death. Grow worse and worse. Think of my own age : past seventy : high time to set my house in order. A friend from the other end of the town interrupts me at eight. Talk of state-affairs two hours. Revived with some good news at first. Differences among our friends : nonsense to quarrel. He must be the man. Tories may make an advantage. Tell my friend a story that I told to three kings to the same purpose. Memorandum : he smiled, and said he had never heard it before. Servant brings a bottle of wine : whisper a great secret while he is in the room : forgot to apply an old saying of Queen Elizabeth's : resolved to remember it next time upon the same story. Friend takes his leave, promises to come to-morrow. Muse upon my state of health : go to bed : think that repentance is as necessary as impeachments.

## SATURDAY, MARCH 12.

Aspice venturo laetantur ut omnia Saeculo !

Rested well all night : rise at seven : begin to think of the old argument about Bishops and Presbyters : much the same in the Greek. Resolved to spend the morning in writing to Zurich, Geneva, and Holland. Drink my usual quantity of tea first : read the *Flying Post* : he is an honest man, tells truth, I must try to prefer him : rewards as necessary for friends, as punish-

<sup>1</sup> Archbishop Tenison died in December, 1715, in his seventy-ninth year.

ments for high-flyers. Set down to write : a letter in French to Van Munden of Utrecht, full of politics : a new scheme for the Barrier : to Le Clerc in Latin about my last book, with a note of fifty pounds : tell him what I would have him say of me in his Journal ; skill in antiquities, history, critical learning, moderation. Leave my piety to himself. Memorandum ; to advise him in my postscript to brand my enemies in Britain with the style and titles of *Nebulones impuri, Ecclesiae Pestes, Rituum Fautores nequissimi, in Literis et Historiâ planè Pueri*. After this to sum them up by name : to end with something like this ; *Vivat diutissimè magnum illud Ecclesiae decus, Historiae et Antiquitatis Instaurator felicissimus*. A letter of thanks to Zurich : another to my old friend who has so many children and grandchildren at Geneva. Resolved to go abroad to-day. Friend comes. Mahomet and Mustapha. No more of that. Go out to visit my brother<sup>1</sup> across the water. Nothing venture nothing have : my cold may go off. Enter into the following dialogue with my brother.

*Scot.* I am glad to see you well, brother : these glorious times give us all a new life ; for my part I fancy myself twenty years younger than I was ten months ago.

*Broth.* You may do so ; but I am old, very old : I can't read your last book, but I thank you for it.—I will ask Dr. G——n about it.

*Scot.* I have been at some pains truly : but there are some things I should have left out. had I foreseen how matters would have happened : they were calculated for some fears that are now blown over.

*Broth.* We can never be too much afraid of the P[o]pe : the man of sin flourisheth still.

*Scot.* But now is our time to lop off his branches ; we shall see the completion of some prophecies in the Revelations in our days, I trust.

*Broth.* I can't, I can't tell : interpreters are doubtful, and I can't read now.

*Scot.* You have done a great deal of good in your time : our ages require us both to leave off painstaking. But I can't forbear turning over my beloved pages still : I own I read

<sup>1</sup> Sir Thomas Burnet, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh. His principal work was the *Thesaurus Medicæ*. He appears to have died in 1715.

Calvin in a morning still, and Buchanan's Psalms at night : they please me, and I love to be pleased.

*Broth.* I have done with pleasure now : the good woman is departed, and I must follow.

*Scot.* I have had a cold these two days, and am now alarmed with a difficulty of breath : I must take my leave—for fear of the worst. Farewell, brother ; and if thou seest me no more, remember there was such an one as Scoto.

*Broth.* Yes, all the world will remember thee. Fare thee well.

Took boat at six : meditated on my passage from one side of the water to the other : like passing from this life into another. Very like it. Cough violently at landing. Walk through the Temple : look up at Tom's window : no light there : he never studies : how then could he write that Letter<sup>1</sup>? *Omnes omnia bona dicere, et laudare fortunam meam qui Filium haberem tali ingenio præditum.* I was so when I was young : happy days ! they are past. Cough again : get into the coach : meditate on the similitude of Luther to a postillion in his oil-coat lashing through a dirty road. Some wit in it. Does not reflect upon the Reformation. Am set down at home out of breath. Helped up to my chamber. Rheum tickles sadly. Pectoral lozenges. Little help. Caught more cold upon the water. Look over Baxter's 'Cordial to Fainting Sinners' : revive upon it. Draught of sack : as good as Baxter. Sold formerly at the apothecary's only : now in every tavern. Strange abuse of creatures ! thus an harlot is first gently used by some man of quality, who by often tasting recommends the wicked one : from whence (O fatal lapse !) she falls into the hands of the multitude, and becomes the delight of every vulgar sinner, and is to be enjoyed at every house of evil name in the town. . . . Query with myself, why my head runs so much upon similitudes ? Perhaps it may be giddy. Look over the prayers for the sick : forms, mere forms ! Effusions of the soul edify much. Go to bed betimes. Think to-morrow is Sunday.

<sup>1</sup> Tom Burnet published *The Necessity of impeaching the late Ministry, in a letter to the Earl of Halifax*, in 1715.

SUNDAY, MARCH 13.

*Aegrotante corpore animus quae futura sunt aut praevideat, aut sibi saepe visus est praevidere.—Augustine.*

Wake at four: reflect on the strange somniations of the night. Remember the saying of Horace, *Velut aegri somnia*: what have I to do with heathen poets? The soul must be immortal, but not Dodwell's way. Asgill a fool; no man can be translated but from one see to another: there is some sense in that verily: spectres, pointed fires, headless mortals, visionary elysiums, creatures of the fancy. That part of the dream about walking on a great bridge, and falling from thence into a boundless ocean, where I sunk down, and saw at the bottom Daniel Burgess, William Penn, &c. carries a fine allegory. Nothing at all in it however. The Lord has more work for me to do still. Call for my man Jonathan. Brings a candle: fancy Jonathan looks like death. Say a prayer and a half of my own. Jonathan and I reason thus about his being Death:

*Mast.* Suppose you are Death, tell me what you would say to me now, Jonathan.

*Jonath.* I Death! No, sir, I can't be Death, nay I am no relation of his; never saw him in my life, Sir.

*Mast.* Thou man of carnal understanding, and gross ignorance: thou, and every worm, (for what is man but a worm?) are related to him: Life and Death are akin, as much as flesh and corruption: therefore suppose thyself Death, and speak to me in his name.

*Jonath.* In the name of Death then, what is it you would have, Sir?

*Mast.* You must say, you are come to visit me, and ask me some questions; and I will reply to you: this will fortify my spirits, and make me less afraid of real Death, when he approaches.

*Jonath.* I come, Sir, to tell you that you have lived long enough, and enjoyed the good things of the world: it is not fit you should live to be a week older; your sense and reason are gone; you are a burthen to the earth; repent and come away with me.

*Mast.* That is too much:—you should have left out burthen of the earth, and those things: I see you don't understand my meaning. No more of this.

Jonathan departs. Think of his stupidity. It could not be out of design: he thinks his master mad. Rise at seven. Indisposition increases. Send for a list of the Lent Preachers: make pishes at some names: will it come to my turn? St. Andrews a large parish: a great many odd Saints' names about this town should be abolished. The almanacks ought to be corrected: red letters abomination. Resolve to see nobody to-day. Resolve to drink three quarts of water-gruel instead of my tea. Sick, very sick: call for my man: order him to bring the folio in manuscript, of my own Life and Times. Consider what a great name I shall leave behind me. Doctor W[elwo]od stole his Memoirs<sup>1</sup> from my conversation. If he has gained a great reputation, I shall certainly. Better than Thuanus. Man brings the book. Begin to read: an excellent Preface: very happy at Prefaces. Courts of Charles and James: juggling, tricking, mistresses, whores spiritual and temporal, French money, more money; slavery, Popery, arbitrary power, liberty, plots, Italy, Geneva, Rome, Titus Oates, Dangerfield; money again; peace, war, war, peace; more money. Lay down the book. Reflect how I came to know all this: my Lord L[auder]dale, a good deal: R——l, a good deal more: the King some. Conferences with great men: informations: multitudes of pamphlets. Cabinetted twice in one day: absconded a week: appeared again: run away: *hactenus haec*: call for dinner: dine alone: Wish health to friend Benjamin<sup>2</sup>. Hear a knocking at the door: two letters out of the country: one from Geneva. Mem. to answer the latter this night. Ask my man how I look? answered, better than when he played the part of Death to me. Sicken immediately after dinner. Fumed: want of digestion. Drink a glass of wine. Try to go to sleep in my easy chair: nod a little: wake better. Return to my book: read and drink tea till night: much about myself: vacancies of places; bishoprics, deaneries, livings: new oaths: clergy obstinate, Sherlock alone: South and Sherlock: Fenwick, Collier: parliament against us. Tories prevail: miserable times: preach against them. Interrupted: friend comes in by Jonathan's mistake. Good news however: all of our side. Public justice: no security like it. Talk of indifferent matters. Pity

<sup>1</sup> *Memoirs of the most material transactions in England for the last hundred years preceding the Revolution in 1688,*

by James Welwood, M.D., 1700.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Hoadley.

poor L[or]d Thomas's son. It must be dissolved. Afflictions fall to the righteous: sons are strange giddy things: think of my Tom. Read a page of my book to my friend: he is in raptures. I am much better: talk cheerfully; drink some sack: clock strikes nine: he goes. Walk about a little. Feet weak. Giddiness in the head. Call for my quilted cap. Look on the glass. Cap falls over my eyes: sad token. New fears. Mem. to send for a physician in the morning: human means necessary; man must co-operate. Grow worse: go to bed. Forget that it was Sunday.

MONDAY, MARCH 14.

Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit.—*Lilly.*

No folding of the hands to sleep, no slumber all night: can't lie in bed for fear. Rise at one. Asthma a fatal distemper. Consider how much my lungs should be distempered: used them with great vehemence in my younger days. Could not leave it off at last. Think if it could proceed from some other reason. Hope not. I don't remember: all from the violent pulpit-motions: could not possibly help it: the power of the spirit certainly straitened the organs of the body. Call my servant in haste: send for opium and balsams: flesh is grass: certainly grass. Life is like many things; a shadow, a bird, a line in the water, an old story: *fumus et umbra sumus*, a good motto for a chimney, or a black gown: head swims: get out, Tories: I have nothing to say to you. A perverse generation. Convocation. Dr. S[na]pe<sup>1</sup>. Let them do what they will. No good. Chaplains too. Honest Ben. a double portion for him. Present settlement. Kissing goes by favour. Butter the rooks' nest, said Sir Thomas Wyatt at the Reformation, and then you may do what you please. All joy to great Caesar, to little Caesar. Another good saying of Sir Thomas, it is a strange thing a man can't repent of his sins, without the leave of the Pope. Pshaw, how came the Pope into my head? Give me the drops; I'll try to forget everything. Doze until four. Opium an excellent medicine. Many debates in my mind about a proper doctor. Dr. W[oodwar]d, he is my countryman; don't care to trust him: G[art]h, he will laugh at me, and tell

<sup>1</sup> Andrew Snape, D.D.



stories : why can't a man do without them ? necessary evils. Resolve to ask advice of Jonathan about it. Give my mind to contemplation : William the Conqueror : Rufus : the Third, happy day ! grand restorative : pleasant to think of these things : cough again twice. Distempers will not be flattered : I wish they would. Nobody could do it better. Jonathan comes in : looks with a sad air. Don't like such looks at all. Order the family to come up stairs at seven : resolved to preach before them extempore. Not much matter what the text is : easy to run off from the subject, and talk of the times. Late order about preaching : it cannot relate to chamber-practice. Bid my man set the great chair ready. Family comes up. Survey them with delight : the damsel Jane has a wicked eye : Robin seems to meet her glances : unsanctified vessels ! children of wrath ! lust of the eye : evil concupiscence. No flock without these evil ones. Look again at Jane : a tear of penitence in her eye : sweet drops ! grace triumphs, sin lies dead. Wish Tom were present : he might be reformed. Consider how many sermons it is probable Tom hears in one year : afraid not one. Alas, the Temple ! alas, the Temple ! The law eats up divinity : it corrupts manners, raises contentions among the faithful, feeds upon poor vicarages, and devours widows' houses without making long prayers : alas, the Temple ! never liked that place since it harboured Sa[chever]jell : he certainly spread an infection there. A swimming of my head : seem to hear the noise of tumults, riots, seditions : fresh noises of High Church, the doctor ; what would the multitude have ? why are they incensed ? who of our order has offended ? impeach, silence, hang, behead ! That the name of a man should turn one's head to a giddiness ! Say a short mental prayer : cool by degrees. Jane petitions not to hear the sermon, but make her beds. There is no dealing with youthful inclinations : they are unsteady in every path : they leave the direct way : walk in bye-places and corners. Give her leave to depart. Resolved within myself to deny Robin to go, if he should ask. Robin asks. Reprove him thus :—'I have watched your mutual temptations, and the snares you laid for each other ; you, Robin, I say, and the damsel Jane : forbear your iniquity, struggle with sin ; make not excuses to follow the handmaid : thou shalt stay here, and hear, and edify'.—Prepare to preach : hem thrice : spread my hands : lift up my eyes : attempt to

raise myself: sink backwards: faint suddenly: don't know what is done for half-an-hour: awakened to life by cold water, and many cries: rub my eyes: ask where I have been? Servants tell me strange things. All press for a doctor: consent; send for G[ar]th<sup>1</sup>. Think of a chapter in praise of physicians: no commentators guess who was the author. It must be apocryphal: never was but one saint of the faculty: *hei mihi! Religio Medici*<sup>2</sup>: where shall one find more than the title? Send for Mr. Boyle's receipts: he was an excellent man: I knew him. Read in the book: for a cough, honey and brimstone. Can't take it;—fling away the book. G[ar]th comes: takes up Mr. Boyle's receipts: begins to fall into a discourse with me to this purpose, looking into the title-page:

*Doct.* Sir, I am sorry to see you so ill; but egad I think you deserve it, if this piece of quackery has been your regimen: an idle, trifling collection of old women's, corn-cutters', and farriers' recipes: is this a directory for a man of your parts and sense?

*Patient.* Why Doctor, Mr. Boyle was a great man, and kept company with the best physicians of the age, and was respected by them.

*Doct.* So I keep company with some great divines; but the devil is in it if any man will therefore say, that I am a parson:

So diamonds take a lustre from their foil,  
And to a Bentley 'tis we owe Charles Boyle.

Not Robert, egad! it is true, he is a good naturalist: the world are obliged to him;—but for physic, is as great a dunce as the late R[adcli]ffe.

*Patient.* But, Doctor, to the purpose: I will give up Boyle, and R[adcli]ffe too, if you will but ease me.

*Doct.* I can no more promise that, than you can to save me; I know you hate infallibility in all faculties: but I will try, for it is pity to lose a good horse, though a man has twenty sets: let us see your hand; by Jove I don't like it.

*Patient.* Don't shake your head so, dear Doctor: tell me plainly what hopes you have of me; I don't love to be flattered, I never flattered anybody myself.

*Doct.* No!—that's strange indeed; flatter nobody, I wonder

<sup>1</sup> Samuel Garth, who was knighted in 1715.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Thomas Browne's work, published in 1642.

how you lived so long then. Come, put out your tongue, that must be viewed too.

*Patient.* Why, Doctor, you don't pretend to tell by one's tongue whether one has flattered, or no : come, to oblige you—see it—

*Doct.* A strange tongue ! an unflattering tongue, truly : for it tells a sad truth, I am sure, at present.

*Patient.* Pray what's that ?

*Doct.* Only you have got a lurking fever ; and your church-bellows are so inflamed, that I dare prognosticate, they can't blow much longer.

*Patient.* Ay, Doctor, I have used them, I fear, with too much vehemence : they have been serviceable lungs for our cause. But give me a little better comfort before you leave me.

*Doct.* If blood-letting, coolers, lambatives, and pectorals are comforts, I shall prescribe you enough, never fear : but I have your own word, not to flatter you.

*Patient.* But do you think I may weather it, or how long is it probable I shall last ?

*Doct.* 'Till you stink, as far as I know : you should have sent for me sooner ; and yet I am not certain but that you may survive it. I would have you cheer up, son of thunder : a good spirit is an half cure in many cases : beside, I know you black gentlemen have a good trick of deceiving the d—l : it is your business to do it ; stand upon your guard ; for it is *pro aris et focis*, now.

*Patient.* I will, I will ;—but prithee don't be so irreligious, Doctor ; I have a great respect for your constancy in a good cause, and your name has done us service in verse and prose.

*Doct.* Why, Sir, have you the vanity to think that religion ever did our cause any service ! If that comes into your head, and you squeak at last, it is time for me to bid you good night.

*Patient.* I will do anything you order me ; but I must confess, that I begin to think a man can't die easily without repentance.

*Doct.* Farewell then ; my time is past ; there can be no hopes if you talk at this rate : I'll tell the Kit-Cat Club of you, and it shall be known to every man at C[our]t that you die like a pedant. Farewell.

Consider with myself what the world will say if this dialogue is made public : yet it is true. Most doctors so : a

great pity in a man of his parts. Call for my servant. Resolve to forget G[art]h was with me. Order the man to read a chapter in the Revelations. Nothing about me there: yet I am sick: I will seek the Lord in prayer. Praying a mighty good thing. No help in it. Apothecary comes: talk with him about the doctor. Shakes his head: talks over words I don't understand: resolve to follow his advice however. Takes his leave with three bows. Meditate on the vanities of respect, and art of compliments. Best things corrupted are the worst. Good manners necessary. Stomach begins to recoil: what shall I do? much dubitation. Go to bed: order another chapter to be read by my bedside. Isaiah talks finely, and rapturously. It is not worth while to live: it is. Recant all things: suppose the Metropolitan should — an excellent supposition. Grow much worse. Sleep, O sleep! but it will not come. Toss, and think of ten thousand things all night.

## TUESDAY.

Dum Testamenta condimus haeredi laetitiam paramus.—*Grot.*

Abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem,

Longa Tithonum minuit senectus.—*Hor.*

Mind disturbed with fears all night: fancy I shall not recover. Who will succeed me? who is worthy? *me mortuo maria et terrae commisceantur!* A little prophane: Tom might have said it: it had become him. Servant enters. Order him to bring my will: read, In the name of God, I — bequeath my worldly goods in form and manner following. It is very moving, melts the very heart of me: what will become of poor Tom? Money will make him mad. Sad thoughts! that an harlot or a sharper should devour the fruits of my spiritual labours! Think how odd successions are in some families; a parish boy rises into a divine, a divine mounts to a B[ishopric]; his son a beau, his son a beggar; *corruptio optimi sit pessima*. Thus the Lord mortifies the vanities of human creatures! The heathens called this fortune. Great ignorance! Look upon the will again; *item*, I give to the poor of, &c. — Great mind to scratch that paragraph out. Must give them something too. Charities are abused: resolve to ask Tom's opinion about it: he studies the law. Tom comes to see me. More than I expected: the powers of grace not quite extinguished! he looks as if he had been crying: poor soul! what, for me?

Perhaps sitting up and drinking might make his eyes look red : begin to fear it was that. Grow positive in the last opinion. Tom asks me how I do. Kind, very kind. Talk with him thus :

*Fath.* You see, Thomas, that this frail body, this tabernacle of clay, is hastening to its dissolution : you will lose me in a short time ; I am ready to be snatched from your eyes.

*Tom.* The will of the Lord be done.

*Fath.* That is very pious indeed, Tommy ; I see you have not forgot all your Scripture : but you owe some dutiful wishes to me still ; you would not have me die, son, I am sure.

*Tom.* I am not sure of that : if you live, pen and paper, print and publish, are the words : if you die, five thousand at least : I shall neither turn miser nor usurer.

*Fath.* Ay, thou hast hit upon two things, that grieve me much : in the first place, I desire you would never dabble with your ink-pot any more : read more, and write less : don't forget a chapter in Proverbs every day—

*Tom.* Sir, if you please, I'll drink your health ; I can't hear all this stuff for nothing : what has the Scripture to do with the law, only to denounce woes against us, and send us to the d—l ?

*Fath.* Fie ! be not profane with unseasonable wit : you have, Tom, writ well enough for a young fellow of no learning ; but pray leave it off, I command you to do it.

*Tom.* Sir, you may command, and I may promise : but it would be strange if one who has broke best part of all the commandments he ever knew, should keep yours : I am no more to be depended upon than the King of France. Stipulate I may, but stand by it I cannot.

*Fath.* Give him a glass of sack, Jonathan : the confession is ingenious, and I hope more from thee now, than I could if you had promised : but look here, Tom, I shall leave you, shall leave you just—

*Tom.* I wish you'd say something, Sir ; if you don't die, it may do me service ; for I can borrow £20 upon the reputation of a good legacy.

*Fath.* O Thomas, Thomas ! I see the iniquities of thy heart : thy wishes are impious—but I will leave you —

*Tom.* Pray, Sir, let me be sure of something ; and I know one way that may make my legacy doubled in a short time—

*Fath.* What is that, child? I find you have a thriving genius, tell me what you mean?

*Tom.* Why, a certain book written by a certain grave man about certain Times, which I hope certainly to publish, and get a round sum for the copy.

*Fath.* Tom, I have taken care of thee: thou shalt have nothing to do with it: depart, Sir, I want to meditate alone.

*Tom.* Well, if I never see you any more—— Farewell.

Meditate on my discourse with Tom. Despair of him, and myself. It grows upon me. Languor of spirits. G[arth] comes again: look indifferently at him: he sings, and repeats verses: twirls his cane: tells a story of my Lord Thomas: feels my pulse: talk about my journey's end. I tell him an account of my life: cry profusely at the end of it. The doctor smiles: an infidel no doubt. Ask him seriously about my condition: very bad: he says I may eat and drink anything that I can: nothing can make me better or worse: miserable sentence! Desire G[arth] to give my blessing to a young N[obleman] of great hopes, and make him a compliment in my name. Think what the world will say of it after I am dead: imagine myself that it looks heroical, and with an air of a great soul. The world ought to be cheated. Feel many apprehensions within myself: resolve to say nothing of them. Put a good face upon a bad matter. Fain live to see what this P[arliament] will do: there must be glorious work: if I should not, the world will lose a good speech: resolve to give it away, and order it to be printed in my name: A Speech designed to have been spoke at the trial of ——. It will do very well. Doctor asks me what I am musing on? Tell him. He approves the project: repeats ten lines about death stolen from heathen poets, and commonplace books:

To die, is landing on some silent shore,  
Where tempests never break, nor billows roar.

Ask him about an epitaph. Replies he can't write Latin; that his last dedication ransacked all he had left, but he will try to get a fine one. Thank him: give him a ring that a great man gave me to remember him. He jests upon me, and says I mistime my present, it should be left to my executors. Takes his leave, repeating Virgil:

— *Dono Damoetas mihi quam dedit olim,  
Et dixit moriens, Te nunc habet ista secundum.*

Meditate how pleasant life is to careless tempers: a great duke died with as little ceremony, and as good an air, as he went out of the room. It is wonderful! call my man: drink some cordial: try to compose myself. Messengers every minute from great folks to know how I do: smile, and send a great many compliments to them all. Think of what importance I am to the world: a kindness ought not to be forgotten: when old Dr. W[ar]d was ill, I used to send every day to know how he did: I succeeded him without my own seeking<sup>1</sup>. Two footmen from foreign ladies: it is mighty kind: I can't do them any service now: return a thousand thanks. Call for a bundle of papers: order some of them to be burnt: puts me in mind of the usage some of my writings received from the public: vain spite! they will live; they have a spirit of immortality. Spend all the afternoon in returning compliments, and giving orders about my papers. Grow worse at night: fancy tea would do me good: drink twenty dishes: all in vain: sudden fit of convulsions. Am put to bed. My head feels delirious: variety of strange thoughts. Order a man to sit by me all night. Resolve to minute everything I can remember of myself 'till I depart this life.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16.

Tu Pater es, tu Patronus, ne deseras.—*Ter.*

Much disturbed all night with a cry in my ears, The Church, the Church: the worst of all the London cries. Wake at six: my inflammation increased with preaching in my sleep against the Whore of Babylon. Call for the cordial: small relief. Vehement temptations in my soul to break charity with Doctor S——, and many others. Strive with the iniquity: overcome it by degrees. Seem to see a spirit: frightened into a sudden shivering: bid my man keep near me always, and not stir out of the room: order him to bring a glass: my eyes look sunk in my head: my nose is sharpened, pinched up at the end: my nails not turned however: poor hopes. Repeat Psalms out of Buchanan. That is not right. Latin no fit language to pray

<sup>1</sup> Burnet was consecrated Bishop of Salisbury on March 31, 1689, upon the death of Dr. Seth Ward. Burnet asked William III to bestow the bishopric upon Dr. Lloyd,

Bishop of St. Asaph, but the King answered that he had another person in view, and on the following day Burnet himself was nominated.

in: Hopkins and Sternhold much better: say three Stanzas softly. Hear G[arth] coming up stairs: now for my last sentence: how shall I receive it? What shall I say to him? order my servant to give ten pieces: that may soften him perhaps. He comes in singing: looks with a bad aspect: recommends an undertaker to me. Sigh often. The doctor smiles; bows, and says, no good can be done! sad words! abundance of servants with messages to know my condition: send word little hopes: think with myself about Church-prayers: ineffectual. Consider of my funeral: private interment: no vanities, and ceremonies: privacy makes a man more enquired after. No High Church, not a man: easy to insult a dead lion. Send for a particular friend: comes immediately: wish him to send Le Clerc<sup>1</sup> an account of me: desire the good man to do me justice. In two languages at least: to hint that the world may expect my famous posthumous work<sup>2</sup>: say all the kind things of it imaginable: everybody in Holland will believe it. Reflect, that a prophet is not renowned in his own country. My enemies numerous: good fortune to overcome so many of them. Bar-le-duc: can't help thinking of politics. Ought to remember my sins. K[ennet]'s Doctrine of Repentance very comfortable to persons of distinction: right or wrong, a strong faith is all. Let the world alone, and that will let you alone; a plausible sentence! but how shall a man restrain the ardency of the spirit, or stop the illusions of grace? A thought about funeral sermons and rosemary. I preached many full of panegyrics: they will rise up against me: conscience, O! conscience: call for a glass of sack: make a long soliloquy in the postulations with my own heart: get the better of all qualms that rise from past adventures. Resolved to leave my *New Model of Church Government* to be printed after my death: many faults in the present scheme: recommend it to Benjamin's perusal: give him a full liberty to add and improve. Think what a noise it will make in the world: the works of a great man follow him. Consider how to mortify some vain thoughts rising in my carnal mind. The words of Solomon, in writing many books is much folly, meant only of foolish

<sup>1</sup> Jean le Clerc published (1714-1721) at Amsterdam, an annual volume called *Bibliothèque Ancienne et Moderne*, devoted to the considera-

tion of literature.

<sup>2</sup> The *History of his own Time*, of which the first volume appeared in 1724 and the second in 1734.



books. Pray a little. Resolve to support my spirits by sending messages to several persons of distinction. Death is like a thief: use him in his own way: steal as much from him as I can. He is also like a serpent: there were ways of old to charm serpents: a cunning animal, arts against arts necessary. All methods of deceit that are practicable are good upon just occasions: none more proper than the present. Order a chapter to be read. Order it to be let alone. Enquire after Tom: no message from him all day: wonder at his want of filial piety, his manners, his life, his Letter: try to get him out of my head: he grieves me: hope he may reform: years of discretion must come. Inflammation increases mightily: I can't live 'till tomorrow: resolved to order my man to take down all I say when I lose my senses: bid him get pen, ink, and paper ready. There is a great deal of discovery in those rhapsodies: the mind acts more freely when the organs of the body are affected by sickness. Tom comes in, and overhears my orders: talks with me about madness: very impudent, and ungracious: order him to read a sermon: takes out a book and reads a piece of nonsense of S[acheverel]'s: call him fool and blockhead: he pretends to explain his meaning: ridiculous, very ridiculous: desire him to depart: he says he'll drink a bottle and come again: glad to get rid of him, with a blessing unasked for. Find my head grows delirious; order Jonathan to be in readiness to write: he writes.

O! my head —. Take care of the bed, it is all in flame. Joshua the 10th, and verse the 12th. The white horse in the Revelations; I am no racer, don't love horse-matches. Give me a tea-kettle; more sugar.—I will make a speech, a speech for them, and against them;— I remember more actions, sayings, speeches, revolutions, plots, discoveries, than any man in Europe: here is a paper of a hundred names: here is a list of plotters, seditious, rioters: now is our time or never — What have we to do with the French king; it must be demolished, it shall be demolished<sup>1</sup>. There is no peace to the sinner, no treaty with the devil: give me leave to state the matter fairly: read over that again, — that is not at all material: order that paper to be burnt by the common hangman. Why, here is nothing at all ready. What has that fellow to do

<sup>1</sup> The cry raised about Dunkirk thought that the Tory Government by Steele and others, when it was would not enforce the demolition.

here? I am not at all afraid —. Vanish spirits. O! Solomon : O! Solomon! the first and second of Esther, I will preach upon that text. Frogs came into the king's bed-chamber. O! the plagues of conscience! give me room—: if my lungs did not fail me, I would make it appear that all the Tories in the nation are dissenters, schismatics, anti-monarchic, rebellious sons of disorder and confusion.— Who is able to expound and explain articles? who are judges, if we are not? let them propose their opinions. What that noble Lord observed is undoubtedly true:— more dragoons— What would the fellow have? — Did not I swear that I would not wear lawn? bow? who should I bow to.— The Pope is the most unreasonable rascal in the world.— I will not leave Tom a single farthing.— Write, it's all nonsense. Take care of that book.—Get thee behind me, Satan. What can they mean in the north?— Is there any probability of his making good his pretensions? spurious, proved a hundred times over. But these confounded invectives:—what shall we do with them? America, Newfoundland! poor merchants! O! that Peace.— Let me alone for divinity: I will maul them on Sundays, Saturdays, lecture-days, charity sermons. Abel<sup>1</sup> is the greatest scoundrel in the world. Let the Convocation alone.— I say he shall have a regiment. Fling them papers into the fire:— it is nonsense to let them be transcribed: pray Mr. Ch—ll take abundance of care of the letter and paper:— beware of abridgements<sup>2</sup>. A new edition in octavo.— Come again to-morrow.— My Lord, I am your Lordship's.— Did not I bid you put out that fire? more water, good Jonathan.—The curtains: O my head:— the world turns upside downwards. Churches fall:— Salisbury steeple stands awry.— Take away your leaden hand.— No more, I see it does stand awry.

<sup>1</sup> Abel Roper.

<sup>2</sup> The third and last volume of the *History of the Reformation of the Church of England* appeared in 1715, in folio. An *Abridgement* of the first

two volumes was published in 1682, and the third volume was abridged by Burnet's second son Gilbert, and the whole reissued in three small volumes in 1719.

AN INSCRIPTION DESIGNED FOR HIS MONUMENT.

Subtus

Cineres jam tandem, quod non ipse optavit,  
In PACE requiescunt.  
Vir erat ingenio satis callido, et versatili,  
Nativo solo familiari ;  
In rebus sacris Magnus, Fabulosis Major,  
In Politicis (si ipsi credas) Maximus !  
Veritatis cultor adeo fidelis,  
Ut aeque in Vitâ, ac Scriptis elucescat.  
In Concionando acer erat, vehemens, indefessus ;  
Puriorem Doctrinam habuere multi,  
Pulmones, et latera robustiora nemo.  
Adeo Romae per omnia aversus  
Ut ad Genevam deflecteret.  
Obiit, in Universum Dissidentium  
Ab Ecc. Angl. luctum,  
Martiiis Calendis.

Beneath

There lies, against his own wishes,  
A man at last in peace.  
He was master of a cunning, various wit,  
Agreeable to his own country.  
Great was he in divinity, in fable greater,  
In politics (if you'll believe himself) greatest.  
So faithful a lover of truth,  
That it equally appears in his life  
And writings.  
A violent, mighty, unwearied preacher ;  
Many have had purer doctrine,  
No one stronger sides, and lungs.  
So averse to Rome in all points  
That he almost approached Geneva ;  
He died, to the universal grief of the  
Dissenters, on the kalends of March.

AN ACCOUNT OF  
THE SICKNESS AND DEATH  
OF  
DR. W—DW—RD;

AS ALSO OF WHAT APPEARED UPON OPENING HIS BODY.

In a letter to a friend in the country.

BY DR. TECHNICUM<sup>1</sup>.

Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras.

SIR,

I heartily condole with you and the rest of the *literati*, on the death of our dear friend Dr. W[oo]dw[a]rd, and have transmitted, according to your desire, a brief account of his illness and behaviour before he died, and the most remarkable phenomena upon dissection. When he first published his *State of Physic, &c.*<sup>2</sup>, no man was more vivacious and alert; from a keen appetite and a good digestion, he entertained the hopes of a long life, and promised himself that his lacteals were very numerous. On the other hand he was satisfied, from the redundancy of his discoveries, that he was the Columbus of the faculty, and the greatest genius that ever appeared in it; that he should have statues erected to him, and his works be translated into all languages. But when he found, poor gentleman, his mistake; that his writings were the jest of the town and country, and admitted even into the farce of *Harlequin and Scaramouch*<sup>3</sup>, he began to lose, in some measure, his indelible

<sup>1</sup> See page 95.

<sup>2</sup> The *State of Physic* was written in reply to Dr. Freind's *Hippocratis de morbis popularibus, &c.* Among the subsequent pamphlets against Woodward were *A Letter to the learned Dr. Woodward, by Dr. Byfield*, and *A Letter from the facetious Dr. Andrew*

*Tripe*. Among the answers from Dr. Woodward's friends were *The Two Sosias*, and *A Letter to the fatal Triumvirate*.

<sup>3</sup> An allusion, apparently, to *Harlequin Hydaspes, or, The Greshamite*, a mock opera acted at Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1719.

sort of kindness for the children of his brain, and to lament the unhappiness of distressed merit. I observed that Garth's *Dispensary*, which he quoted at random in his illness, was of mighty consolation to him, not upon the account of the morality of the piece, but because it highly delighted him to consider that if a satire was levelled against the whole profession, any single member might endure it with greater patience and resignation. However, that the Doctor might not stand alone in a controversy, he and I composed a little tract, which we thought would have demolished the triumvirate: for though neither of us alone were able to encounter our antagonists, yet the cause must necessarily be successful, from such a formidable confederacy of wit, from the united talents of a mathematical divine, and a fossilistical practitioner.

But this stratagem failing also, and the pamphlet being returned on our hands by the bookseller, the Doctor grew immediately chagrin and melancholy. I cannot say, indeed, but after the first attack of his disease, he would show, at intervals, in conversation, a serenity of temper entirely dispassionate, which might be construed by his enemies perhaps the most consummate impudence. In company with his own fraternity he carried on the same air of unconcern, took place of his juniors, as he has confessed, and seemed extravagantly full of glee that he was arrived in a circle, as it were, to his old station, and likely to rejoice again in the capacity of a foreman. But his distemper grew upon him by degrees, and began to be attended with phenomena that were not genuine and usual. What to call it I could not learn from his physicians, nor is it at all material; for all diseases arising from an exuberance of the biliose salts, there is no occasion for divisions; nor is there any difference, according to the notions of our departed friend, between the cause of an apoplexy, or *furor uterinus*. It is plain that, by his over-great solicitude and grief, the salts, which served for his digestion, were otherwise employed; and the phlegm becoming stagnate, the salts increased in number, and by the steam of their collectations occasioned an inflation of the stomach. According, therefore, as the organs were incommoded and embarrassed, he was affected with a variety of symptoms; sometimes he would have a faintness and swooning on him, and be pusillanimous and dejected: I have seen him throw himself into a difficulty of breathing, by pouring forth a torrent of rugged epithets upon his adversaries; but upon an accidental closure of the upper

orifice of the stomach, he would begin to whoop and hiccough, and be troubled with chokings, startings, and strangulations. The fur and foulness of his tongue were remarkable, and his belchings were sour, noisome, and foetid, though generally nothing else but wind. His aspect was convulsed into a grimace, yet the heat and flushing of his face was never intense enough, as I perceived, to make him blush. The salts indeed, being a little over-heated, excited something bordering upon that harsh, uneasy, and offensive sensation, called a fever: and in fine, Sir, the bile being highly vitiated, annoyed the organs, indisposed the frame, and made such a confusion and perturbation in his brain, as to bring on madness and deliria. His power of thinking was so depraved, perverted, and confounded that everything he uttered for the last ten days was nothing else but the confused images of things and persons he had been engaged with. Laughing, weeping, anxiety, and suspicion, were the kindest symptoms; for he would frequently foam at mouth, bite and bark like a mad dog.

Dr. Byfield, Dr. Tripe, Elkanah Settle, and my Lord Peterborough, were mostly the objects of his rage; but if he spoke a line of sense, he would run immediately into a hotch-potch, as he used to call it, concerning graduates, creeds, processions, relics, extreme unction, Gotham correspondence, Father Grueber, the Devil, and the Pretender.

While he retained his senses he would be satisfied with nothing but his own method, and he had, every day, for about twenty days together, a clyster, a purge, and a quart or two of oil<sup>1</sup>. His physicians, as he approached his latter end, directed him some other medicines, which he sometimes took, but even in his ravings he would call aloud for an emetic, and be impatiently craving after oil.

He took a vomit the very day he died, nay, almost the very minute; and, as he was expiring, let fall the large cockle-shell of sack-whey out of which he used to drink.

I have been, Sir, more particular in this relation, to obviate the misrepresentations of two different sorts of people. Some there are, who have had the folly to declare that the Doctor died immediately of a fright at the appearance of the late meteor; others again, with an impudence never to be paralleled, affirm him now to be alive. To the first I answer, that it is irrational to suppose such a phenomenon could be terrible to

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Woodward's prescription for Steele (*Aitken's Life of Steele*, II. 201).

one who has been always prying into grottos and volcanos. and the wonders of the creation. It is true he saw it, but at that time was incapable of giving any tolerable account of it. In short, he was out of our order long before, and departed this life on the first instant, which, whether ominous or not, I shall not take upon me to determine.

To the second there is nothing scarcely can be said; for a man must be lost to all modesty and common sense, who will affirm a thing which, if he'll but go to Gresham, is in his power to contradict. With these very eyes, I declare to you, I saw him make his exit, which I will attest upon oath, if required: but I need not, Sir, be at the pains to convince you. or any man who is acquainted with my character, and knows what regard the Court of Equity has for my veracity. I speak this with the more warmth, because I am satisfied, notwithstanding our *verbum sacerdotis* is pawned for it, that there are some who will still insist upon his being now living; and I design to caution a certain bookseller near St. Paul's, who, I hear, has more than once reported it; for as I am his executor, I am told it will bear an action. What will still indeed confirm the world in this notion, is that some about him who thought everything he said must necessarily be good, have already printed all the rhapsody of his deliria. This however is my comfort, though I shall see him personated, and several pieces published under his name, yet, as his language and ideas are inimitable, the wiser part of mankind must discover the imposture.

I shall give you a full account of his works in a little time; I am scarce, as yet, master enough of his physick, in which he mostly followed the Germans: this I am sure, he was a good naturalist, and very communicative of his fossils: in his religion I had, you know, well grounded him, and he seemed to exceed myself in the belief of those principles I had instilled.

He was a true philosopher in temper, and as he desired not to want, so he never abounded in his circumstances. I shall get but a very trifle by his kindness to me; I believe his knicknackatory may defray the expenses of his funeral, and pay the druggist for ipecacuanha; and I hope the chariot and horses will discharge the other lesser matters. His oilman (for an apothecary he seldom used) ought to be very reasonable in his bill, considering what advantages accrued to him from his recommendation. I heard him say not long ago (and no man was more punctual in his arithmetic) that in the course of his

practice he had administered 20473 vomits, 756 hogsheds, four gallons, and a pint of sack-whey, and above 50 ton of oil.

But before I take leave, it will be expected I should say something for the satisfaction of the ladies, who will be inquisitive of what sex he died; the account of his dissection will inform them in that particular; and although from the softness of his voice something may have been suggested to his disadvantage in their esteem, yet I know not whether that constitution is not more eligible that inclines one to the gout of Italy and Spain, and gives a man a stronger relish for the more manly pleasures of those warmer climates.

His body pursuant to his own desire was opened by Mr. Marten, in the presence of three or four foreign *virtuosos*: the complexion of the skin was parti-coloured, and had something of the tarnish and sully natural to a jaundice. We first viewed the abdomen: the musculus rectus continued fleshly to the very middle of the sternum before it began to be tendinous, as is observed in the simia<sup>1</sup>; which contrivance of nature no doubt facilitates the wriggling motion of that animal. The omentum, the main fund of the fat, which should have been the guard against the attacks of the biliose salts, was perished, dissolved, and quite gone. The stomach appeared extremely inflated, and plainly made such a pressure upon the curb of the aorta, that there was scarce any passage left through the descending trunk. In the cavity of the stomach, as an ocular proof of his doctrine, presented itself an incredible quantity of bile sufficient to produce that modulation upon the brain which he gave the first hint of to the world. The inner surface was entirely smooth, not a footstep of the velvet tunicle remaining: this was perhaps from the constant use of drinking gallons of sack-whey with his vomits. The aperture of the pylorus was very extraordinary, 'twas big enough to admit a man's thumb: and indeed while he continued sensible, he often said, so it would be found upon dissection: for in all that time he observed, that the pylorus never would close, so as to give him the refreshment even of a slumber. Towards the pylorus within the stomach was placed a fleshy substance, resembling, though set at a greater distance, that in the hog-kind<sup>2</sup>; to which species, especially the tajaou or opossum<sup>3</sup>, this phenomenon is so peculiar. Anatomists look upon this as a stopple, which is of

<sup>1</sup> Blasius, *de Anatom. Simiae.*

*sius, de Anatom. Porci.*

<sup>2</sup> Grew's *Comparat. Anatom.* Bla-

<sup>3</sup> Dr. Tyson, *Phil. Transact.* n. 153.



great service in the closure of the pylorus<sup>1</sup>. Hence another reason may be deduced for his want of sleep, this instrument not being in him situated near enough to act a part in this affair.

Throughout the whole tract of the intestines there was nothing very remarkable, besides an exceeding flatulency, and great guts of vitiated bile: there were also large quantities of oil floating about, undigested and unaltered. At the anus was a ficus of an uncommon magnitude. To the rectum, near the verge of the cloaca, adhered a pouch full of a glandulous juice, much like what the naturalists describe in the *hyaena odorifera*, the rattlesnake, and the polecat; and which, no doubt, imparted that fragrancy he used to remark in his very excrements: though when the discharge was more than usual, this extraordinary perfume might possibly turn to a common stink. as has been observed in other animals<sup>2</sup>. The caecum, as happens always in a certain race of creatures, was entirely wanting<sup>3</sup>. The mesentery was very strumose, and the lacteals obstructed to that degree, as to be visible: one of them, which seemed to be the last allotted for the period of this great man's life, had its orifice impacted by three or four large globules of the biliose salts.

The liver was immensely big, divided into seven lobes and tinged with bile; the gall-bladder was of a size proportionable, indeed very near equalling that of an ox. From the ductus chodolochus, beside the branch that enters the duodenum, we discovered, upon a nicer enquiry, another inserted immediately into the stomach itself. The spleen was of a triangular figure<sup>4</sup>, large, tense, and in some places schirrose; abounding with a thick heavy *atra bilis*.

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In the thorax, the thymus was found to be as big as usually it is in a calf. The heart was very flabby, and for the most part unsound and rotten: upon the left ventricle appeared a very virulent ulcer. The lungs were cramped, straitened, and much incommoded by the bearing up of the diaphragm, occasioned

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Tyson, *Phil. Transact.* n. 153. *Anatom. Brutor.*

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* n. 144, 153. Blasius,

<sup>3</sup> Blasius.

<sup>4</sup> Blasius.

by the great inflation of the stomach. Upon the same account, the back, during the last days of his illness, was very up, and appeared somewhat gibbose and humped.

Upon opening the brain, there were evident marks of the cruel ravages and depredations of the biliose principles. The dura mater was fretted, and wholly unstrung; the circumvolutions in the cerebrum all obliterated, and the surface quite plain and even; which Doctor Willis has observed to be the case of some particular persons<sup>1</sup>. The vacuities in his venter were large to an uncommon degree. The pineal gland was perfectly flaccid, so that it seemed to have been incapable for some time of giving any proper directions to the will. However, the nervous system was tense, and peculiarly adapted for vibration.

I thought this account would be acceptable to you, both as it might give some light to mankind into the causes of distempers, and more particularly likewise, as it might be of great use to confirm the doctrines laid down by our late dear departed friend.

I am, yours &c.

April 4th, 1719.

<sup>1</sup> *Anat. Cereb.* c. x.

IT CANNOT RAIN BUT IT POURS,  
OR  
LONDON STROWED WITH RARITIES ;

BEING

An account of the arrival of a white bear at the house of Mr. Rateliff in Bishopsgate Street: as also of Faustina, the celebrated Italian singing woman; and of the copper-farthing Dean from Ireland.

AND LASTLY,

Of the wonderful wild man that was nursed in the woods of Germany by a wild beast, hunted and taken in toils; how he behaveth himself like a dumb creature, and is a Christian like one of us, being called Peter; and how he was brought to Court all in green, to the great astonishment of the quality and gentry, 1726<sup>1</sup>.

WE shall begin with a description of Peter the savage, deferring our other curiosities to some following papers.

Romulus and Remus, the two famous wild men of antiquity, and Orsin that of the moderns, have been justly the admiration of all mankind; nor can we presage less of this wild youth, as may be gathered from that famous and well-known prophecy of Lilly's, which, being now accomplished, is most easily interpreted:

When Rome shall wend to Benevento,  
And Espagne break the Assiento;  
When eagle split shall fly to China,  
And christian folks adore Faustina:  
Then shall an oak be brought to bed  
Of creature neither taught nor fed;  
Great feats shall he achieve—

<sup>1</sup> See page 107. The arrival of this 'wild man' called forth several satirical pamphlets, among them one attributed to Defoe: 'Mere Nature delineated, or a Body without a Soul. Being observations upon

the Young Forester lately brought to Town from Germany; with a dissertation on the usefulness and necessity of Fools, whether political or natural,' 1726.

The Pope is now going to Benevento ; the Spaniards have broke their treaty ; the Emperor trades to China ; and Lilly, were he alive, must be convinced that it was not the Empress Faustina that was meant in the prophecy.

It is evident by several tokens about this wild gentleman, that he had a father and mother like one of us ; but, there being no register of his christening, his age is only to be guessed at by his stature and countenance, and appeareth to be about twelve or thirteen. His being so young was the occasion of the great disappointment of the ladies, who came to the drawing-room in full expectation of some attempt upon their chastity : so far is true, that he endeavoured to kiss the young Lady Walpole, who for that reason is become the envy of the circle ; this being a declaration of nature in favour of her superior beauty.

Aristotle saith, that man is the most mimic of all animals ; which opinion of that great philosopher is strongly confirmed by the behaviour of this wild gentleman, who is endowed with that quality to an extreme degree. He received his first impressions at court : his manners are first to lick people's hands, and then turn his breech upon them ; to thrust his hand into everybody's pocket ; to climb over people's heads ; and even to make use of the royal hand to take what he has a mind to. At his first appearance he seized on the Lord Chamberlain's staff, and put on his hat before the King ; from whence some have conjectured, that he is either descended from a grandee of Spain, or the Earls of Kinsale in Ireland. However, these are manifest tokens of his innate ambition ; he is extremely tenacious of his own property, and ready to invade that of other people. By this mimic quality he discovered what wild beast had nursed him ; observing children to ask blessing of their mothers, one day he fell down upon his knees to a sow, and muttered some sounds in that humble posture.

It has been commonly thought that he is Ulric's natural brother, because of some resemblance of manners, and the officious care of Ulric about him ; but the superiority of parts and genius in Peter demonstrates this to be impossible.

Though he is ignorant both of ancient and modern languages, (that care being left to the ingenious physician, who is entrusted with his education) yet he distinguishes objects

by certain sounds framed to himself, which Mr. Rotenberg, who brought him over, understands perfectly. Beholding one day the shambles with great fear and astonishment, ever since he calls man by the same sound, which expresseth wolf. A young lady is a peacock, old women magpies and owls; a beau with a toupee, a monkey; glass, ice; blue, red, and green ribbons, he calls rainbow; an heap of gold, a turd. The first ship he saw he took to be a great beast swimming on her back, and her feet tied above her; the men that came out of the hold he took to be her cubs, and wondered they were so unlike their dam. He understands perfectly the language of all beasts and birds, and is not, like them, confined to that of one species. He can bring any beast what he calls for, and no doubt is much missed now in his native woods, where he used to do good offices among his fellow-citizens, and served as a mediator to reconcile their differences. One day he warned a flock of sheep, that were driving to the shambles, of their danger; and, upon uttering some sounds, they all fled. He takes vast pleasure in conversation with horses; and going to the mews to converse with two of his intimate acquaintances in the king's stables, as he passed by, he neighed to the horse at Charing Cross, being as it were surprised to see him so high: he seemed to take it ill that the horse did not answer him; but I think nobody can value his understanding for not being skilled in statuary.

He expresseth his joy most commonly by neighing, and, whatever the philosophers may talk of their risibility, neighing is a more noble expression of that passion than laughing, which seems to me to have something silly in it; and, besides, is often attended with tears. Other animals are sensible they debase themselves by mimicking laughter; and I take it to be a general observation, that the top felicity of mankind is to imitate monkeys and birds; witness harlequins, scaramouches, and masqueraders: on the other hand, monkeys, when they would look extremely silly, endeavour to bring themselves down to mankind. Love he expresseth by the cooing of a dove, and anger by the croaking of a raven; and it is not doubted but that he will serve in time as an interpreter between us and other animals.

Great instruction is to be had from this wild youth in the knowledge of simples; and I am of opinion, that he ought

always to attend the Censors of the college in their visitation of apothecaries' shops.

I am told that the new sect of herb-eaters<sup>1</sup> intend to follow him into the fields, or to beg him for a clerk of their kitchen ; and that there are many of them now thinking of turning their children into woods to graze with the cattle, in hopes to raise a healthy and moral race, refined from the corruptions of this luxurious world.

He sings naturally several pretty tunes of his own composing, and with equal facility in the chromatic, inharmonic, and diatonic style, and consequently must be of infinite use to the academy in judging of the merits of their composers, and is the only person that ought to decide betwixt Cuzzoni and Faustina<sup>2</sup>.

I cannot omit his first notion of clothes, which he took to be the natural skins of the creatures that wore them, and seemed to be in great pain for the pulling off a stocking, thinking the poor man was a flaying.

I am not ignorant that there are disaffected people, who say he is a pretender, and no genuine wild man. This calumny proceeds from the false notions they have of wild men, which they frame from such as they see about the town, whose actions are rather absurd than wild ; therefore it will be incumbent on all young gentlemen, who are ambitious to excel in this character, to copy this true original of nature.

The senses of this wild man are vastly more acute than those of a tame one ; he can follow the track of a man, or any other beast of prey. A dog is an ass to him for finding truffles ; his hearing is more perfect, because, his ears not having been confined by bandages, he can move them like a drill, and turn them towards the sonorous object.

Let us pray the Creator of all beings, wild and tame, that as this wild youth by being brought to court has been made a Christian ; so such as are at court, and are no Christians, may lay aside their savage and rapacious nature, and return to the meekness of the Gospel.

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Cheyne's followers.

<sup>2</sup> Two rival singers at that time in the Italian opera.

THE MOST  
WONDERFUL WONDER,

THAT EVER APPEARED TO THE WONDER OF THE

BRITISH NATION;

Being an Account of the Travels of Mynheer Veteranus, through the Woods of Germany: and an Account of his taking a most monstrous She Bear, who had nursed up the Wild Boy: their landing at the Tower; their reception at Court; the daily visits they receive from multitudes of all ranks and orders of both sexes.

WITH A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN THE OLD SHE BEAR AND HER FOSTER SON,

WRITTEN BY THE COPPER-FARTHING DEAN<sup>1</sup>.

No people on earth are so inquisitive and so fond of rarities as the English, except the Leigois, who by the consonance of humour and manners, seem to be descended from us; whoever knows their history, and is acquainted with that of England, will readily give in to my opinion. This I have thought necessary to say by way of introduction; for to fall *de but en blanc*, as the French say, or as we English, slap dash, upon the subject, without preparing our reader by some little introductory discourse to raise his curiosity, gain his attention, and bespeak his favour, would shew an author ignorant of the modern way of writing. I, who am now pretending to that title, shall endeavour to observe all decorums, and prove, by the little treatise I have undertaken, that I aim at nothing

<sup>1</sup> See pages 107, 108.

more than giving the town a polite entertainment, wherein I shall never deviate one single step from the paths of truth, which is so strictly followed by all writers, since the example set us by G[ilbert] B[urnet], B[ishop] of S[arum], that neither party, passion, nor private pique, can make an English author guilty of even an equivocation. I would be understood, however, to except Jesuits and Jacobites, for they are known to be incorrigible in their hatred to that exemplary pious man; and so great is their rage, that I verily believe, had he ever given in to flattery and falsehood, two vices which filled his righteous soul with horror, they would have embraced truth and plain dealing. But it is not my business here to examine the principles of any party or faction; nor does it become an author of a refined taste and polite education, to expose the faults, slips, mistakes, errors, or inhumanity of our neighbours, or to criticise their morals.

I shall therefore come to the subject matter, without detaining my reader any longer, since I suppose him of himself able to make all necessary reflections, and it would be arrogating to myself a superiority of judgment, should I pretend to make them for him. Be it known then, that Mynheer Veteranus, a Dutch gentleman, who keeps a gin shop in Amsterdam, hearing the kind reception the wild boy met with here in England, and of the great care taken for his instruction in the principles of the Christian faith, thought he could not do a more acceptable piece of service to this generous nation, than that of enquiring out, and bringing over the bear to whom the care of his infant state was committed. And knowing that the generous English would not suffer him to lose either his pains or expenses, if he succeeded in his search and endeavours to serve them, he left Amsterdam, resolving to hunt all the woods of Germany but he would find her out. To this end, he took a young child with him, and having prepared his toils, towards the evening, in a certain forest, he made the child cry, thinking that the nurse, being accustomed to these infant ejaculations, would be allured by them. The success answered his intentions; for a she bear made up to the place whence the child's cries proceeded, and was taken in the toils. No sooner had he, with the men who accompanied him, muzzled her, so that she could do no mischief, but he offered the child to her dugs, who she, without reluctance, nay, with a visible tenderness, suffered



to draw her milk, and endeavoured, though too straitly muzzled, to caress it with her velvet tongue. Mynheer, to try her farther, took the child away ; whereat she began to grumble in a frightful manner ; roar she could not, for the above-mentioned reason. Mynheer therefore being fully satisfied, was hoisting her into a cart brought to carry her off, when he was surprised by an uncommon sight ; a child of about two years old, with his nose to the ground, and followed by some bear's cubs, came galloping upon all four in search of the dam and nurse, whom they followed by the scent. This sight made the Dutch gentleman fear he had not the real nurse of the English wild boy ; but one of his huntsmen told him it was a confirmation that she had nursed the English gentleman ; for, says he, when a bear has once brought up an infant, they grow so fond of children, that they never rest contented without one for the entertainment and diversion of their cubs ; and they'll venture their lives to steal one from the neighbouring villages. Satisfied with what he heard, Mynheer Veteranus ordered the child and cubs to be taken, which was no hard matter, for they would not quit the dam. He then made the best of his way home, overjoyed that he could be so serviceable to the British nation, for which the Dutch in general have an inviolable affection, as is demonstrable in all their actions ; he took shipping afterwards with his prize, and safely landed at Tower Wharf, the first of this month ; though some have falsely reported that he was here four months before. However, he was no sooner arrived, than he received the thanks and compliments of all the nobility, who had the honour of waiting on him, to whom he shewed this rarity gratis. A certain person of distinction purchased his whole cargo, the bear with her cubs and their foster brother ; and sending for the wild gentleman, he shewed him the old bear. The lad no sooner saw her, but, with tears of joy, he embraced his dear nurse ; who on her part gave as great demonstration of fondness, hugging him, throwing herself on her back, and opening her legs, offered him the teat, which he sucked as heartily as if he had never been weaned : he unmuzzled her, and it's impossible to express the joy which appeared in the eyes of both. The cubs and new-found infant were brought in, but the English gentleman would not suffer them to approach ; and indeed the fondness the bear shewed for the recovery of her former care, made her neglect her cubs

and new nursling. The purchaser of her is a man of a great estate, and a Scotch gentleman (whose father is a merchant of sloes, blackberries, eider, and arsenic in the city) being by, he desired him to take care of these cubs, which the bear had neglected, and he would pay him handsomely for their board. Since which time, the bear has been shewn to all the Court : and we hear that a den, in which formerly was kept one of the most monstrous she bears that ever the woods of Germany produced, is now preparing for her reception. The bear's first fit of tenderness for her recovered darling being over, she seemed by her looks to enquire for her young. The English gentleman, who is her interpreter, asked for them by her orders. They were brought, and the young gentleman told his foster mother in her own language, that great care should be taken both of her cubs and nursling ; and that a gentleman who was to have an apartment joining to hers, had the care of civilising and bringing them up ; which, as he was a Scotchman by birth, none could perform with more care, skill, and tenderness. As the English wild gentleman did me the honour to interpret to me the dialogue between him and his nurse, partly by words, partly by signs, I shall here give it the reader verbatim without addition or diminution.

*Bear.* My dear human cub, how have I regretted your loss. how could you leave so tender a mother ?

*Boy.* I was ravished from you, my dear mother, by the barbarous creatures of my own kind ; who have enclosed me, as you see, in these hides stript off some innocent beasts ; and deprived me of the natural use of my fore legs.

*Bear.* What title has this beast which goes erect on two legs, contrary to the order of nature, to deprive us of our native liberty ?

*Boy.* The same they have to tyrannise over one another, the power to do it. The beast called man has the vanity to imagine himself the head of the creation ; that every other creature is subservient to him, and made by the sun for his use ; and that he alone has the benefit of reason and expression.

*Bear.* I find he is but a very silly animal. Let him consult experience (for reason I suppose he has none) and see which has most claim to superiority, the two-legged or the four-legged beast. Turn a man loose to me, to a tiger, or a lion, and let him shew his excellence. He seems to me the most imperfect

piece of the creation ; for the sun has given him neither hair to cover him, nor teeth nor claws to defend him. Has he a scent to find out his necessary food ?

*Boy.* They feed upon animals weaker than themselves, as lambs, fowls ; and, by their treachery, they kill and eat the bull and cow. They carry it fairly with them, and there is a sort of compact between these beasts: the beast man, in the summer, cuts the grass, and lays up provision for the beast bull against the winter ; and the beast bull helps him, by working. to lay up a store for himself. But when man is hungry, he takes an opportunity, and kills and eats the undesigning innocent bull.

*Bear.* Monstrous ! I see the horse<sup>1</sup> in friendship with them ; are they as treacherous to him ?

*Boy.* I can't tell ; but they tyrannise over him because of their numbers ; for otherwise, the horse is much the braver beast. But they have an invention of killing creatures with fire ; which makes those beasts who know them stand in awe of them.

*Bear.* Since you have been some time among the beasts of your own species, you are certainly able to give me their character.

*Boy.* That's a difficult matter ; for hardly one of them knows his own ; and I have heard men themselves say, that it is the greatest wisdom for a man to know himself. Man is a very contradiction ; he prides himself as superior to the other beasts, and yet when he would exaggerate in his own praise, it is by shewing that he is equal to some or other of them in the gifts of nature. Their comparisons are with beasts of different species from their own, and when they boast of their strength, subtilty, or innocence, they immediately allude to the lion, serpent, and dove, and so on in all other perfections. Man stripped is the most defenceless and most sheepish of all animals ; but when he is decked with bird's feathers and sheep's wool, and laid over with a shining earth which they adore, as we do the sun, and has perfumed himself with the excrements of a civet-cat, his pride makes him look with contempt on every other animal ; as if the pillage of different beasts had the power to change his nature. Their judgments

<sup>1</sup> This piece, it will be remembered, was printed in the same year as *Gulliver's Travels*.

are so weak, that they'll put one man to death, and extol another to the skies, for one and the same action. The glittering earth I mentioned is their god; it is almost of the colour of the fox, and so zealous are they in their adorations of this their deity, that they offer one another up in sacrifice, in which by mutual wounds both priest and victim fall. They are so fickle in their temper, that they resolve one thing this minute, and the contrary the next; and their hatred is so violent when provoked, that they will wish the most cruel mischiefs even to themselves; nay, they go farther, and put themselves to death.

*Bear.* Ridiculous animal, which pursues annihilation! but I observe there is a subordination among them; for one man I see is followed and attended by a number of others who obey his orders. Is that man stronger or wiser than his fellow beasts, that he has so many jackals about him?

*Boy.* Not at all. 'Tis very probable he is the weakest of the pack.

*Bear.* Whence then this observance?

*Boy.* He is blessed with the favour of their god: you must know their deity is divided into innumerable small particles, and he who possesses the greatest number of these, is the most honoured by the rest of his species, and followed and waited on by them, to gather up such parcels as he is obliged from time to time to scatter: for such is the nature of their god, that it cannot rest long contented in one place; though a man whom the sun killed not long since, had chained and fettered their great god of all, which they call by the name of million; this god of theirs I never saw. I can give you no farther account, having been so small a time among them, and not as yet well enough acquainted with their manner of expression; for they use many words to which they join no idea. These are I fancy imaginary deities; as justice, honour, religion, truth, friendship, loyalty, piety, charity, mercy, public good, and many others which commonly fill their discourse; but what is meant by 'em I cannot yet discover, though I have a strong notion they have no meaning at all; and are only employed to give a grace to their conversation, because they are found pleasant to the ear, and run glibly off the tongue.

*Bear.* But what do these human beasts keep me here for?

*Boy.* I believe it is to admire you; for you may observe a

great number come to look at you. They take me to be something above their own species, for the finest of the men will caress me; but it's not strange, I have had the advantage of your tongue to liek me into form, and your milk to rear me. There is one thing which will make you wonder; the she man carries about her the skin of the virile instrument, but to what end I can't find out.

*Bear.* If it is to admire me, well and good; for they can't do it without abating very much of the opinion they conceive of themselves: but I shall not long be easy under this confinement, though I am treated with no harsh usage, and even as the more noble beast, for they attend and provide for me without any care on my side.

*Boy.* It is this I believe makes the horse and dogs suffer the insults they meet from man; for all things rightly considered, man who provides for the horse's sustenance, who keeps him clean, carries away his dung, and waits upon him when he has any ailment, is no more than slave to the generous beast. As to the dog, I have seen the she men treat him with so much care, tenderness, and deference, that I am apt to think they worship him; they take him into their bosoms, kiss, fondle and caress him; provide the best entertainment for him; serve him before themselves; and never suffer him to set his foot to the ground, but carry him in their arms, and are diligent attendants on him. They pay the same respect to the monkey. I was one day in conversation with one, who told me he thought himself happy that he had such a number of careful slaves, who even prevented his wishes, and provided so well for him not only all the conveniences of life, but also what might gratify the senses, that he was satisfied the rest of his species, had they a true notion of men, would condescend to converse with and take upon 'em the government of that passive animal. This is the monkey's way of thinking; though man thinks quite differently, and boasts that the monkey is his slave.

*Bear.* Why? does the monkey do anything for man?

*Boy.* Nothing; but when the monkey laughs at the ridiculous actions of that beast, he laughs again at his gestures: the monkey I just now mentioned found but one fault with his condition, 'which is,' said he, 'my slaves are so incorrigibly stupid, that when they do anything to displease me, and I shew my resent-

ment by gesticulation, for I don't know their language, they immediately fall a laughing.'

Their discourse was here interrupted by some company; for the bear would not seem too free with the boy lest man might have a mean opinion of her for the condescension.

[Followed, in the 1726 edition, by some macaronic lines, 'VIRI HUMANI, SALSI, ET FACETI GULIELMI SUTHERLANDI, MULTARUM ARTIUM ET SCIENTIARUM, DOCTORIS DOCTISSIMI, DIPLOMA,'—afterwards claimed for William Meston, in his *Poetical Works*, 1767—and by several facetious advertisements.]

AN ACCOUNT OF THE  
STATE OF LEARNING IN THE EMPIRE  
OF LILLIPUT;  
TOGETHER WITH  
THE HISTORY AND CHARACTER  
OF  
BULLUM THE EMPEROR'S LIBRARY KEEPER.

Faithfully transcribed out of Captain Lemuel Gulliver's general description of Lilliput, mentioned in the 69th page of the first volume of his Travels<sup>1</sup>.

As I always had a strong inclination to reading, from the time I first went to Emanuel College in Cambridge, and had gone through the most valuable ancient writers; during my stay in Lilliput, I was very inquisitive about the state of learning in that nation, and received the following information upon that subject.

In former ages, the government of the island Blefuscu was, in many respects, like what we call a commonwealth, and for a long time flourished both in arms and learning, whilst the Lilliputians were a barbarous people; at this time many excellent books were wrote in oratory, poetry, history, and philosophy, but the Blefuscudians having at length lost their liberties and form of government, which was changed into an empire, learning decayed amongst them very fast; the faster by reason of hot disputes which arose concerning the proper manner of dressing and eating

<sup>1</sup> See page 124.

eggs ; and in these the whole studies of all the learned men of that age were consumed.

The first emperor of Blefuscu, that he might ingratiate himself with his people, whom he had enslaved, undertook an expedition against the island of Lilliput ; which being then governed by several petty kings, ignorant of the arts of war, was, by degrees, subdued to the empire of Blefuscu. During this intercourse between the two nations, the Blefuscuian language was very much changed, by the mixture of the Lilliputian ; and those authors who wrote in the old language were neglected, and understood by very few.

In process of time the Lilliputians grew weary of subjection, flung off the foreign yoke, set up an emperor of their own with great success, and ever since have been a distinct empire from that of Blefuscu.

As they were an ingenious people, and blessed with a race of good emperors, they soon excelled their neighbours in learning and arms ; they got together all the old Blefuscuian books, their emperor founded a gomflastru, or seminary, with different schools, to instruct their youth in the old Blefuscuian language and learning ; and from thence chose their Nardacs, Glumghums, and Hurgos, and the emperors had themselves a large collection of these books in a library belonging to the palace.

Thus the Lilliputians flourished in politeness and literature, for some ages ; till at length, by the plenty of a long peace, they also grew corrupt, gave themselves up to idleness, luxury, and intriguing, and fell into controversies about breaking their eggs ; the old Blefuscuian books were laid aside, and nothing regarded but eggs and politics. The gomflastru indeed continued, each school had its mulro, or governor and scholars ; but the taste of the age being changed, they only turned over the old authors to amuse themselves, and enjoyed the moderate revenues bequeathed to them by former emperors. The present emperor indeed had endeavoured to bring them into esteem again ; he increased their possessions, and gave a noble present of books to the gomflastru ; but having a debauched inconstant people to rule over, and being kept in continual alarms of wars by his neighbours, he had not leisure to perfect his good intentions.

I was at this time in his favour, and when he heard that



I had been inquisitive about these affairs, he very graciously desired me to look into his library, and sent orders to the keeper of it to use me with great respect, and to present me with five hundred books, such as I should choose.

Accordingly upon a day appointed, I went to the library, which I took a view of in the same manner as I had done of the rest of the palace, by lying down and looking in at the window. The building was ruinous, the inside dusty, the books many in number, but scattered about in great disorder: the library-keeper, whose name is Bullum, was alone stalking amidst the rubbish. As soon as he saw my face at the window, he made his best bow, and began his speech to me, which as I was afterwards informed, he had taken a great deal of pains about, knowing me to be in the emperor's good graces. Most part of what he spoke was unintelligible to me, by a ridiculous mixture of the old Blefuscudian language: and what I did understand was fulsome flattery, and compliments that nothing mortal could deserve.

This was very dull entertainment to a man of my modesty, and thereupon finding his speech would be long, and that he was forced to strain his voice to make me hear at that distance. I thought it would be a kindness to us both to put a stop to him, which I did, returning him thanks in few words for his great opinion of me, and desired to see him the next day, that I might choose out the five hundred books which the emperor had given me.

Bullum, as I heard afterwards, was in great wrath, and loaded me with many opprobrious names, for refusing to hear his speech out, and daring to treat a man of his learning with so little respect. However, he stifled his resentment a little for the present, and came to me at the time appointed.

I desired him to shew me a catalogue of the books, and to give me some account of what they treated of, that I might be able to make a choice. He replied, that he had not troubled himself to bring a written catalogue, but that he had one in his memory, and immediately he repeated to me the titles of a vast number of old Blefuscudian books, and run on with a great fluency of speech, until he was out of breath.

It was a pain to me to forbear laughing, to hear Bullum sputter out so much jargon; at last I told him, that I was not in the least wiser for what he had said, because I understand

not a syllable of the language he spoke. At that, as he stood on the table before me, he put out his under-lip. And staring me full in the face, said, with a great deal of contempt, 'Not understand Blefuscudian! What do you understand?'

I was a little discomposed at this treatment; but not knowing then what interest he had at court, I resolved to use him civilly; and replied, that I understood eight or nine languages, if there was any merit in that; but that none of the books in his library would be of any use to me, that were not written in Lilliputian. 'Lilliputian!' says he, 'I cannot repeat the titles of many of them, but I will send you five hundred in a few days': and thus he left me.

I was very impatient to receive this curious present; but Bullum broke his word; for about this time my interest at court began to decline. I could not prevail upon him to deliver the books to me: at last, after much importunity, he came to me himself, attended by a servant, with only five books.

I was surprised at this, and asked if the rest were upon the road: he answered, that since he had seen me last he had spent some days in carefully perusing the emperor's orders; that he had discovered the word hundred to be an interpolation; and that the true reading was five books, which, in obedience to the emperor, he had brought me.

I had indeed been put off so long, that I suspected I should have had none, and therefore agreed to have the five books, designing to have made my complaint afterwards, but Bullum had another trick to play me. It was the custom, he said, for all strangers to make him a compliment in writing, which he desired me to comply with, and then he would deliver the books to me. He had brought the form, which I was to transcribe and sign with my own name. The words were these:

'Be it known to all men, that Bullum the great library-keeper to the emperor of Lilliput, and mulro in the gomflastru, is a man of vast erudition and learning; all parts of the world ring with his praises; and whilst I was honoured with his acquaintance, he used me with singular humanity.

'QUINBUS FLESTRIN.'

Out of an earnest desire to get possession of the books, I submitted even to this demand of Bullum, who then ordering them to be flung down before me, turned nimbly upon his heel

and left me. He had picked out for me the five worst books in the library, according to his judgment; but when I came to peruse them with a microscope, (the biggest being a folio about half an inch long) I found they were curious in their kind, but treating of subjects that Bullum was not conversant in. There was:

1. A collection of Poetry.

2. An Essay on Humility; necessary for all Lilliputians, who are very much inclined to think well of themselves, and meanly of others.

3. A dissertation upon tramecsans and slamecsans, or high-heeled and low-heeled shoes.

4. A bundle of controversies concerning the primitive way of breaking eggs.

5. The Blundecral, or Alcoran.

These books I brought safe with me to England, and design either to publish them, or else to present them to the University which I had once the honour to be a member of.

But to return to Bullum. I was amazed at his behaviour towards me, especially considering I was a Nardac, to which title he generally paid a profound respect. This made me desirous of getting an account of his history and character, which having something extraordinary in them, I shall lay before my reader.

Bullum is a tall raw-boned man, I believe near six inches and an half high; from his infancy he applied himself, with great industry, to the old Blefuscudian language, in which he made such a progress, that he almost forgot his native Lilliputian; and at this time he can neither write nor speak two sentences, without a mixture of old Blefuscudian: these qualifications, joined to an undaunted forward spirit, and a few good friends, prevailed with the emperor's grandfather to make him keeper of his library, and a mulro in the gomflastru; though most men thought him fitter to be one of the royal guards. These places soon helped him to riches, and upon the strength of them he soon began to despise everybody, and to be despised by everybody. This engaged him in many quarrels, which he managed in a very odd manner; whenever he thought himself affronted, he immediately flung a great book at his adversary, and if he could, felled him to the earth; but if his adversary stood his ground and flung another book at him,

which was sometimes done with great violence, then he complained to the grand justiciary that these affronts were designed to the emperor, and that he was singled out only as being the emperor's servant. By this trick he got that great officer to favour him, which made his enemies cautious, and him insolent.

Bullum attended the court some years, but could not get into a higher post; for though he constantly wore the heels of his shoes high or low, as the fashion was, yet having a long back and a stiff neck, he never could with any dexterity creep under the stick which the emperor or the chief minister held. As to his dancing on the rope, I shall speak of it presently; but the greatest skill at that art will not procure a man a place at court, without some agility at the stick.

Bullum, vexed at these disappointments, withdrew from court, and only appeared there upon extraordinary occasions; at other times he retired to his post of mulro in the gomflastru; there he led a gloomy solitary life, heaped up wealth, and pored upon the old Blefuscudian books. It might have been expected, that from so long an acquaintance with those admirable writers, he should have grown more polite and humane; but his manner was never to regard the sense or subject of the author, but only the shape of letters, in which he arrived to such perfection, that, as I have been assured, he could tell, very near, in what year of the Blefuscudian Commonwealth any book was written; and to this, and to restoring the old characters that were effaced, all his labour was confined.

Upon these points he had wrote several books, some in the Blefuscudian, and some in the mixed language; and whenever he had finished a book, he presented it to some great man at court, with a panegyric oration, so contrived that it would fit any man in a great post; and the highest bidder had it.

Whilst I was in Lilliput, he proposed to publish a new Blundecral or Alcoran; and that he might do something uncommon, he began at the end, and designed to have wrote backwards; but the Lilliputians, some liking the old Blundecral, others not caring for any, gave him no encouragement; and therefore he desisted from that project.

As this nation was very much divided about breaking their eggs, which they generally eat in public once a day, or at

least once in seven days, I desired to know how Bullum behaved himself in this particular ; and was told that he was thought to have an aversion to eggs, for he was never seen to eat any in public, but once or twice in a year, when his post obliged him to it : at those times he gave orders to have them served up to him ready dressed, and the shells and whites being carefully taken off, he gulped up the yolks in a very indecent manner, and immediately drank a bumper of strong liquor after them, to wash the taste out of his mouth, and promote the digestion of them.

When anyone represented to him the ill example of this practice, his answer was, that his modesty would not let him devour eggs in public, when he had so many eyes upon him ; that he was not yet determined at which end he ought to break them ; that the shells and whites were insipid, and only fit for children : but for the eggs themselves, he was so far from hating them, that he had a dish at his own table every day. But whether this was truth, or, if they were at his table, whether he eat of them or not, I could never learn.

Bullum was always of an haughty mind, and in his own school took a great deal of pleasure in mimicking the actions of the emperor. Thus, he got a little stick and used to divert himself in seeing his scholars leap over, and creep under it, as he held it between his hands. Those who performed best, were rewarded, sometimes, with a pompous title in the old Blefuscudian language, signifying, most learned, most famous, most accomplished youth, or the like : sometimes with little sugar-plums ; and sometimes only with the promise of them.

In dancing on the ropes he took great delight himself ; and this was the only bodily exercise he used. Those who had been eye-witnesses informed me that he could cut a caper very high, but that he did it in a clumsy manner, and with little delight to the spectators, who were in continual apprehensions of his falling, which sometimes he did very dangerously.

It was observed that he danced best in his own house, but that he never danced before the gomflastru with success. When he first came to his place of mulro, he did nothing but dance and cut capers on the ropes, for a year together : as this was a new sport in this part of the Island, he got a great deal of money by it ; but striving to leap higher than

ordinary, he fell off from the rope, broke his head, and disordered his brain so much, that most people thought it would incapacitate him for his post of mulro: however, at length, he pretty well recovered; he himself says, he is as well, or better, than he was before his fall: but his enemies think his brain is still affected by it.

Some years after, the present emperor, in a progress through his dominions, came to the gomflastru; and Bullum, without being asked, was resolved to divert his Majesty with his performance on the strait-rope; up he mounts, and capers bravely for some time; at last, endeavouring to shew the utmost of his skill, in the midst of an high caper, he reached out his right hand too far, which gave him a terrible fall.

Most people imputed it to his over-reaching himself; but he laid the fault partly upon the robes he was obliged to wear before the emperor, which, as he said, entangled his feet; and partly upon the maliciousness of a by-stander, whom he accused of pulling the rope aside, as he was in the midst of his caper: however that was, poor Bullum broke his leg, and was carried to his own house, where he continued lame above two years, not being able to show himself in public all that time; and it was thought he would never have recovered, if the emperor at last had not taken pity on him, and sent one of his own surgeons to him, who cured him immediately.

After all these misfortunes Bullum could not forsake his beloved diversion, but as soon as he was recovered, he forgot all that was past, and danced again in his own school every day; where, by his frequent falls he so bruised himself, that it was believed they would come to a mortification; besides, he dances so long upon the same rope that through age and rottenness, and his great weight, it must break at last; and the emperor would scarce lend him a surgeon a second time; which indeed would be in vain, for he can never leave off the sport, though he performs worse and worse every day; so that in all probability he will break his neck for a conclusion.

CRITICAL REMARKS  
ON  
CAPT. GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

By DOCTOR BANTLEY.

Published from the author's original MSS.<sup>1</sup>

Ythalonim Vualonyth si chorathisima Comsyth,  
Chym Lachchunyth mumys Thyalmictibari Imyschi.—*Plaut.*

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THOMAS MARLAY, ESQ.;

LORD CHIEF BARON OF THE COURT OF EXCHEQUER IN  
IRELAND, AND ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S MOST  
HONOURABLE PRIVY COUNCIL.

MY LORD,

The following short treatise is particularly designed for those who are masters of classical learning, and perfectly acquainted with the beauties of the ancient authors.

To a person thus qualified I had a desire to inscribe it; and, after the strictest enquiry, common fame hath directed me to you.

I do not pretend to have the felicity of your friendship, nor can I hope to merit it by this performance; and contrary to the received maxim of all dedicators, I will freely confess, that if any other person might be found, whose virtues were as universally owned or esteemed, or of whose learning and polite taste the world conceived so high an opinion, your Lordship would probably have escaped this impertinent application, from, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient and most humble servant,

R. B.

<sup>1</sup> See page 145, note 2, and page 432, note.

## THE NAMES OF AUTHORS,

WHOSE WORKS ARE CITED, AND ILLUSTRATED IN THE FOLLOWING ESSAY.

Homer.  
Oppian.  
Dion Cassius.  
Q. Calaber.  
Eustathius.  
Didymus.  
Spondanus.  
Clem. Alexandrinus.  
Isocrates.  
Strabo.  
Plutarch.  
Aphricanus.  
Horace.  
Virgil.  
Juvenal.  
Ausonius.  
Statius.  
Alexander ab Alex.  
Gen. Dier.

Plautus.  
Lucretius.  
A. Gellius.  
Suetonius.  
Aelius Spartianus.  
Jul. Capitolinus.  
Angel. Politianus.  
Pliny.  
Ptolemy Georg.  
Solinus Polyhistor.  
Servius.  
Chaucer.  
Pope.  
—————  
Malmsbury.  
Randolphus.  
S. Dunelm.  
Rapin.



CRITICAL REMARKS  
ON  
GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, &c.

THE travels of Captain Gulliver have been so much the amusements of both sexes for some years past, that I need not acquaint the reader either with the character of the author or his book. However, I cannot forbear giving my opinion of that performance, and I shall endeavour to do it with all possible candour and conciseness.

Criticism, although so much decried by the unlearned, and so injudiciously managed by some writers, is an art of infinite advantage; because it directs the judgments of those who might otherwise be misled, as well to disrelish compositions which merit our esteem, as to approve of those, which are only worthy of our contempt.

The ancients have received new beauties from their commentators, as diamonds rough from the mine derive new lustre from the polishing.

Horace among the Romans, and Milton among the poets of our own nation, are held in just honour: but, I believe, each of those eminent authors owes many of the beauties discernible in the present editions of their works to the labour and learning of their modern publishers. Those errors, which arose either from the ignorance of copyists, or the conceit of interpolators, or the negligence of printers, would be handed down to posterity as a reproach to the genius of those great men, if they had not been detected by judicious critics, and accurately restored by their unwearied application.

This may suffice as an apology for my present undertaking. I am far from denying Captain Gulliver his allowed merit, or envying him that uncommon applause, which I must own he hath deservedly obtained:

— neque ego illi detrahere ausim  
Haerentem capiti multa eum laude coronam.—*Hor. Sal.*

Nor dare I from his sacred temples tear  
The laurel, which he best deserves to wear.—*Roch.*

Yet I think the world ought to be acquainted with some particulars, which, as yet, have escaped the general observation, and may be a means to instruct us how to form a more equitable judgment of the merits and defects of that work.

I had thoughts of publishing my remarks on the beauties and blemishes of it, soon after its appearance: but the town was then so universally prejudiced in its favour, that I perceived it would be impossible to prevail with the public to alter its opinion.

An agreeable new book is received and treated like an agreeable young bride: men are unable to discern, and even unwilling to be told of those faults in either, which are obvious enough after a more intimate acquaintance. So that I may at present hope for more attention to what I shall propose, than I could reasonably have expected in its first success.

In a late edition of *Gulliver*, printed by subscription in Dublin, I observe an additional letter from the Captain to his friend Mr. Sympson, which was never before published.

He there complains of the various censures passed upon his *Travels*, and particularly of that part which treats of his voyage to the country of the Houyhnhnms. That nation, which he describes as the seat of virtue, and its inhabitants as models to all the world for justice, truth, cleanliness, temperance, and wisdom, are (he says) reputed no better than mere fictions of his own brain; and the Houyhnhnms or Yahoos deemed to have no more existence than the inhabitants of Utopia.

I readily own, that if we were to judge of the manners of remote countries by the conduct either of our neighbouring nations or our own, it might seem somewhat incredible, that virtue could have any kind of esteem or interest in any part of the world. And therefore a nation wholly influenced by truth and honour might as justly seem a prodigy to us, as the speech and policy of the natives of Houyhnhnm land. And so far it might appear an imaginary kingdom, rather than a real one.

But as I think a good author's veracity ought not unjustly to be questioned, which might hinder all good effect from his

writings, and as I am entirely unconcerned whether the Captain's reputation might be more advanced, by its passing for a fiction, than for a fact; I shall undertake to convince the learned, by sufficient evidence, that such a nation as he calls the Houyhnhnms was perfectly known by the ancients; that the fame of their private and public virtues was spread through Athens, Italy, and Britain; and that the wisest poets and historians of those nations have left us ample authorities to support this opinion.

The first author I shall cite is Chaucer; a poet of our own nation, who was well read in the ancient geography, and is allowed by all critics to have been a man of universal learning, as well as of inimitable wit and humour.

The passage is literally thus, as I transcribed it from a very fair ancient copy, in the Bodleian Library, and compared it with other editions, in the libraries of St. James's, my Lord Oxford, and Lord Sunderland.

Certes<sup>1</sup> [qd. John] Enat<sup>2</sup> denye,  
 That, touchende<sup>3</sup> of the Stedes<sup>4</sup> countrye,  
 I rede<sup>5</sup>, as thylke olde cronycle<sup>6</sup> seythe,  
 Y longe afore<sup>7</sup> our crysten<sup>8</sup> seythe,  
 Ther ben<sup>9</sup>, as ye shull understonde,  
 An yle<sup>10</sup>, veleped<sup>11</sup> Coursyr's<sup>12</sup> londc,  
 Ther nis<sup>13</sup>, ne<sup>14</sup> dampnyngc<sup>15</sup> rouctesy<sup>16</sup>;  
 Ne Letcher<sup>17</sup> hottc, in Saintes gise<sup>18</sup>;  
 Ne seely<sup>19</sup> Squire, lyche<sup>20</sup> browdred<sup>21</sup> Ape,  
 Who maken Goddes<sup>22</sup> boke<sup>23</sup> a Jape<sup>24</sup>;  
 Ne Lemman<sup>25</sup> uyle, mishandlyngc Youthc,  
 Ne women, brutell ware<sup>26</sup> in sothe<sup>27</sup>;  
 Ne flatterer, Ne unlettred Clerke<sup>28</sup>,  
 Who richen him<sup>29</sup>, withouten werke<sup>30</sup>;  
 For Vice in thought, ne als<sup>31</sup> in dede<sup>32</sup>,  
 Was never none in Londc of Stede<sup>33</sup>.

CHAUCER.

<sup>1</sup> Certainly. <sup>2</sup> Do not. <sup>3</sup> Concerning. <sup>4</sup> Horses. <sup>5</sup> Read. <sup>6</sup> Chronicle. <sup>7</sup> Long before. <sup>8</sup> Christian. <sup>9</sup> There was. <sup>10</sup> Island. <sup>11</sup> Called. <sup>12</sup> Horses. <sup>13</sup> There is not. <sup>14</sup> Any. <sup>15</sup> Damnable. <sup>16</sup> Covetousness. <sup>17</sup> Nor leud Person. <sup>18</sup> Pretending Sanctity. <sup>19</sup> Silly. <sup>20</sup> Like. <sup>21</sup> Embroidered. <sup>22</sup> Make. <sup>23</sup> The Bible. <sup>24</sup> A Jest. <sup>25</sup> Harlot. <sup>26</sup> Brittle ware. <sup>27</sup> Truly. <sup>28</sup> Illiterate Parson. <sup>29</sup> Enriching himself. <sup>30</sup> Labour. <sup>31</sup> Else. <sup>32</sup> Deed or action. <sup>33</sup> Stede Land, or Houyhnhnm Land.

From this remarkable passage, it is evident that the nation of the Houyhnhnms was commonly known to the ancient inhabitants of this island, by the name of Stedlonde, or Steedland; and that their manners, which are indeed more copiously

treated of by the traveller, are yet described with great strength and beauty by the poet.

It will be urged, perhaps, that Chaucer might have intended those lines as a description of some European nation. To which I shall only answer, that history affords us too large a detail of the vices and corruptions of other countries, to leave us the least room to apply it to any kingdom abroad; and, I believe, upon enquiry, it will appear full as unapplicable to our own.

But to proceed. Among the most celebrated writers of ancient Rome, we find that the Houyhnhnms were held in the highest esteem and veneration, both for their wisdom and their virtue, and of this Suetonius gives us a convincing instance.

From the time of Augustus Caesar, Rome was evidently in a declining condition. The number of her patriots was very small, and the wisdom of her senate extremely decreased. Her consuls were more remarkable for intemperance, oppression, and avarice, than for military virtue abroad, or an exact distribution of justice at home.

In this critical emergency there happened to be a Houyhnhnm resident at Rome, I suppose as an ambassador; for the historian tells us, that he had a marble stable<sup>1</sup>, built by the Emperor, which was elegantly furnished with an ivory manger, and everything splendid or magnificent; that his robes were of the richest purple, that he had a particular household and retinue, maintained at the Emperor's expense, as the Indian kings and ambassadors have with us.

Out of a most unusual deference, therefore, to the superior abilities of this noble Houyhnhnm, he was nominated to the consulship; because, by his conduct, advice, and example, it was expected that the ancient glory of Rome would be revived, and that he would make her once more the mistress of the world.

Nor can I discover from the annals<sup>2</sup> of those times, that even the best Roman Yahoos (consuls I mean) had for many generations made an equal figure in that high employment, or discharged it with half so little imputation of avarice, injustice,

<sup>1</sup> Equile marmorcum, et praesepe eburneum, et purpurea tegumenta, ac monile e gemmis, domum etiam, et familiam, et suppellectilem dedit, quo lautius nomine ejus invitati

acciperentur. Sueton. *Cal.* sec. 55, et vide Dion Cass. in *Caligula*.

<sup>2</sup> Vide *Ann. Ital. Casp. St. Earth.* cap. 17. sec. 84.

oppression, insolence, or tyranny. How far our modern magistrates and Middlesex justices might be profited by such an example, may be a subject worthy of our speculation; but that being a little foreign to my present purpose, I must decline it.

Caligula, as we are told by Dion Cassius, frequently invited this consular Houyhnhnm, (whose real name was Lunhuyhnhay, but in Latin Incitatus) to supper<sup>1</sup>, and treated him with more ceremony and veneration than he did the noblest families of Rome. He had oats served up in gold plate, and wine in golden vessels; and the king himself swore by no greater oath than the health and fortune of that honourable creature; which was as high a degree of respect as he could pay even to the father of the gods.

It is to be wondered at, indeed, that Caligula profited so little by those instructive conferences which he held so often with that wise ambassador; but we all experimentally know that nothing is so difficult as to mend a bad nature; and it is demonstrated in the conduct of Nero, who imbibed but little morality and virtue from the wisdom of his preceptor Seneca.

The same historian<sup>2</sup>, whose writings are of unquestionable authority among the learned, tells us further, that Caligula assumed the title of High Priest<sup>3</sup> of Jupiter, and having chose some of the wealthiest families in his kingdom to officiate at the altar, he constituted a Houyhnhnm to be his colleague in the priesthood, as well to assist him in that station, as to excite a greater degree of veneration to the office, by the known merit and excellence of this partner.

In imitation of this memorable action, it hath been attempted in some nations to introduce asses into offices of a like nature; and, indeed, with tolerable success and advantage to those worthless animals; although not extremely to the reputation of the contrivers. But it is the peculiar felicity of this nation that such an experiment was never known to be made among us by the directors of the priesthood.

<sup>1</sup> Ἴππον ὄν Ἰγκίτατον ἀνόμαζε, καὶ ἐπὶ δεῖπνον ἐκάλει, χρυσᾶς τε αὐτῷ κριθᾶς παρέβαλλε, καὶ οἶνον ἐν χρυσοῖς ἐκπῶμασι προῦπινε. Xeph. D. Cass. edit. a R. Steph. p. 126.

Cenaret in stabulo assidue, et maneret. Sueton.

<sup>2</sup> D. Cassius, in *Vit. Calig.*

<sup>3</sup> Διάλιόν τε αὐτὸν ὀνομάσας, ἄλλους τε τοὺς πλουσιωτάτους Ἱερέας προσέθετο, καὶ αὐτὸς ἐαυτῷ ἱεράτο, τὸν τε Ἴππον συνιερῆα ἀπέφαινε. D. Cass. edit. a R. Steph. p. 133.

Our next testimonies are from the writings of the divine Virgil.

That celebrated poet having beautifully described the funeral pomp which attended the body of Pallas, the son of Evander, who was killed by Turnus, introduces a Houyhnhnm as chief mourner<sup>1</sup>; and to raise the character of this generous creature, who, it may be supposed, was the favourite companion of the deceased hero, the behaviour of Acoetes is painted by way of contrast.

The man is represented as led<sup>2</sup> forcibly along, but the Houyhnhnm walks lonely and disconsolate, with a gait expressing a solemn, but a noble concern: *positis insignibus, it lachrymans*. The man by turns beats his breast, disfigures his face with his nails, and prostrates his body on the earth; *pectora nunc foedans pugnis, &c.*; while the Houyhnhnm preserves a becoming dignity and majesty in grief. The large drops roll silently down his cheeks, but he is guilty of no extravagant signs of sorrow, knowing them to be as unprofitable to the dead, as unworthy of the living.

The learned Servius, on this passage, observes the judicious conduct of the poet in this particular, who, by applying the word *ducere*<sup>3</sup> to Acoetes, and *ire* to the Houyhnhnm, manifestly exalts the character of the horse, at the expense of that of the old warrior.

This inimitable author<sup>4</sup>, in the sixth Aeneid, gives us still a stronger evidence of the virtue and piety of the Houyhnhnms, by allowing them a place even in Elysium<sup>5</sup>, among the souls of illustrious men. Nay, he seems to hint that the most perfect degree of happiness, and the most honourable employment of the heroes in Elysium was the being a kind of attendants or grooms<sup>6</sup> to the nobler Houyhnhnms. Isocrates asserts, that to

<sup>1</sup> Post, Bellator *Equus*, positus insignibus, Aethon,

*It lachrymans, guttisque humectat grandibus ora.*

Virg. *Aen.* xi. lin. 89.

<sup>2</sup> Ducitur infelix, aevo confectus Acoetes,

*Pectora nunc foedans pugnis, nunc unguibus ora:*

*Sternitur, et toto projectus corpore terrae.*

Virg. *Aen.* xi. lin. 85.

<sup>3</sup> *Equus lachrymabat, et sponte*

*sequebatur cadaver: et bene, cum hominis sit Ire, equi duci Poeta elegantissime hominem duci ait, de equo, it lachrymans.*

Serv. ad lin. 85.

<sup>4</sup> Virgil.

<sup>5</sup> — Passimque soluti  
*Per campos pascuntur equi.*

Lin. 652.

<sup>6</sup> — Cura, nitentes

*Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.*

*Aen.* vi. lin. 654.

serve<sup>1</sup> and wait on the Houyhnhnms is the most pleasing office in this world; no wonder therefore that the poet should describe it as the supremest felicity in others.

Nor was this a singular opinion of that author; for Ausonius the poet, preceptor to the Emperor Gratian, affirms it to be an universal belief that the souls of Houyhnhnms were never denied admittance into Elysium among the heroes and philosophers; which was much more than they believed, or had reason to believe of their own species. And this is manifest from an epitaph<sup>2</sup>, wrote by this great poet, on a Houyhnhnm; who, while he lived, preserved the highest place in the esteem of the Emperor; and it is placed by Ausonius among his epitaphs of the heroes.

Go, and be blessed where endless rapture reigns,  
With steeds immortal on Elysian Plains.

It is no easy matter to discover whence the Houyhnhnm nation derive their original.

Statius, in his *Thebais*<sup>3</sup>, seems to be in some difficulty how to determine it. He mentions two of eminent birth: Arion<sup>4</sup>, whom he calls the son of Neptune; and Chromis<sup>5</sup>, who is distinguished as the son of Hercules, and acknowledged to possess the whole strength, virtue, and courage<sup>6</sup> of his father. However, in my opinion, he seems to give the preference to the first, although without the least appearance of being positive. Nor can I find that even Captain Gulliver himself, who had certainly the best opportunity to make the enquiry, hath furnished us with any authority to ascertain it. A loss that can never be sufficiently lamented!

Lucretius, an ancient poet of great fame, represents the Houyhnhnms of so excellent a nature, as to be inspired with the most tender passions, and wounded with the same irresistible darts<sup>7</sup> of Cupid as ourselves, which description would

<sup>1</sup> Ἰπποτροφεῖν τῶν εὐδαιμονεστάτων ἔργων εἶναι.

Isoc. περὶ ζυγοῦ.

<sup>2</sup> — solatia sume sepulchri,  
Et gradere Elysios, praepeas ad  
Alipedes.

<sup>3</sup> Lib. vi.

<sup>4</sup> Neptunus equo (si certa priorum  
Fama) pater.

Stat. *Theb.* lib. vi.

<sup>5</sup> Chromis, satus Hercule magno.  
Stat. *Theb.* lib. vi.

<sup>6</sup> Viribus Herculeis, et toto robore patris.

Stat. *Theb.* lib. vi.

<sup>7</sup> — Equus florenti aetate juveneus

Pinnigeri saevit calcaribus ic-tus amoris.

Lucret. lib. v. lin. 1073.

appear absurd and unapplicable, if those creatures were not as admirably qualified as the modern traveller affirms them to be.

Besides, he compliments them for their understanding, and honours a colt, which I suppose he familiarly conversed with, and found of a promising genius, with the title of learned<sup>1</sup>. The beauty of this author's epithets are what distinguish and recommend his compositions; nor can we justly imagine him capable of so great an indiscretion as to ascribe learning to creatures who had not the least pretension to it; although that may be a prevailing custom with modern authors, of all other European kingdoms, as well as our own.

Yet, lest anything should be wanting to justify the poet's expression, or strengthen his authority, Solinus Polyhistor<sup>2</sup> declares, that the Houyhnhnms have both discretion and judgment. And with this the testimony of Pliny<sup>3</sup> agrees; that the wisdom and art of human creatures are far surpassed by the inexpressible<sup>4</sup> capacity of the Houyhnhnms.

I have reason to imagine, that they were not only qualified to excel, but that they actually excelled in all arts and sciences. For what can seem so entirely unadapted for dancing as the Houyhnhnms' natural form, and the disposition of their limbs? And yet Angelus Politianus<sup>5</sup> cites a passage from Africanus<sup>6</sup>, which intimates that they were absolute masters of that art. The Sybarites (saith he) used to introduce Houyhnhnms at their most splendid entertainments, who, to the sound of an instrument, would raise themselves erect, and dance in a most graceful manner, moving their forefeet with the politest gesture, observing exactly the time of the music, and suiting the motions of their body to all the variety of the notes.

France, having little else to boast of, may glory in the activity of her natives; yet, even in that particular, we see, horses have arrived at as great a perfection.

<sup>1</sup> — Doctus equae Pullus.  
Lucr. lib. iii. lin. 763.

<sup>2</sup> *Equis* inesse discretionem et  
judicium constat.

Cap. 47. edit. H. Steph. in Not.

<sup>3</sup> Artes hominum ab *equis* victas.  
Plin. lib. viii. Cap. 42.

<sup>4</sup> *Equorum* inenarrabilia ingenia.  
Plin. lib. viii. C. 42.

<sup>5</sup> In *Lib. Miscellan.*

<sup>6</sup> Sybaritae *equos* in convivia  
introduxere, qui, audito tibiae  
cantu, statim se tollerent arrectos,  
et pedibus ipsis prioribus, vice ma-  
nuum, gestus quosdam Chironomiae,  
motusque ederent ad numerum sal-  
tatorios.—Aphr. in *Cestis*.



It must have been for some very extraordinary merit that the Houyhnhnms were treated with such remarkable honours by all the monarchs of the known world. Atheas, a king of Scythia, contracted so intimate a friendship with one, that he permitted no hand<sup>1</sup> but his own to dress and adorn him. A noble Houyhnhnm, who lived in the court of the Emperor Verus, (but in what station indeed I cannot positively affirm<sup>2</sup>) was fed with raisins dried in the sun, instead of oats; and happening to die in Rome, he was interred in the Vatican with great solemnity. To another, Adrian erected a monument in form of a pillar<sup>3</sup>, on which he caused an inscription and epitaph to be engraved.

Another was resident in Rome in the time of Julius Caesar, whose hoofs were of a very uncommon form<sup>4</sup>, resembling the toes of a human foot. He was thought to be of so much consequence at that time, that the empire of the whole world depended upon him.

Universal dominion being promised to him who should be master of that Houyhnhnm's person, Caesar took care never to part from him, and the success answered the prediction.

It may be objected, perhaps, that he acted unworthily when he permitted Caesar to ride him: I will not pretend entirely to justify his conduct; but what he did was no more than what Rome herself, and all the world beside, submitted to, as well as the Houyhnhnm.

I cannot leave this subject without taking notice of a story related by Aulus Gellius; because I think it both very pertinent to our present subject, and worthy of the observation of the curious.

Bucephalus, who was certainly a captive Houyhnhnm<sup>5</sup>, brought into Macedon, would permit no person to mount him but

<sup>1</sup> Atheas, Rex Scytharum, *equum* ipse pexuit, et manibus suis ornavit.—Alex. ab Alex. lib. vi. Cap. 8.

<sup>2</sup> *Equo* passas uvas, et nucleos, in vicem hordei, in praeesepe ponebat, cui mortuo sepulchrum in Vaticano fecit.—Jul. Capit. in *Vit. Veri*.

<sup>3</sup> Ἀποθανόντι γὰρ αὐτῷ καὶ τάφον κατεσκεύασε, καὶ στήλην ἔστησε, καὶ ἐπιγράμματα ἐπέγραψεν.—D. Cass. *Xiph.* edit. a R. Steph. p. 247.

Vide etiam, Aelius Spart. in *Vit.*

*Adriani.* Et Alex. ab Alex.

<sup>4</sup> Utebatur *equo* insigni, pedibus prope humanis, et in morem digitorum fissis unguis. Cum Haruspices Imperium Orbis terrae Domino pronuntiassent, magna cura aluit, nec patientem Sessoris alterius primus ascendit.—Suet. in *Jul. Sec.* 61.

<sup>5</sup> By Philonicus a Thessalian, and sold for thirteen talents.—Plut in *Vit. Alex.*

Alexander, whom however he condescended to carry more as his companion than his master. His martial spirit and generous friendship were shewn upon many occasions, but they were signalised in this one.

When Alexander was engaged against Porus, and too warm in the pursuit of victory, the noble Houyhnhnm, conscious of the danger of his friend (for I could not with any classical propriety, call him his master) and half<sup>1</sup> expiring with the wounds he had received, rushed impetuously through the thickest ranks of the enemy, conveyed his friend beyond the reach of the arrows, and then expired with all the pleasure and constancy of a hero. In honour of which generous behaviour, and to perpetuate the memory of it, we are told by Strabo, and Ptolemy, that Alexander having obtained a complete victory, built a city, and called it Bucephale<sup>2</sup>.

Agreeable to this notion of the disinterested friendship of the Houyhnhnms is a passage in Oppian<sup>3</sup>, where, enumerating their various virtues, he says,

True to their friend, by love of virtue led,  
Alive, they guard him, and lament him, dead.

And also in another<sup>4</sup> place,

Unerring nature on the Houyhnhnm kind  
Conferred a human heart, and reasoning mind.

Which, to me, seem a sufficient acknowledgment of the high opinion which the ancient Greeks conceived of the virtue and wisdom of the whole Houyhnhnm race.

Captain Gulliver mentions the exalted chastity of both sexes with high encomiums. The violation of marriage (saith he) or any unchastity was never heard of<sup>5</sup>. This singular perfection sufficiently distinguishes them from human creatures; and plainly evinces that the descriptions given of this nation in the

<sup>1</sup> *Moribundus tamen, ac prope jam exsanguis equus, e mediis hostibus regem vivacissimo cursu retulit, atque ubi eum extra tela extulerat, illico concidit; et domini superstitis securus, cum sensus humani solatio, animam expiravit.*—A. Gellius, lib. v. Cap. 2.

<sup>2</sup> By some geographers, it is called Bucephalon, and by others Bucephala.

<sup>3</sup> Καὶ πολέμοισι πεσόντα μέγα στενάχουσι ἑταῖρον.

Oppian. *de Ven.* lib. i. ver. 225.

<sup>4</sup> Ἴπποις μὲν περιάλλα φύσις πόρε τεχνήεσσα,

Ἡμερίων κραδίην, καὶ στήθεσιν αἰόλον ἦτορ, &c.

Ibid. ver. 221.

<sup>5</sup> Chap. viii. p. 350, Dub. Edit. 1735.

ancient authors cannot possibly be applied, with the least shew of justice, to any other people whatsoever.

I might produce many passages from the wisest Greeks and Latins, to confirm the traveller's testimony, and to prove that it was the received opinion of the world, many ages before he happened to live among that chaste and virtuous people. But I shall only refer to one writer, whose authority is unquestionable, and whose judgment must be of great weight with my learned readers.

This excellent author is Oppian, who celebrates the Houyhnhnm's chastity with as much zeal as Gulliver himself. And in his first<sup>1</sup> book, speaking of their manners, he hath these remarkable lines<sup>2</sup>, thus almost literally translated :

Pure from the vice of every human brute,  
 Their guide is nature ; virtue, their pursuit ;  
 Those lewd delights, by men so highly prized,  
 To them disgusting, are by them despised ;  
 To Hymen's rites none faithless, or unjust,  
 None pine diseased by Luxury, or Lust ;  
 Pure are their pleasures, as their passions chaste,  
 Their study, health ; and temperance, their feast.

Clemens Alexandrinus contributes greatly to confirm this description of the poet ; for, he says, the Egyptians<sup>3</sup> express generosity of mind, chastity, and the spirit of honour, by the hieroglyphic of an horse.

The last authority I shall produce, to support my opinion, is Homer, who introduces a Houyhnhnm sharing<sup>4</sup> the affliction of Achilles for his friend's misfortune, and with a spirit of divination presaging the death of the Grecian hero.

Meantime, at distance from the scene of blood,  
 The pensive steeds of great Achilles stood,  
 Their godlike master slain before their eyes,  
 They wept, and shared in human miseries.

—— Along their face,

The big round drop coursed down with silent pace.

<sup>1</sup> *De Venatione.*

<sup>2</sup> Ἐξοχα δ' αὖ τίουσι φύσιν, τὸ δὲ  
 πάμπαν ἄπυστον  
 Ἴες φιλόττητα μολεῖν, τὴν οὐ θέμις,  
 ἀλλὰ μένουσιν  
 Ἀχραντοὶ μυσῶν, καθαρῆς τ' ἐρά-  
 οῦσι κυθείρης, &c.  
 Oppian. lib. i. ver. 236.

<sup>3</sup> Αἰγυπτίοις ἀνδρείας τε καὶ παρ-

ρησίας σύμβολον, ὃ ἵππος.

Cl. Alex. Strom. l. 5.

<sup>4</sup> Ἴπποι δ' Αἰακίδαο, μάχης ἀπάνευ-  
 θεν ἐόντες,  
 Κλαῖον, &c. . . .  
 ——— δάκρυα δὲ σφιν  
 Θερμὰ κατὰ βλεφάρων χάμαδις  
 ῥέε, &c.

Hom. Il. xvii. lin. 437.

And as to their prophetic<sup>1</sup> capacity, he says,

— The generous Xanthus first  
Seemed sensible of woe, and drooped his head ;  
Then, thus he spake. ‘The fates thy death demand,  
Due to a mortal, and immortal hand.’—Pope’s *Homer*.

Besides these convincing authorities from Homer, Calaber Quintus<sup>2</sup> draws so lively a picture of the tenderness and friendship of the Houyhnhnms, as entirely determines the argument in their favour.

I think Homer too wise an author to write anything absurd or ridiculous ; and therefore, if he had not known it agreeable to reason, and experience, that a Houyhnhnm should have more discretion and inspiration than the hero of his poem, he certainly would not have left us such a description of the precipitate fury of the one, and the generous sorrow and sagacity of the other.

Besides, what can be more evident, than that the Houyhnhnm language was perfectly understood by the ancient Greeks, as the Irish (which hath the nearest similitude of sound and pronunciation to that language) is intelligible to many curious persons at present. And, if Achilles had not been intimately acquainted with the Houyhnhnm dialect from his education, under Chiron the Centaur, I am confident he would have found much more difficulty to interpret the courser’s prophecy, than the celebrated poet seems to allow.

And this I think a new discovery, which the learned world, at least, should gratefully acknowledge. For even the best commentators upon Homer, Eustathius, Pope, Didymus, and Spondanus, have never been able to assign a proper reason for the education of Achilles under Chiron ; but, like all other illustrators, they diligently avoided what required great labour and learning to explain.

Whereas, it is now demonstrable, that, as our English nobility intrust the education of their sons to French preceptors, who are capable of instilling no other sort of knowledge into their pupils, but that of a foreign language ; so the only design of antiquity, in having Achilles educated by a centaur, was to make him a master of the Houyhnhnm language, in which his

<sup>1</sup> Ἀλλά σοι οὐτῶ  
Μόρσιμόν ἐστι, θεῶ τε καὶ ἀνέρι  
Ἴφι δαμῆναι.

Hom. II. xix. lin. 417.

<sup>2</sup> Οὐδὲ μὲν ἄμβροτοι ἵπποι ἀτάρ-  
βειος Αἰακίδαο  
Μίμνον ἀδάκρυτοι παρὰ νῆεσι.

lib. iii.

death was to be foretold to him ; and, without this precaution, the courage of the hero in despising the danger which impended ; the strength of the Houyhnhnm's prediction ; and the poet's beautiful description of both, had been considerably diminished and impaired.

It may be objected to the generous notions of those creatures, that they dishonourably submitted to be harnessed to a chariot.

To which I shall only answer, that unjust or tyrannic usage is a much greater reproach to those who offer, than to those who endure it. And, as we have reason to conclude those Houyhnhnms to be captives, we cannot wonder they were put to the most slavish employments.

The ancients were expert at contriving disagreeable offices for their captives : some<sup>1</sup> were condemned to draw chariots, and some<sup>2</sup> to attend, while their masters repeated dull verses, and other execrable compositions. So that probably those Houyhnhnms of Achilles had their choice of both punishments, and with great wisdom endured bodily fatigue, rather than the torment of disgusting their understanding and taste. And it may still lessen their dishonour, if we recollect that Sesostri<sup>3</sup> had even kings, who were his tributaries, annually harnessed to his chariot ; and a monarch<sup>4</sup> of our own nation employed kings as watermen to row his state-barge.

Thus have I, by the best classical authority, demonstrated my assertion, that the nation of Houyhnhnms was well known to the ancients of Greece, Italy, and England ; that their virtues were universally known and admired ; and that the most potent princes of the earth have been proud of their friendship. So that the great modern traveller need be under no manner of uneasiness at the censures of the world ; since the learned part of mankind must, from these authorities, be effectually convinced that he might have been actually an eye-witness of all he hath attested.

I know many who believed his account of the Houyhnhnms to be merely fabulous, and who extolled his invention, as supposing such a nation to exist only in his own brain. And how far he might be pleased to have his imagination commended at the expense of his veracity, I will not determine. But, I

<sup>1</sup> Captivus ut duceret currus. I. lib. vi.

<sup>2</sup> Porrecto jugulo, historias captivus ut audit.—Hor. Sat. III.

<sup>3</sup> Alex. ab Alexandro Dier. Gen.

<sup>4</sup> Edgar the Peaceable. Vide Malmsbur. S. Dunelm. Randulphus,

Hoved., and Rapin, F. Ed. 106.

think, in justice to the world, as well as himself, he ought to have prevented this criticism, and frankly acknowledged the truth of his narration, although it might have somewhat lessened his reputation as an author.

I do not doubt, but this will clear Gulliver from another severe imputation which he lay under, for debasing human nature, by making men inferior to horses. Because, in the treatise, it is so plain that antiquity professed to be of a very different opinion, and it is so manifest that the whole history is a fact and not a fiction, that if we think mankind disgraced by the comparison, it is to their own vices, and not to the traveller's relation we ought to impute it.

I hope, and expect, that all future commentators will copy the example I have given them in this critical essay; and that hereafter they will be at least as studious to shew their own learning, as to illustrate their author.

I am pretty well assured that the judicious will readily join with me in opinion; and, I must own, that I account it the highest honour to the critic, and the surest test of his genius, to demonstrate the truth and existence of those things which the whole world beside determine to be false and fictitious.

Cambridge, Jan. 26, 1734-5.

I N D E X.





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